BALDWIN-WALLACE COLLEGE
BEREA, OHIO
MAR 2 3 '59

The Saturday Evening
POST
March 28, 1959 – 15¢

Pete Martin calls on MARY MARTIN

WHICH DEMOCRAT IN '60?

By STEWART ALSOP

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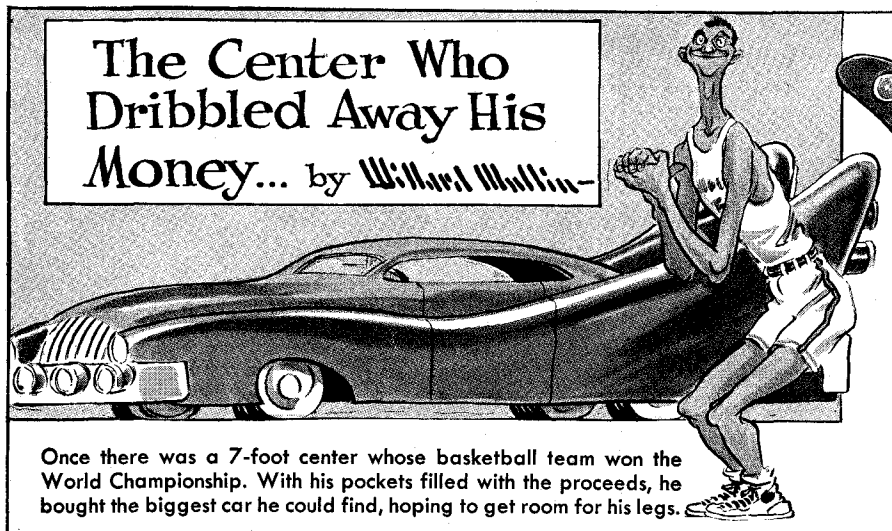
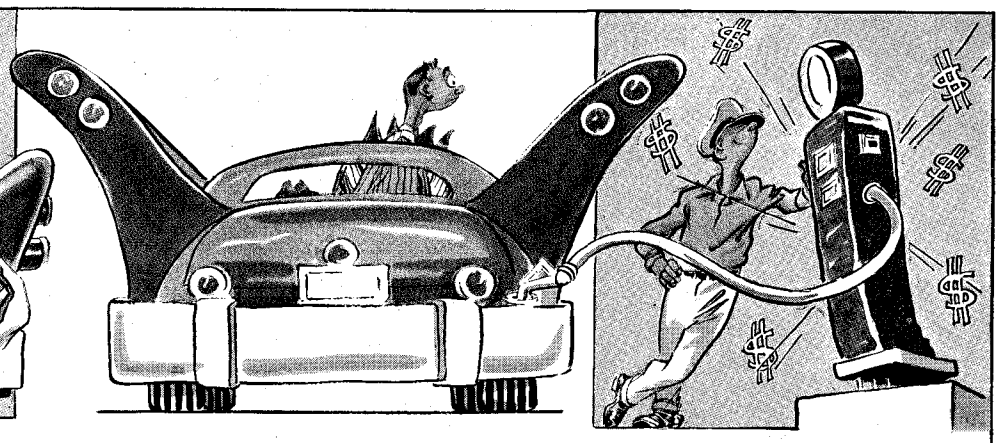
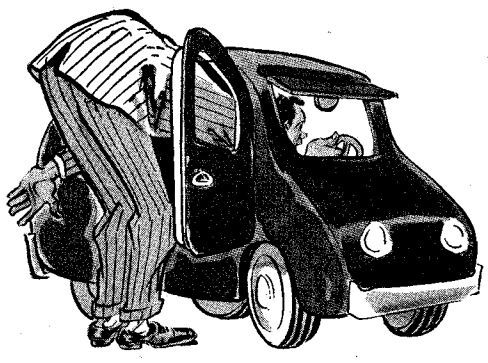


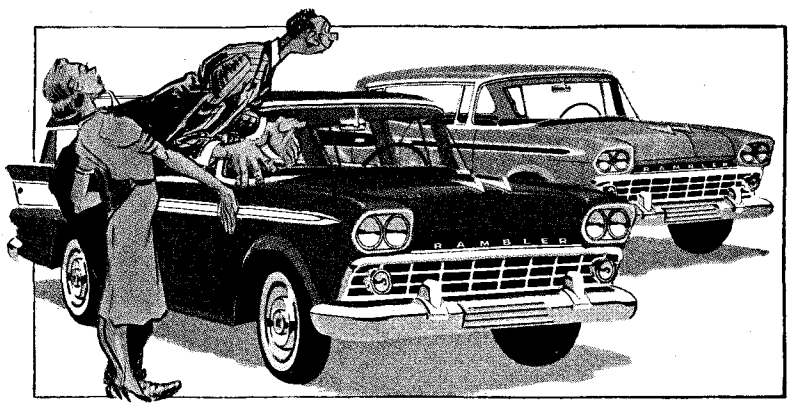
Once there was a 7-foot center whose basketball team won the World Championship. With his pockets filled with the proceeds, he bought the biggest car he could find, hoping to get room for his legs.



It was 19 feet long and 7 feet wide yet he kept knocking his head on the roof. When his wife drove and moved the seat forward, his knees blacked his eyes. Every time he filled the gas tank, he sank a basketful of money. Finally, he blew up.



"I'm tired of dribbling away all my money!" he cried. "I wish I were 5 feet tall. Then I could drive a little foreign car. At least, I'd save money."

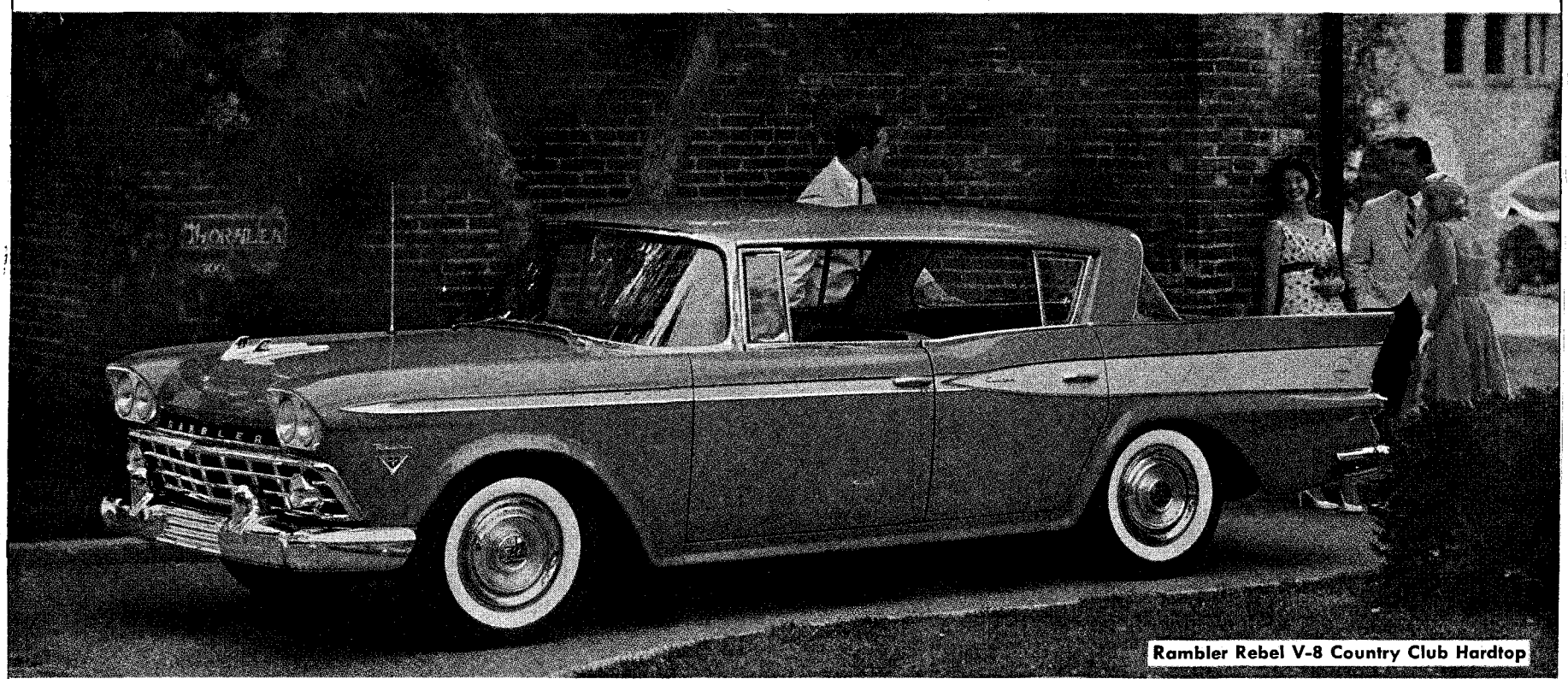


'I've been wondering when you would rebound," said his wife. "The compact new 1959 Rambler's the answer for us. Big car room (plenty for six All-Star centers), plus small car economy and handling ease."

Was he surprised! With new sectional sofa front seats, he could move *his* seat back while his wife moved the driver's seat forward. Try it!

Want big car room? Want small car economy?

GET THE BEST OF BOTH IN THE COMPACT '59 RAMBLER!



Rambler Rebel V-8 Country Club Hardtop

With other leading '59 cars way up in size and price, Rambler's breaking all records for sales gains. That's because only Rambler gives you big car room with small car economy (even more miles per gallon for '59). Only Rambler offers new Personalized Comfort—individual sectional sofa front seats; reclining seatbacks; adjustable headrests; Weather-Eye heating-ventilating; every pushbutton convenience. See and drive Rambler '59 . . . and *save!*

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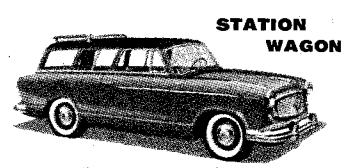
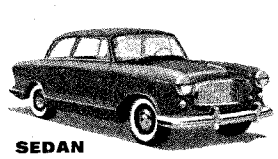
New 100 inch wheelbase
Rambler American





$1835

Suggested delivered price at Kenosha, Wisconsin, for 2-door sedan at left. State and local taxes, if any, automatic transmission and optional equipment, extra.

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This is a public service advertisement on our economic health.
Its message is based on statements by the Honorable Robert Anderson,
Secretary of the Treasury of the United States.

THERE IS A CURE FOR INFLATION

To most people, inflation means that it costs more to set the table, more to clothe and house the family.

Inflation hurts everyone alike. It hurts farmers and city people, business and labor. It is *not* a political problem. It bears no party labels. It is a very serious economic problem for *all* our people.

Even a "little" inflation is bad

Some have suggested that a slight rise in prices each year is not harmful.

Economic history reveals that there is no such thing as a "little" inflation. As long as prices keep rising year after year, the value of the dollar declines and people—particularly those on fixed incomes—are seriously hurt.

What the government can do

The government can pay its current expenses out of current income. This calls for discipline and courage in government—and it is particularly appropriate in prosperous times. A government deficit (or fear of future deficits) can keep people from saving because of the possible shrinkage of these savings through inflation. If we ever reach the point where the people believe that to speculate is safe—but to save is to gamble—then we are indeed in trouble.

What we can do to help

We can urge and actively support economies in government—whether federal, state or local. This does not mean endangering national security or affecting vital services, but it does mean helping the government to limit spending to services which are truly necessary.

We should not run to the federal government for help on matters which *we* ourselves should take care of as individual citizens or through our local forms of government.

Cutting government expenditures is a job for everyone, if taxes and our government debt are to be reduced. Reduction of both is extremely important in our fight against inflation.

We can buy prudently. It is always wise to get full value for our money. But, in time of inflation, it is even more important.

We can save more. We are a saving nation. We must save to pay for the modernized or additional plant and equipment which industry needs to raise its productivity, and to make the increasing jobs our country must have. The more we save, the more we help ourselves... and the more value we give the dollar.

We can give a dollar's worth of value for every dollar we earn. Increased productivity is an effective way to help defeat inflation. Here is what President Eisenhower said about productivity:

> ". . . if our efficiency does not increase, if our productivity does not rise, we . . . will tend to fall into the costly error of overpaying ourselves for the work we do. Along that road . . . lies the spur to further inflation."

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
(*A MUTUAL COMPANY*)
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Once it's in the coffee, most folks can't tell!

That's because Pream® is made entirely of fresh sweet cream blended with other milk products in convenient *instant* form!

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Pream is the one that *stays* fresh . . . never wastes money by spoiling.

Pream is the one that costs about ⅓ less. Get the *Economy* Size—it "creams" up to *70* cups of coffee.

100% Pure Dairy Product

AND, LOOK—

A **NEVER-FAIL WHITE SAUCE** MADE WITH PREAM!

¼ cup Pream
flour (1 tablespoon flour for thin sauce, 2 tablespoons for medium sauce, 3 tablespoons for thick sauce.)
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup water

Mix Pream, flour and salt in saucepan. Add water, cook and stir until mixture boils and is thickened. Makes 1 cup sauce.

Pream White Sauce has so many wonderful possibilities. Try adding any one of these: grated onion, nutmeg, paprika, celery seed, curry powder, mustard, chopped hard-cooked eggs, sautéed mushrooms, chopped pickle, chopped olives, grated cheese.

FREE—37 brand-new Pream Recipes. Send name and address to: Pream Test Kitchens, Box 41, Dept. C, Columbus 16, Ohio.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE COVER

Every so often, but not so often as to become monotonous, a lad takes it into his head to earn some money. Mr. Greengrocer—or maybe a more up-to-date name would be Mr. Cangrocer—should rejoice in these signs that economic enterprise still is a heritage of American youth. Indeed, with proper encouragement from Mr. C. this lad might turn into a big operator; he might line up a string of apartment houses and favor this store with the biggest empty-bottle business in town. Well, artist George Hughes thinks that the storekeeper will not have apoplexy after all, but will paw through all those bottles and pay off. Then will the boy buy some wholesome food to take home, such as bread and potatoes and spinach, or will he buy a baseball? How's that for a silly question?

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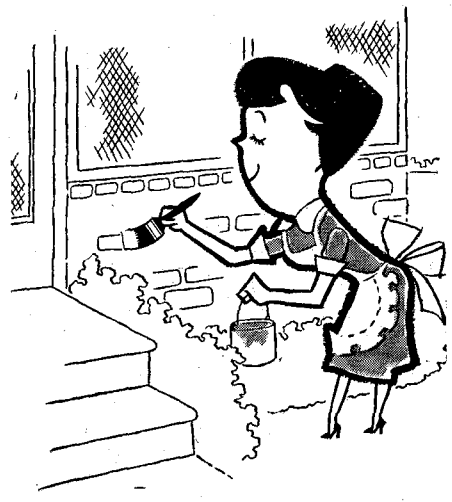
OR MASONRY WALL



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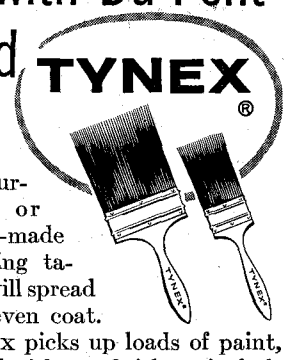

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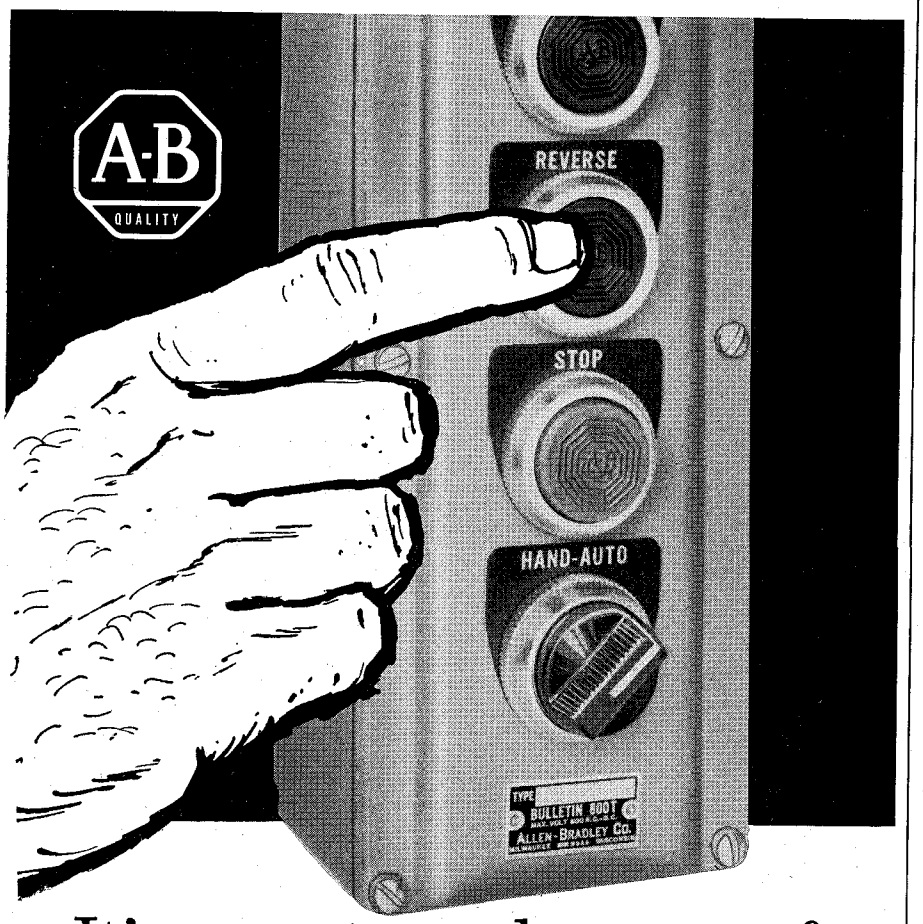

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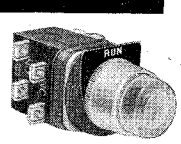
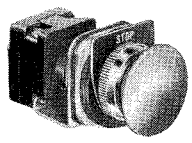
For instance, here's the line of oiltight push buttons—the Allen-Bradley Bulletin 800T—that can really take the punishment of hard industrial use—just like the A-B control with which it is used. Modern inside and out, these rugged control units are attractively styled to match the latest machine tool designs. Specify Allen-Bradley control units . . . and give *your* production machines greater "sales" value, greater customer satisfaction.

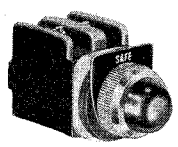
NEW! *A few of the newer A-B control units are shown here*



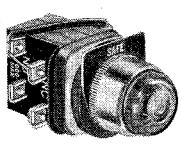
Illuminated Push Button. Combines pilot light and push button in a single control unit.



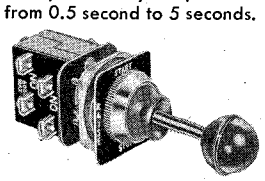
Time Delay Push Button. Delay is easily adjustable from 0.5 second to 5 seconds.



Encapsulated Pilot Light. Transformer is protected against adverse atmospheres.



Push-to-Test Pilot Light. Pushing the lens reveals condition of pilot bulb.



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Letters

Sex and Sympathy

Dear Sirs:

Your article PATIENTS SHOULD TELL THE TRUTH [by I. Phillips Frohman, M.D., as told to Scott Seegers, Feb. 21] is well written and to the point, but—women will continue to resent male doctors and examinations by same. . . .

Medicine is a woman's profession. . . . Women are naturally kindly, sympathetic and intuitive, and all are potential mothers themselves. What men are doing telling women how to have children is more than I can fathom.

FRANCES BURNS
Hot Springs, Ark.

Dear Sirs:

I would like to see, by way of rebuttal, an article titled, "Why Don't Doctors Believe Us?". . . .

Suppose you tell your doctor you can't move your arm without extreme pain. Does he believe you? Sure he does. After he gives it a good jerk and hears you scream, he does. . . .

For every patient who has died because he withheld information from his doctor, no doubt there's another fellow who is no longer with us because his doctor thought it was all in his head.

MAY SHARP
Indianapolis, Ind.

The Protestants Look at Red China

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations on your strong editorial in the Feb. 21st issue, WHO SAYS 38,000,000 PROTESTANTS WANT TO RECOGNIZE RED CHINA? It took courage to do what you did, but you will find many millions of Protestants who strongly approve your stand.

JAMES D. MURCH, *Managing Editor*
Christianity Today
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs:

You point out accurately the fallacy of the claim by The Worker, the Communist weekly, that "38,000,000 Protestants Tell Ike: Recognize China." You fall into the same fallacy, led astray by the bushwhacking of Rev. Daniel Poling, when you question the extent to which the World Order Study Conference of the National Council of Churches reflects the opinion of Protestant denominations. . . . That conference did not presume to reflect Protestant opinion. . . . They sought to influence it.

REV. ELLIS J. HOLT
The First Baptist Church
Pittsfield, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

Your editorial has done a serious injustice to a responsible group.

ROBERT W. MOON
San Leandro, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Splendid editorial. . . . Your mention of the results of the Committee of One Million's poll of American clergymen on the question of Red China's recognition or admission to the U.N. was particularly gratifying. . . .

There are still individuals in our ecumenical movement who would speak for the entire American Protestant community in favor of appeasement of Red China. Their campaign, which urges major concessions to the Peiping regime and to world Communism, is growing more vocal. . . .

We hope to enlist the help of as many of our fellow clergymen as possible in mobilizing and maintaining American opposition to any steps which would promote the aims of Communism to the detriment of universal Christian morality and freedom.

BISHOP FRED PIERCE CORSON
REV. NORMAN VINCENT PEALE
REV. DANIEL A. POLING
The Committee of One Million
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Your editorial . . . reflects a position shared with you by both the International Council and its national affiliate, the American Council of Christian Churches.

However, we would like to point out that the figures released by Dr. Poling are somewhat misleading. . . .

The poll was sent to 48,000 Protestant clergymen. . . . From this mailing, 8942 responses had been received when announcement of the project and its results was made. Of the 8942 replies, 7682 were against recognition of Red China. In other words, 86 per cent of the 8942 replies were against recognition, not 86 per cent of 48,000. . . .

A shocking number of American clergymen either were not informed as to the World Order Study Conference statement or do not care enough one way or another to answer.

RONN SPARGUR
International Council of Christian Churches
Collingswood, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

I am one of the Protestant Christians who do urge the recognition of Red China. As a so-called "average American housewife," I . . . thank God there are such groups as the World Order Study Conference of the National Council of Churches. There are many of us who want our churches to lead the way out of the jungle to peace.

MRS. DOROTHY DEACON
Ravenna, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

No man in his right mind here in the U.S. (unless he is a Communist) could honestly believe that . . . admitting Mao's barbaric gangsters into the U.N. would make Red China a "peaceful nation."

GEORGE TSENG
(*student from Singapore*)
Baylor University
Waco, Texas

Dear Sirs:

Having attended and shared in the deliberations of that conference, I write to express the fear that it is you who have been taken for a propaganda ride. . . .

There are many of us churchmen and citizens who have had contacts with China, some of us for four generations,

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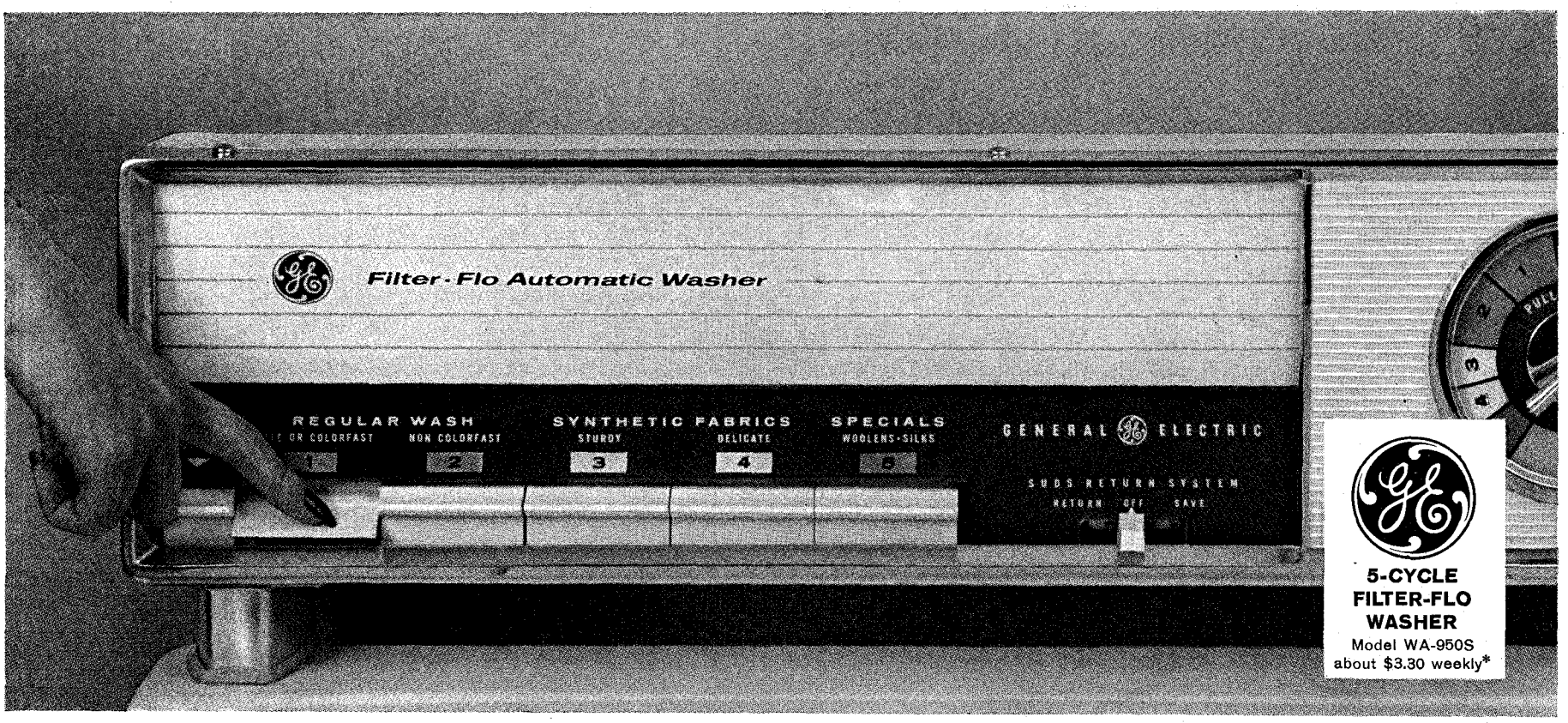

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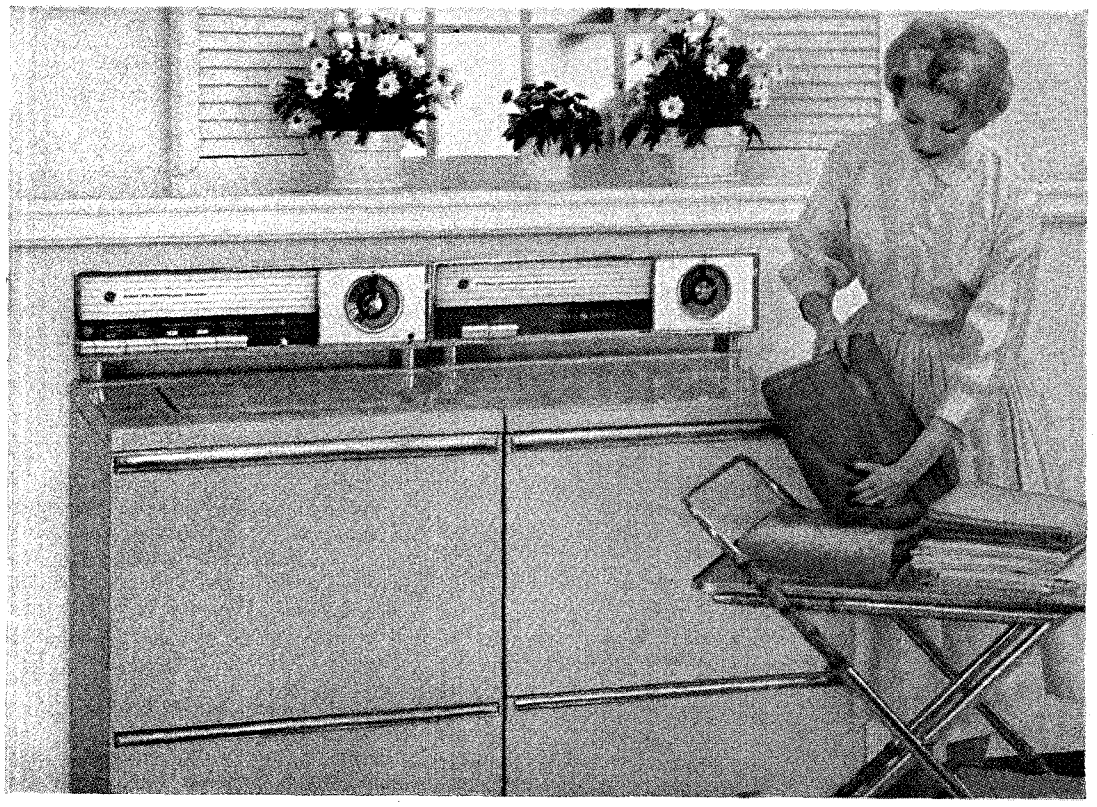

Touch one key, turn one dial, automatically you get a pre-set cycle for denims, delicates, wash 'n wear, woolens—anything you wash!

CYCLE 1... the key for white and colorfast cottons and linens (the bulk of your washday loads) that need hot water, vigorous washing action, *warm* rinse and a normal spin.

CYCLE 2 . . . is pre-set to give dark or non-colorfast cottons *warm* water, brisk washing action, warm rinse and a normal spin.

CYCLE 3 . . . is for sturdy, well-made wash 'n wear synthetics and blends. Uses warm water, brisk washing action and a *slow* spin to prevent deep-set wrinkles.

CYCLE 4... gently washes delicate wash 'n wear clothes in warm water, then gives them *slow* spin to protect sheer fabrics, seams and trim.

CYCLE 5 . . . is for "specials." Slow wash action in warm water . . . won't "pill" blankets or woolen sweaters. Normal spin gets out the extra water woolens absorb.

No lint fuzz on clothes. Time-proven G-E Filter-Flo Washing System cleans and re-cleans the water constantly. Dependable filter can't clog or impede water flow. Filter is a *detergent dispenser*, too!

Plus: Big 10-lb. capacity; Cold Water Wash Key; Rinse Agent Dispenser; Suds Return System (optional). G-E Warranty.

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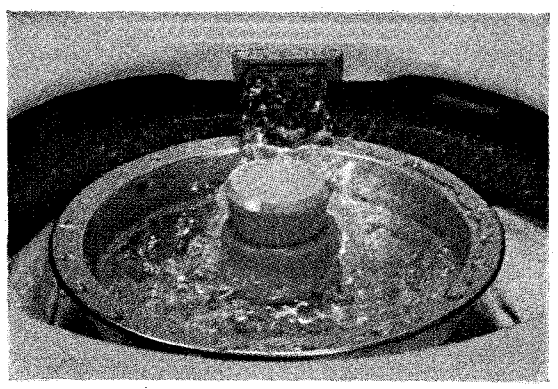

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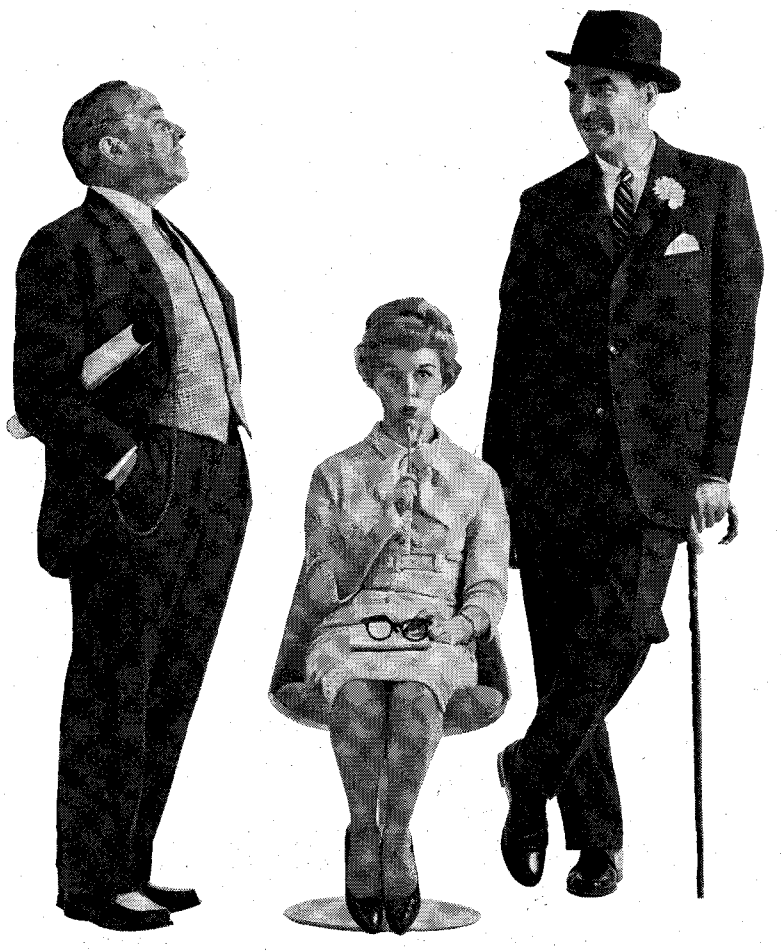


Climate by Chrysler

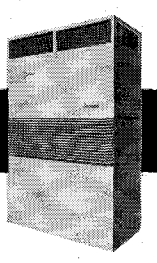
makes us feel 17° cooler
...and 93% happier

"Working's a pleasure since they threw out the fans and got us Chrysler Airtemp Air Conditioning. Whether it's 120° above, or 5° below—we've got Spring! That's *real* all-weather operation for you . . . and it's another exclusive with Climate by Chrysler."

"Nothing adds to my office employees' efficiency like Climate by Chrysler. We're not just cooler now—we're really comfortable. Our Airtemp wrings out sticky humidity in a hurry. And it's so quiet, I can hear all the latest rumors flying around the water fountain."

"I specified Airtemp equipment for my building for many good reasons. Dependability—assured by Chrysler's 25 years of leadership in packaged air conditioners. Economy—from their new Power Miser Compressor. Selection—Chrysler offers the biggest choice. And includes, as standard equipment, safety features most manufacturers don't offer, even as extras."

More businesses do more business with Chrysler Airtemp. Your local Airtemp Dealer will be pleased to show you why.



CHRYSLER AIRTEMP

Airtemp Division, Chrysler Corporation, Dept. A-39, Dayton 1, Ohio

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

who believe that the present American attitude is incompetent to resolve the issues between us and that a relaxation of tensions, a means of communication and, ultimately, a means of commerce and diplomatic conversation must be provided.

REV. ALFRED W. SWAN
First Congregational Church
Madison, Wis.

Measuring the Oceans With a Pail

Dear Sirs:

Professor Fred Hoyle's article, WHEN TIME BEGAN [Adventures of the Mind 21, Feb. 21], is an excellent exercise in intellectual calisthenics. However, it appears to me that there is an inherent inconsistency of thought which he does not, and as a scientist probably cannot, resolve. It is simply this: He accepts and works with the mathematically useful, but intellectually unintelligible, concept of infinity of time, space and even of accumulation of knowledge. . . .

Hence, these theories attempt to describe the infinite with a finite intellect; they try to measure the oceans with a pail. . . .

Great credit is due The Saturday Evening Post for printing such challenging essays.

PETER L. LOEWE
Highland Park, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

If space be limited, by what is it bounded? If time has beginning and end, what was before, what will be after? . . .

Dr. Hoyle states that space cannot expand and contract simultaneously. Why not? Why cannot one cosmic group expand while another contracts? Why cannot they interact on one another, the contraction of one making room for, or possibly being forced by, the expansion of another? Why not a space-time continuum, infinite and eternal, expanding, contracting, billowing as it were, ever renewing itself?

JAMES R. ASH
Holt, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

I wonder why it never occurred to him that it just might have been possible for God to have planned and created our universe?

REV. ROBERT V. MARSTON
Garden City, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

Hoyle . . . paraphrases the religious prophets who proclaimed that the dimension of God's love is infinite. Hoyle's statement is bold yet humble.

CYRIL FARNY
Morris Plains, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

Hoyle-type universe not considered an improvement over present model. Recommend we continue with unit now in operation, which has been fully field-tested and has run without major breakdown or maintenance that we know of since original installation.

WILLIAM A. IRVINE
Cohoes, N.Y.

Canawlers and Cadavers

Dear Sirs:

Am intrigued by Clarence Budington Kelland's story THE CARDIFF GIANT AFFAIR [Jan. 31–Mar. 21], but more so by a word I never saw before and can't find in the dictionary. . . . "Canawlers" is the word.

HOWARD M. MANDIGO, SR.
Richford, Vt.

● *"Canawler," says Kelland, is dialect for "canaller"—a man who works on a canal or canalboat.—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

I was particularly interested in . . . The Cardiff Giant Affair. Mr. Kelland gives more life to the old fraud than he has had in a long time. We ought to know. We have the outsized corpus delicti right in our association's back yard [below], beside the Blacksmith's Shop at our Farmers' Museum. After eighty odd—

1948: A joke is laid to rest.

distinctly odd—years of knocking about the hoax-and-marvel circuit between Boston and Fort Dodge, Iowa, this "belly laugh in stone" was finally purchased [by us] in 1948. . . . We stuck the Giant back in the ground, in an open pit, where we hope Mr. Kelland's readers will come have a look at him.

LOUIS C. JONES, *Director*
N. Y. State Historical Assn.
Cooperstown, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

For many years Clarence Budington Kelland has been selling you the same plot at regular and frequent intervals with only the names changed to protect his income. Now you have published ROMANCE IN THE ROUGH by Willard Temple [Feb. 14], which not only uses the plot that has been Kelland's sole means of support but which is also written with Kelland's improbable dialogue.

Surely at this late date you are not going to deprive Kelland of his only plot.

WALTER N. FORGER
White Plains, N.Y.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

6–New York State Historical Assn. • 19–Ollie Atkins • 20–Two from Wide World; United Press International; Ollie Atkins. • 21–Wide World; Ollie Atkins; two from Wide World. • 22, 23–Douglass Crockwell. • 24, 25–David Lees. • 26, 27–Arthur Lidov. 28–U. S. Army. • 29–From James R. Blue; Ollie Atkins; from Schuyler W. Jackson; Ollie Atkins; maps by Center Studio. • 30–Mitchell Hooks. • 31–Gus Pasquarella. • 32–Culver; Wide World; Bill Shrout. • 33–Two from Wide World; United Press Int.; Bill Shrout. 34, 35–Joe Bowler. • 37–Larry Kritcher. • 38, 39–Joern Gerdts. • 43–Gus Pasquarella; from Jesse Stuart; Ralph Morrissey; Gus Pasquarella. • 45–Harold Von Schmidt. 74–Wide World; Ollie Atkins. • 101–Map by Zen Yonkovig. • 120–Gus Pasquarella; Tom Bright; Gene Fenn; Sid Avery.

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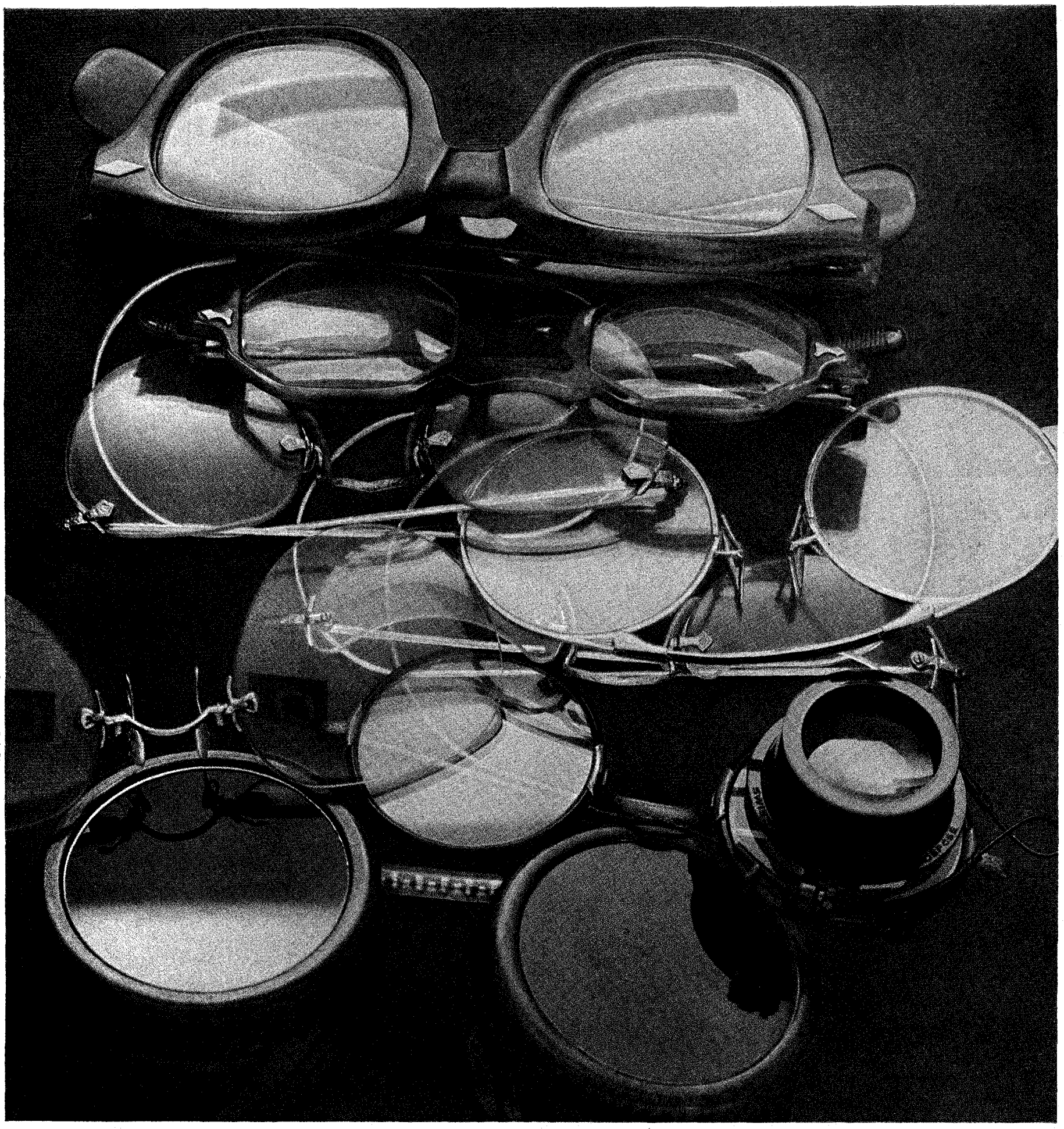

The *only* way a company can keep on succeeding as the years go by is to *keep adjusting* its vision to changing needs.

GULF OIL CORPORATION

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Firestone Rubber-X* surpasses car makers'

to prove Firestone brings you extra safety

Proof of performance makes Firestone tires number one choice of car manufacturers. Again for '59 more new cars will roll off assembly lines on Firestone tires than on any other make. On the proving grounds of the world's most competitive industry, nothing about tires is left to chance. Hard-to-convince engineers put them through months o rubber-searing paces. They cramp screaming wheels into tight maneuvers on special turning pads. They measure noise, skid safety, cornering stability and ease of control. They race test tires to the limit over everything from high-speed tracks t broken pavements. From carefully controlled brand-for-brand tests like these, automotive engineers find out which tire

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Firestone tire stability on proving ground turning pads wins car makers' top approval.

'oughest tests

Firestone tires give you the turn control, skid-safety and stability you need for today's driving.

**Firestone Rubber-X is compounded specifically for each type of car, truck, farm implement and construction equipment tire.*

'n tires!

and up. They see for themselves which tires ride, corner, wear, stop and start better than any others. Again this year, ›mpetitive testing by the auto industry has made Firestones the first choice tires for original equipment. When you're thinking ›out tires for your new or present car, remember that Firestones, one, offer the test-winning performance of Firestone Rubber-X, the ngest wearing rubber ever used in Firestone tires. Buy now, on con- ›nient terms if you wish, at your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store.

Firestone

BETTER RUBBER FROM START TO FINISH

Enjoy the Voice of Firestone every Monday evening on ABC television

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Editorials

Federal Spending May be Losing its Mass Appeal

In our issue of December 20, 1958, we hazarded the guess that the Democratic triumph in the fall elections did not necessarily mean that the American people had given a blank check to free spenders, inflationists and left-wingers. Already there are indications that representatives and senators who keep their ears close to the ground suspect that the Post was right. The effort to end free debate in the Senate got nowhere. The House refused to permit its Rules Committee to be raided by the spend-ocracy, and even the advocates of costly schemes like "urban renewal" are doing their utmost to prove that they are more devoted to frugality than the Administration is.

News writers in Washington tend to attribute all this to some sort of wizardry on the part of Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson and Speaker Sam Rayburn. Without taking anything away from the real or legendary powers of persuasion attributed to these two leaders, our own diagnosis is a little different. We have an idea that the American people, while expecting to pay plenty for national defense and other essentials, are scared to death of inflation and think they know what's causing it. Their concern is getting through to members of Congress.

After all, a stable dollar has become more important to more Americans than it ever was before. The millions of retired people who live on Social Security payments and pensions or who have life-insurance policies or who expect eventually to gain from such "fringe benefits" as sick-leave pay and hospitalization plans have a vital interest in a stable dollar. It is estimated that at least 13,000,000 Americans depend on fixed-income payments of one kind or another for the major part of their support. Although the price indexes have been reasonably stable for a number of months, unwarranted public spending could upset the applecart.

The members of Congress who are pushing for blanket Federal aid for airport reconstruction, Federal aid in school construction and billions in new housing projects would do well to note the recent actions of two governors, both Democrats, who follow public opinion the way some people follow the major-league races. Governor Meyner of New Jersey—political head of an industrial state where one would expect considerable support for spending—points with pride to their economical budget and to his efforts to prune the state's personnel organization down to size. Governor Lawrence of Pennsylvania also rates economy as a popular issue.

The above expressions of a hesitant optimism may be premature. The pressure for spending is strong, and those who exert it are tireless. During the Senate's debate on the airport measure, Senator Lausche of Ohio reminded his colleagues that the United States Treasury was having great difficulty in marketing its bonds. Sen. Mike Monroney's answer to this startling warning was to ask Senator Lausche if he would like to hand back $11,292,000—Ohio's share of the airport money. The Ohio senator's response that he would not be swayed in his judgment by a "sop" of $11,000,000 was one of the few courageously independent expressions during the whole debate.

All this is discouraging. Even the Administration's budget is high and precariously balanced. Hundreds of "little" items, including $165,000 to air-condition a building in the Air Force Academy at Colorado Springs because the façade of the building wouldn't look right with windows opened at all levels, swell the unwieldy total.

Where then is the hope for economy in the current Congress? Admittedly, there is little ground for optimism as of the moment. Our somewhat less gloomy view is based, perhaps romantically, on the eventual influence of the millions of Americans who do not want to see their savings melt away in an inflationary frenzy. More and more of them have seen their true interest in a sound economy and an honest dollar.

The members of Congress most responsive to long-range public opinion sense this trend. The President has allied himself with the millions who would be hurt or ruined by inflation and has opposed the free spenders. He deserves better support than he has received, but it's not too late!

By "Lasting Peace" the Kremlin Means Total Surrender

The average American who rejoices in the blessings of "democracy" is puzzled to find that the Communists insist that they have a monopoly on democracy. Our good champions of what they assume is democracy are outraged by what seems to them a cynical theft.

The dedicated Marxist doesn't agree. By "democracy" he means that classless, stateless world order that will come into being when Marx's "scientific socialism" has been imposed upon all humanity.

So it is with the word "peace." However often our spokesmen voice their devotion to peace, the highest Communist authorities contrive to say it twice as often. In some people this inspires a thrilling hope that, through generous gestures, pleasant exchanges of one sort or another and considerate diplomacy, a live-and-let-live state of mutual good will can be established. To others, more familiar with the Communist record, these croakings of "peace, peace, where there is no peace" coming out of the Kremlin, where no peace is wanted, are a ribald mockery.

Moreover, when the dedicated Marxist talks of "fighting for peace" or when Mao Tse-tung describes his conscripted farm boys as "soldiers for peace," they are talking of the peace that certainly passeth our understanding, but which is perfectly understood by an indoctrinated Marxist. It is that eventual peace, of which all the Red prophets have spoken, which is to result from the imposition of "scientific socialism" upon all peoples. When the Red doctrinaire talks of peace, he means peace through total surrender and total submission to total regimentation. The alternate cooing and hissing from the Kremlin, which causes the West to hope and despair in turn, is only a tactical variation.

If it were understood in this country that Prime Minister Macmillan's experience in Moscow—where the head of Britain's government was brushed off one day and cajoled the next—reveals the Soviet conception of "peace," the American people would be considerably less complacent about the prospects.

If Red Cross Appeals Grow Irksome, So Do Floods and Diseases

Among the assorted things brought to us each year by the advent of spring, there are certain events that some of us don't exactly greet with cheers. One is—let's admit it—the annual Red Cross appeal for money.

Although we Americans are the most generous people in history, we continue to remain human. So, when the Red Cross makes its yearly plea for contributions, it's not unnatural that many of us moan, "Here it comes again—that same old appeal!"

True, the appeal is old. But why? Because the *need* is old too.

A river, lashed for days by rain, overflows its banks and goes on a deadly rampage through villages and towns. . . . A hurricane suddenly comes over the horizon and spreads death and disaster across a dozen counties. . . . While people bend in terror over a crib, a little girl who was dying is no longer dying because the glass jar of blood suspended above her head was brought just in time. . . . A white-faced boy lying on the beach begins to breathe again because someone was taught lifesaving and artificial respiration.

These and mankind's many other emergencies are not new. They have always been with us. They always will be. It's the same old appeal—because there's always the same old human need for help!

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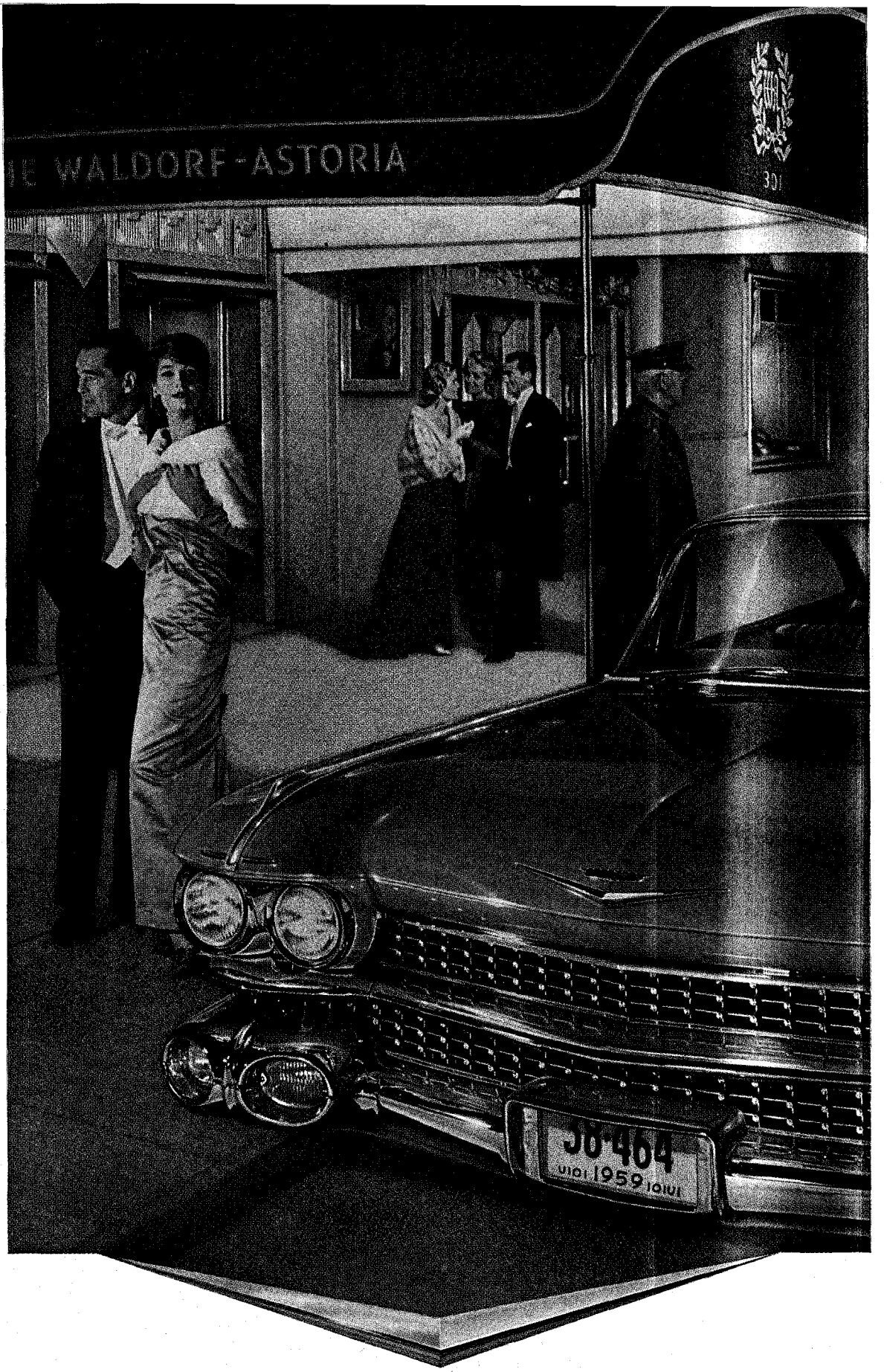
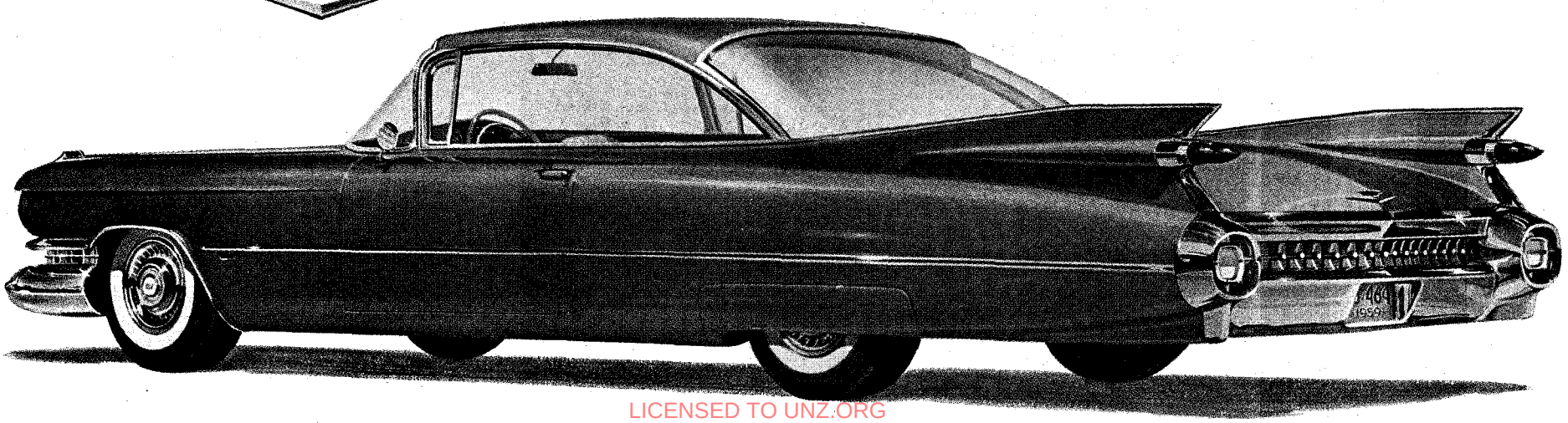
furs by Revillon



Wherever automobiles are seen and appreciated, the Cadillac name has, over the years, become an accepted synonym for "quality". Yet never before has the Cadillac car represented such a *high* standard of excellence as it does today. In its great beauty and majesty . . . in its fineness of performance . . . in the elegance of its Fleetwood interiors . . . and in the skill of its craftsmanship . . . it is far and away the finest fruit of Cadillac's unending quest for quality. We believe that a personal inspection will convince you of this fact—and that an hour at the wheel will add certainty to conviction. Why not accept your dealer's invitation to visit him soon—for a ride and a revelation?

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION
EVERY WINDOW OF EVERY CADILLAC IS SAFETY PLATE GLASS

Cadillac ...world's best synonym for quality!



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The future of shaving has arrived!

The new *Norelco*® Speedshaver with rotary blades shaves with a stroke you can hardly feel...no nicks, no pull, no pinches

You'll know the reason for this new Norelco's instant success as soon as you touch the Speedshaver to your face.

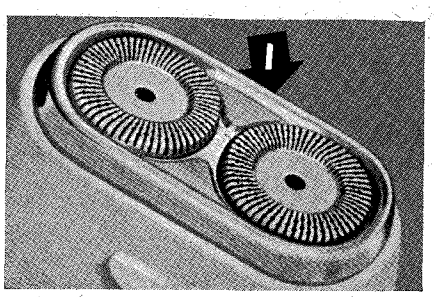
Other electric shavers work this way: Blades move back-and-forth. Stop and start. This often pinches and pulls.

Norelco works this way: 12 razor-keen rotary blades whirl swiftly around underneath skin-guards that never move.

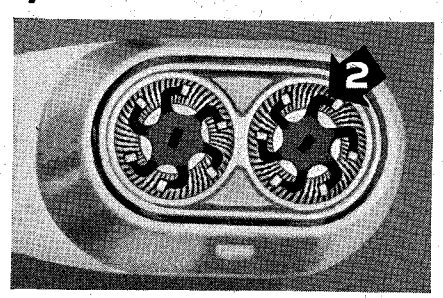
Automatically adjusts to any beard with a stroke so velvet-smooth you hardly know you're shaving.

Try the new Norelco Speedshaver soon. Complete with new deluxe travel case, an ideal gift. AC/DC. $24.95.

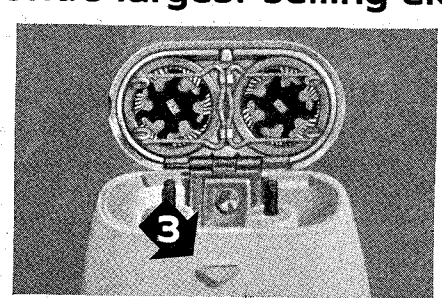
4 reasons why Norelco is now the world's largest-selling electric shaver:



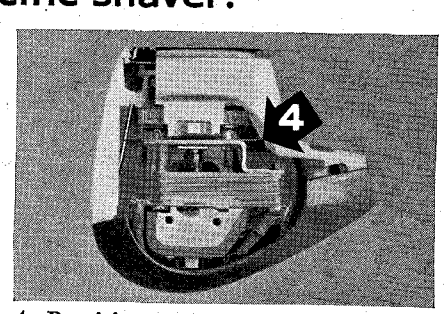
1. All-day closeness: exclusive skin-smoother rim stands whiskers erect for clean, longer-lasting shaves.



2. "Stroke of genius": self-sharpening rotary blades, beneath motionless skin-guards, *stroke* off beard—no pinch or pull.



3. Exclusive push-button cleaning: Flip-top head springs open at touch of button to empty out "whisker dust." So simple!



4. Precision engineering: Rugged brush motor never needs oiling. Runs cool, quiet! Guaranteed world-wide service.

For feminine grooming, the new *Lady Norelco* deluxe double-header, $24.95 • *Norelco Golden Debutante,* $14.95. Both AC/DC

NORELCO is known as PHILISHAVE in Canada and throughout the rest of the free world. NORTH AMERICAN PHILIPS COMPANY, INC., 100 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N.Y.
Other products: Radios, Radio-Phonographs, Tape Recorders, Dictating Machines, Medical X-ray Equipment, Electronic Tubes and Devices.

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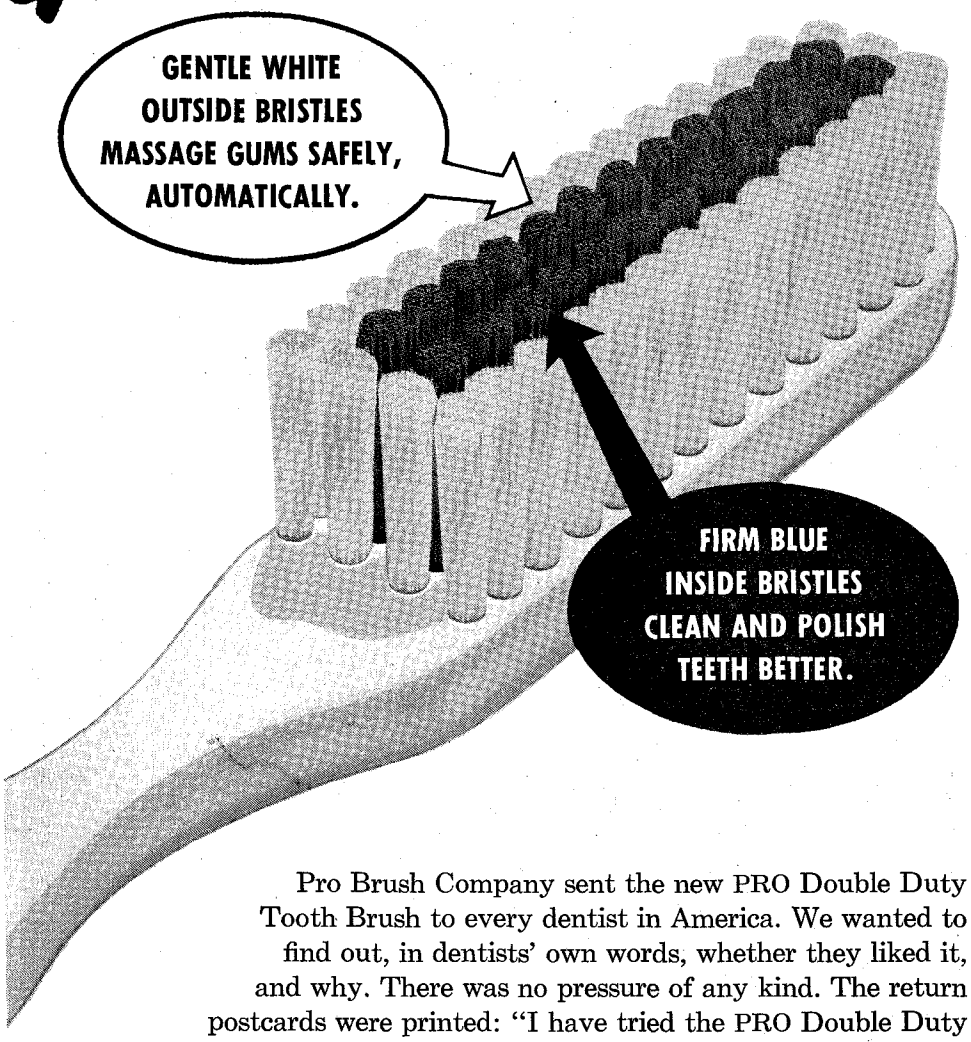
March 28, 1959

Dentists everywhere hail the Pro Double Duty Tooth Brush!

Massages gums gently and safely as it cleans teeth sparkling bright!


GENTLE WHITE OUTSIDE BRISTLES MASSAGE GUMS SAFELY, AUTOMATICALLY.
FIRM BLUE INSIDE BRISTLES CLEAN AND POLISH TEETH BETTER.

Pro Brush Company sent the new PRO Double Duty Tooth Brush to every dentist in America. We wanted to find out, in dentists' own words, whether they liked it, and why. There was no pressure of any kind. The return postcards were printed: "I have tried the PRO Double Duty Tooth Brush and here are my honest comments . . . "

And did the dentists tell us! Already, over 9,000 cards from all 49 states and D.C. have been received. Answers were overwhelmingly favorable and enthusiastic. The dentists' comments shown are typical of hundreds.

The main reason dentists like the PRO Double Duty is: It's two brushes in one. Firm blue inside bristles polish tooth surfaces better. Gentle white outside bristles massage gums towards healthy firmness safely, as you brush.

- **STOCKTON, CALIF.**
  "Certainly makes teeth feel and look cleaner"
- **DENVER, COLO.**
  "Great . . . for gum massage and cleaning in the spaces between the teeth"
- **OMAHA, NEB.**
  "The right texture and the right size"
- **CHICAGO, ILL.**
  "A distinctly new approach"
- **KINGSPORT, TENN.**
  "Easy on the gingivae (gums), yet it does a good job of cleaning"
- **PITTSBURGH, PA.**
  "I recommend it to all my patients"
- **MANCHESTER, N.H.**
  "Anatomically correct"
- **ELIZABETH, N.J.**
  "Excellent for gum massage and inter-proximal cleansing"
- **SPARTANBURG, S.C.**
  "Best brush for massaging the gingivae and cleaning the teeth"

State of New York
County of New York } : *SS.:*

Miles A. Wallach, President of M. A. Wallach Research, Inc., an independent research company, being duly sworn, hereby deposes and says: that I have read all the dentists' postcards from which the quotations on this page were taken; that the quotations are true and authentic; and that the cards were all postmarked in the cities named.

Miles A. Wallach

Sworn to before me this
15th day of December, 1958.

Richard B. Jablow

RICHARD B. JABLOW
Notary Public, State of New York
No. 31-7049275
Qualified in New York County
Commission Expires March 30, 1960

RICHARD B. JABLOW NOTARY PUBLIC STATE OF NEW YORK

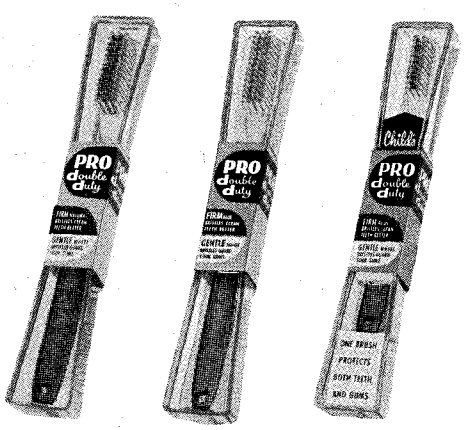
NEW PRO

double duty

TOOTH BRUSH

Your smile will say it's better!

Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co., Florence, Mass.



All Nylon — NEW! Nylon, with natural bristle center — NEW! Child's Double Duty

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By land, by sea, by air, Canadian Pacific—
the world's most complete transportation
system—serves five continents

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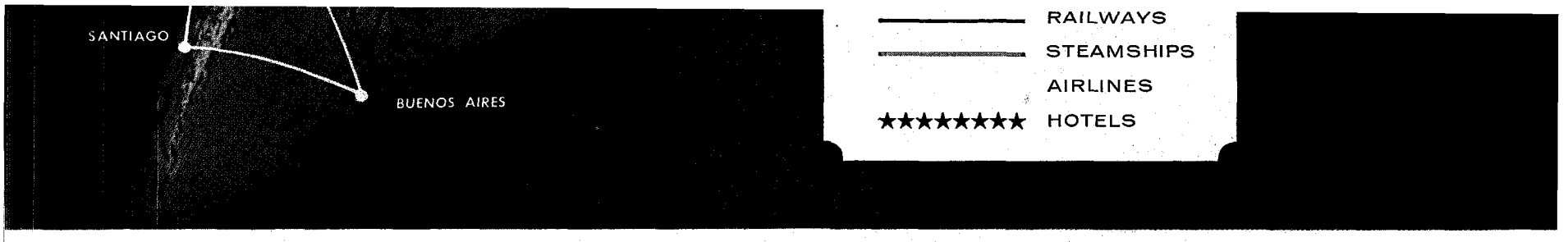

)aily, Canadian Pacific's sleek scenic dome streamner train, "The Canadian," speeds across Canada n the Banff-Lake Louise route.

Graceful White Empress ships glide majestically own the St. Lawrence River past picturesque ench Canadian farms and villages.

Jet-prop Britannias and super DC6-Bs take wing gularly to five continents, and Canadian Pacific craft also provide new air service across Canada.

Night and day, commerce moves across Canada Canadian Pacific coordinated rail and trucking services—by ocean, inland and coastal ships.

Canadian Pacific operates a chain of hospitable hotels typified by baronial Banff Springs in the Canadian Rockies, and the Royal York in Toronto, largest hotel in the British Commonwealth.

And rounding out its many services, Canadian Pacific maintains a system of world-wide communications and express services.

This is Canadian Pacific—the World's Most Complete Transportation System—operating and expanding more than 85,000 route miles by land, sea and air.

Canadian Pacific

The World's Most Complete Transportation System

RAILWAYS • STEAMSHIPS • AIRLINES • HOTELS • EXPRESS
COMMUNICATIONS • TRUCKING • PIGGYBACK

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CRAFTED WITH CARE...

TOASTMASTER HOMEWARES MAKE HOMEMAKING EASIER, MORE GRACIOUS!

You'll save time—and do an even better job—when meals and household chores gain the helping hand of Toastmaster *Home*wares . . . the fine appliances that are right at home in every home. Created as your most useful servants, Toastmaster *Home*wares are crafted with care, sold with pride. Yet they cost no more than other small appliances. Your dealer will be proud to show you all the dependable Toastmaster *Home*wares . . . each designed to make your work easier, your living more gracious.

The FAMILY toaster—3 slices at once. Lowers bread automatically, toasts it fast, serves it up high. No lever to press. Hinged crumb tray.
"Golden-Slice Triplette" Powermatic Toaster, $34.95*. Also 2-Slice, $29.95*. Other toasters from $17.95*.

Two irons in one—switch from steam to dry at touch of dial. Perfectly balanced to make ironing easier, faster. Fabric Selector Dial—even for new, delicate synthetics.
"Easy-Iron" Steam and Dry Iron, $17.95*. Also "Featherweight" Automatic Iron, $11.95*.

Easy-to-clean STAINLESS STEEL ...

fused forever to even-heating aluminum. Completely immersible. Exclusive "52-X" element.
Toastmaster Automatic Fry Pan. Full 11" size, $21.95*. Also in "Permanent-mold" aluminum, $14.95*. Removable Heat Control, $7.50*. Cover, $4.00*.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

TOASTMASTER DIVISION, McGRAW-EDISON COMPANY

McGRAW-EDISON

TOASTMASTER®

First in Electric Homewares

*Recommended retail prices

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CONFUSED ABOUT SMOKING?

Switching from cigarette brand to cigarette brand? Stop! **SWAP**...your empty cigarette pack for a sample pack of Robt. Burns Cigarillos —America's favorite Change-of-Pace smoke. Discover how a Robt. Burns Cigarillo combines the mildness of a cigarette with the mellowness of a cigar...for a refreshingly different smoke. So, today, send your empty cigarette pack—any brand —with your name and address to: Robt. Burns Cigarillos, P. O. Box 9, New York 46, N. Y.

Robt. Burns Cigarillos...light and mild as a cigarette . . . mellow and satisfying as a cigar. The best of both rolled into one. Remember, send your next empty cigarette pack—any brand—to Robt. Burns Cigarillos, P. O. Box 9, New York 46, N. Y. Do it now! (*Offer expires August 30, 1959 at midnight*)

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the most remarkable tire on American Super-Highways

This amazing tire lasts longer than you will probably keep your car. Its Nygen Cord and 2-tread construction makes it tremendously safe under all present-day driving conditions.

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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

Who Will be the Democrats' Candidate?

A Post editor examines eight major aspirants for the Democratic presidential nomination next year. He also sticks out his neck to pick a likely winner—and gives the reasons for his surprising choice.

By Stewart Alsop

Being a candidate for the Presidency of the United States must be a rather uncomfortable thing. There are the bashful denials, the transparent equivocations, which tradition and the political realities force upon all candidates. There is the sense of being watched, as by a million-eyed monster, for some false move, some fatal misstep. And, no doubt, there come those moments of harried self-questioning in the dark and private hours of the night, "Could it really be me? And suppose it is, could I really handle the job?"

There are nowadays at least a dozen men who are asking themselves those nighttime questions, perhaps hardly admitting to themselves that they are asking them. On the Republican side there are only two, for Richard Nixon and Nelson Rockefeller are the only visible Republican candidates. But if you include the really pitch-black dark horses, like Senators Albert Gore, Estes Kefauver and Joe Clark, the number of Democrats who are dreaming great dreams these days is the highest in living memory. Looking over the Democrats' embarrassment of

Mr. Sam Rayburn is expected to preside, as usual, over the 1960 convention. Who will emerge from the turmoil as nominee? See next page for the entries.

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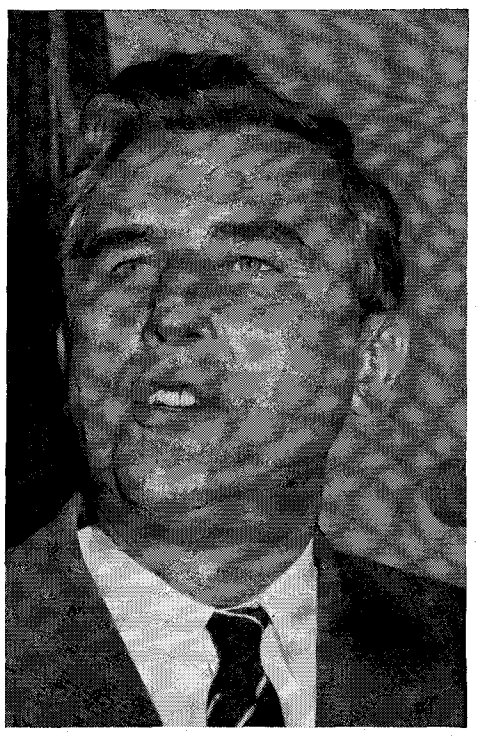
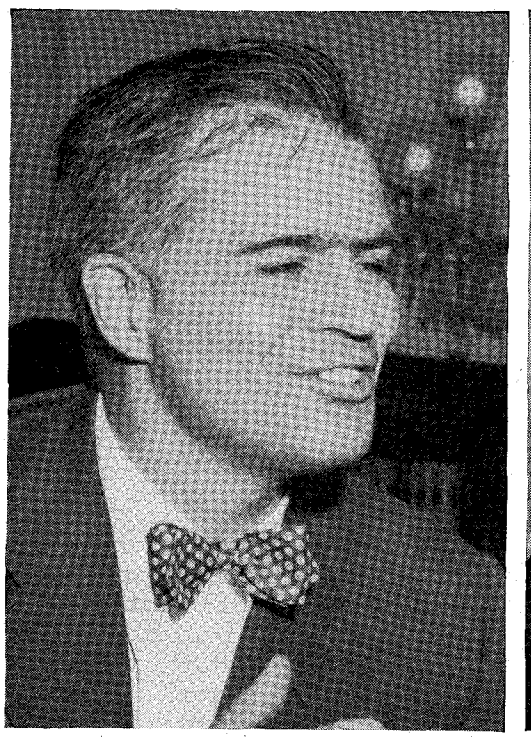


Meyner of New Jersey

Stevenson of Illinois



Williams of Michigan

Brown of California

riches, one is reminded of the childhood ditty which, in one of its versions, begins, "One little, two little, three little Indians, four little, five little, six little Indians, seven little, eight little, nine little Indians, ahangin' on the wall."

One little Indian has already fallen off the wall, for when Nelson Rockefeller beat Averell Harriman for governor of New York last November, Harriman's great dreams were sadly shattered. There are eight little Indians left ahangin' on the wall, eight Democratic aspirants whose chances are at least worth talking about. They are: Gov. G. Mennen Williams of Michigan, Gov. Pat Brown of California, Gov. Robert Meyner of New Jersey, Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson, Sen. Hubert Humphrey of Minnesota, Sen. Stuart Symington of Missouri, Sen. Jack Kennedy of Massachusetts, and—ahangin' on the wall in a somewhat wraithlike fashion without admitting that he's really there at all, but ahangin' rather firmly all the same—Adlai Stevenson of Illinois.

A year and a few weeks from today in a welter of smoke and sweat and oratory—"Let us rise above mere partisan politics, my friends" . . . "I invite all Americans, of whatever race, creed or political belief to join me in this great crusade" . . . "I give you—The Next President of the United States"—all the other little Indians will have fallen off the wall, and there will be only one left. And make no mistake about it—all the men listed above would dearly love to be that one.

Anyone attempting now to predict the identity of that surviving little Indian would be well advised to consult an alienist. Indeed, any prediction at all of what may happen among the unpredictable Democrats in convention assembled in the summer of 1960 is exceedingly foolhardy. But let us be foolhardy. Let us knock four of the above-mentioned little Indians right off the presidential wall, and then go on to consider the peculiar problems of the four who are left. From among them will almost certainly come the next Democratic presidential candidate—and, quite possibly, the next President of the United States.

Two of the eight little Democratic Indians have only an eyebrow's hold on the wall—"Soapy" Williams and Pat Brown. Both men have an excellent theoretical claim on the nomination, but neither of them is going to get it.

Consider the case of Williams of Michigan. Elected six times hand running as governor of one of the big swing states, he ought by all the old rules to be the man to beat. Williams is an able politician, and a highly intelligent one—he has a better claim to the title of "egghead" than Adlai Stevenson. Moreover—as indicated in the most candid of the statements accompanying this article—he wants very much to be President and will make a do-or-die try for it.

Alsop says all of the following leading politicians would dearly love to be the Democratic presidential nominee. Here, for some future student of the peculiarities of American political mores, is what they themselves say when speaking on the record about their own candidacies—plus Alsop's comments on their comments.

GOVERNOR ROBERT B. MEYNER

"While I am flattered by talk that I might be presidential timber, I just want to do the best I can as governor of New Jersey."

This is the classic statement for an active candidate.

ADLAI STEVENSON

"I shall not seek the nomination."

This is the classic statement for a man who wants to be drafted.

GOVERNOR G. MENNEN WILLIAMS

"I'm a big man, but they might not have to push me very hard."

Come, come, governor, this excessive candor is unbecoming.

GOVERNOR PAT BROWN

"I have no plans other than to concentrate on the job I sought."

Uh-huh.

SENATOR JACK KENNEDY

"Since I have just been re-elected to the Senate by the citizens of Massachusetts, my first concern is to serve them to the best of my ability in this office; I am not a candidate for any higher office."

The old stand-by in still another version.

SENATOR HUBERT HUMPHREY

"It is interesting, of course, to read of prospective presidential candidates. It is flattering to be mentioned among the possibil-

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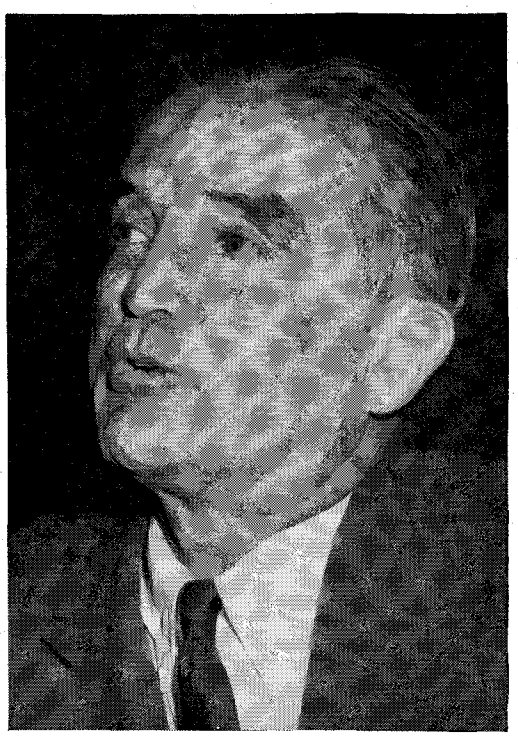
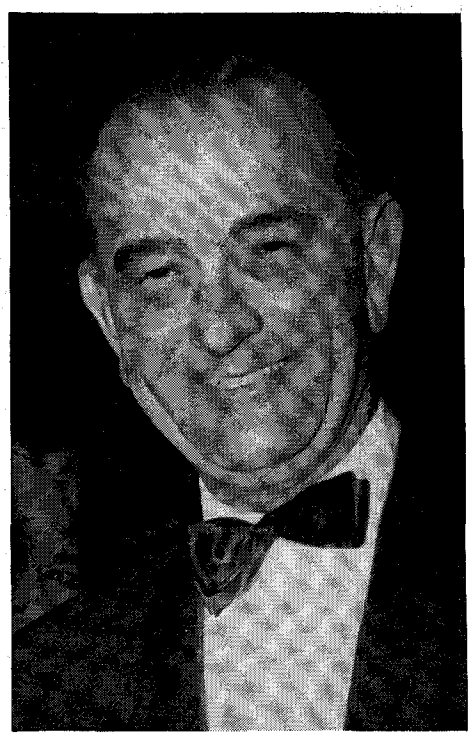
Kennedy of Massachusetts

Humphrey of Minnesota



Symington of Missouri



Johnson of Texas

But Williams is not the man to beat because he has already beaten himself, with a strong assist from labor leader Walter Reuther. The nickname, the green polka-dotted bow tie which is Williams' trade-mark, the crew cut and the boyish manner—these have been big assets to Williams in Michigan. But they are terrible drawbacks to the Williams presidential candidacy. For they have robbed Williams of that elusive, intangible, but essential asset in an aspirant to the White House—the presidential smell. Williams just doesn't smell like a President.

The alliance with Walter Reuther is the *coup de grâce*. "Sure," one Democratic strategist has remarked, "the Republicans would love to run against Reuther, but we're not that dumb." When Williams trailed his ticket in last November's elections, the Democratic Party heaved a collective sigh of relief and counted him out. So let's knock poor Soapy off the presidential wall.

Let's knock Pat Brown off the wall too. Like Williams, he has a valid claim to the nomination. He comes from the second-biggest state. As victor over Sen. William Knowland he is a proved giant killer, and the political balance of power has been shifting steadily west. Like Williams, Brown is off and running hard. But Brown is a Catholic, and if the Democratic Convention turns down one Catholic—Kennedy, the present front runner—it seems unlikely that it will then nominate another Catholic for President. Yet Brown's worst drawback is his lack—more so even than in the case of Williams—of the presidential smell. When you ask Brown's friends and admirers about his presidential chances, they look startled for a moment and then say: "Well, Pat's a wonderful guy, but President—uh, no." That "uh, no" tells the story.

So now we come to Robert Meyner of New Jersey—let's knock him off the wall too. This is a somewhat brasher act than in the case of Williams or Brown. Meyner is included in almost all lists of serious candidates. But it would take a couple of major miracles to get him the nomination. For one thing, when he was elected governor of New Jersey in 1953, right after the Eisenhower landslide of 1952, he was for the Democrats a harbinger of glad tidings. He had a chance to light a fire in the land, especially among Democrats. No fire has been lighted. But his greatest drawback is something else. Where the Kennedy candidacy hurts the Brown candidacy, it just about kills the Meyner candidacy.

Meyner was born and brought up in the Catholic Church. In college he lost his faith in Catholicism and abandoned the church. He has joined no other church—which is not likely to help him among strong Protestants either. But it is just about inconceivable that the Democratic Party, which (Continued on Page 104)

ities. . . . For my part, I would prefer concentrating whatever energy and ability I have—all my time—toward producing a record of achievement for our party."

Not bad, but not absolutely convincing.

SENATOR STUART SYMINGTON

"I have made no change in any plans I have. I want to be a good senator."

Hardly slams the door.

SENATOR LYNDON JOHNSON

"I have made it absolutely clear, both in public and in private, that I do not seek the nomination. There are no reservations in my mind on that question."

Johnson manages to sound a good deal more convincing than the other candidates, despite Republican Sen. Kenneth Keating's wisecrack, "The other day Lyndon Johnson made his sixteenth denial of presidential ambitions, a number roughly corresponding to the ballot on which he hopes to be nominated."

And here, for good measure, are the Republicans:

VICE PRESIDENT RICHARD NIXON

"I feel the most effective way to run for office is to do a good job at what you're doing and let the future take care of itself."

Maybe he sometimes has the future a bit on his mind all the same.

GOVERNOR NELSON ROCKEFELLER

"My only aspiration is to do a good job as governor of New York and to complete my campaign promises."

Another version of the old stand-by.

Why do the candidates try so hard not to sound like candidates? For the answer, consider the fate of those candidates, like Robert Taft, Harold Stassen and Estes Kefauver, who sounded too much like candidates. There is now a well-established American political rule: "If you admit you want it, you don't get it." It is a rule that all those named above have learned and pondered.

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Illustrated by Douglass Crockwell

PANIC IN THE SKIES

The madman shot twice. Suddenly Flight 181 became a plane without a pilot.

By STEVE McNEIL and N. B. STONE, Jr.

FIRST OF TWO PARTS

Jerry Welch was a copilot for Pacific Coast Airlines—a slender young man with black hair, crew cut, and gunmetal eyes. He moved with unconscious grace, like a dancer, or a good middleweight fighter. He seemed taller than he was because of his lean, whiplash body, and his smile had broken hearts up and down the West Coast.

He was walking around his twin-engine aircraft, peering suspiciously at the sleek, aluminum plane. The mechanics had fueled the aircraft and run the engines, but Jerry, as copilot, had to go through the ritual of preflight inspection.

It was a boring chore, but he did not mind and did it meticulously because, although he did not wish to live forever, he did not want to die because he failed to observe one small detail of the airplane which, insignificant on the ground, could become monumental in the air.

A mechanic approached Jerry and said, "Think it'll fly?"

"I doubt it," Jerry said, "but we'll give it a try."

"You still flying with Brickley?"

Jerry nodded. "That's right."

"How do you get along with old Stoneface?"

"All right. I jerk the wheels and flaps and keep my mouth shut."

"Yeah, that would be the way to do it, all right." The mechanic stared up at the airplane, then flipped a hand toward it. "Bet you a dollar he writes us up for something. I never saw such a finicky guy in my life."

"I know, but he's like the old Model T. He gets you there and gets you back. I'll fly with him any time."

"Yeah, I guess that's right. But it seems to me he could be a little less like an old woman."

"He wants to be an old pilot."

In the operations office, David Brickley, the captain of the plane which Jerry was observing so suspiciously, was going through the preflight rite—signing the flight plan, weight-and-balance form, weighing his fuel load against the number of hours he would stay air-borne, plus additional gasoline for the required safety factor. He checked the intangibles against known facts, worked out carefully by technicians who could prove, on their slide rules, that this airplane on this particular flight from Los Angeles to San Francisco would do just exactly what was expected of it. Provided, David thought, that someone didn't goof.

This suspicion of all things that took to the air was one reason for the gray hairs flecking the black ones along his temples. David Brickley had great faith in his aircraft—in the engines which spun the propellers, in the design of the wings which gave it lift, in the electronic aids which helped him drive that airplane to the end of the runway and brush his tires on the concrete at the end of his trip.

David sometimes wished that people were as infallible as machinery, but he knew that they never were. Because of this consciousness of human frailty, David Brickley was one of the oldest pilots, (Continued on Page 91)

McMillan looked at the slumped bodies. "I was going to kill myself," he said, "but now I don't have to. This plane will do the job nicely."

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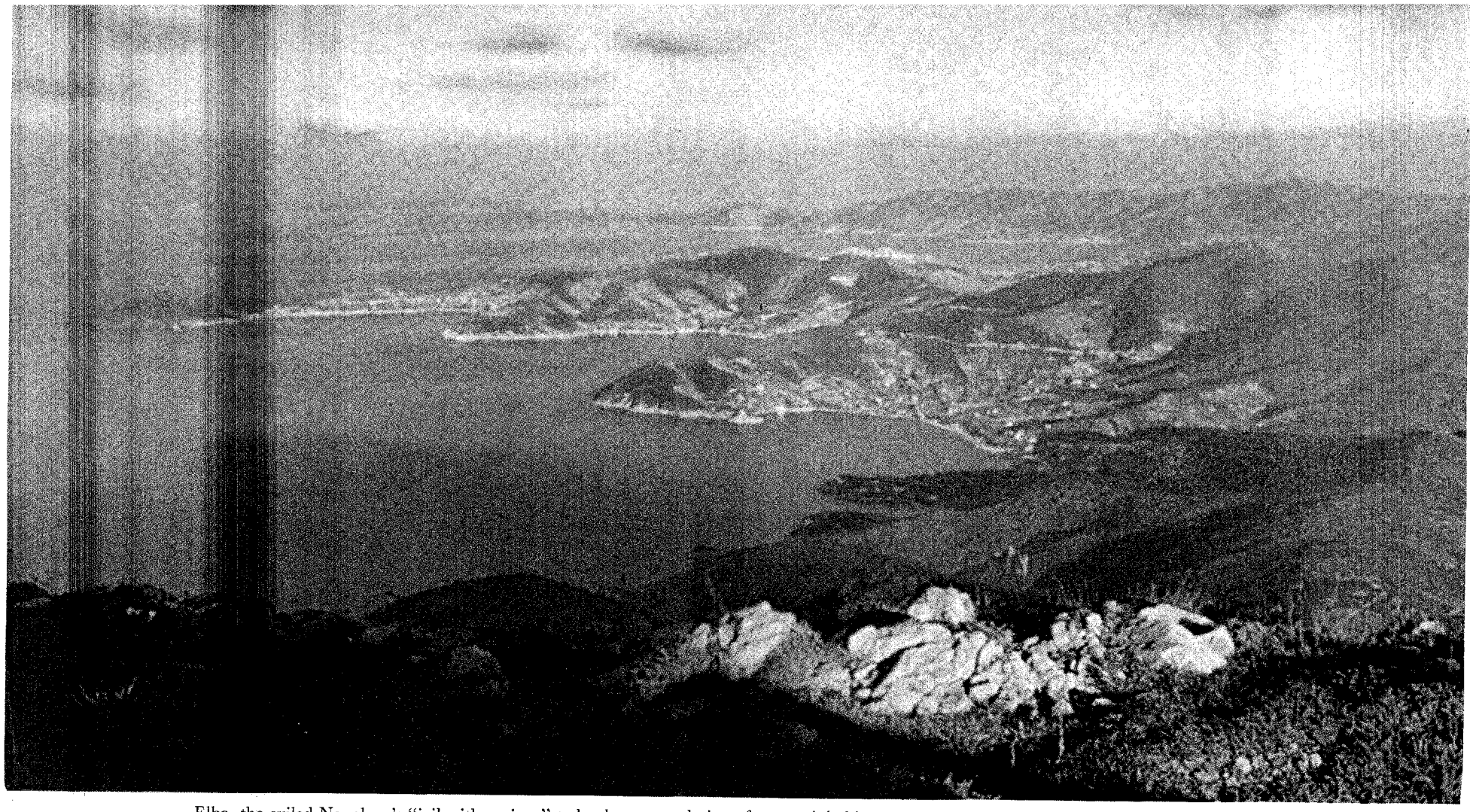
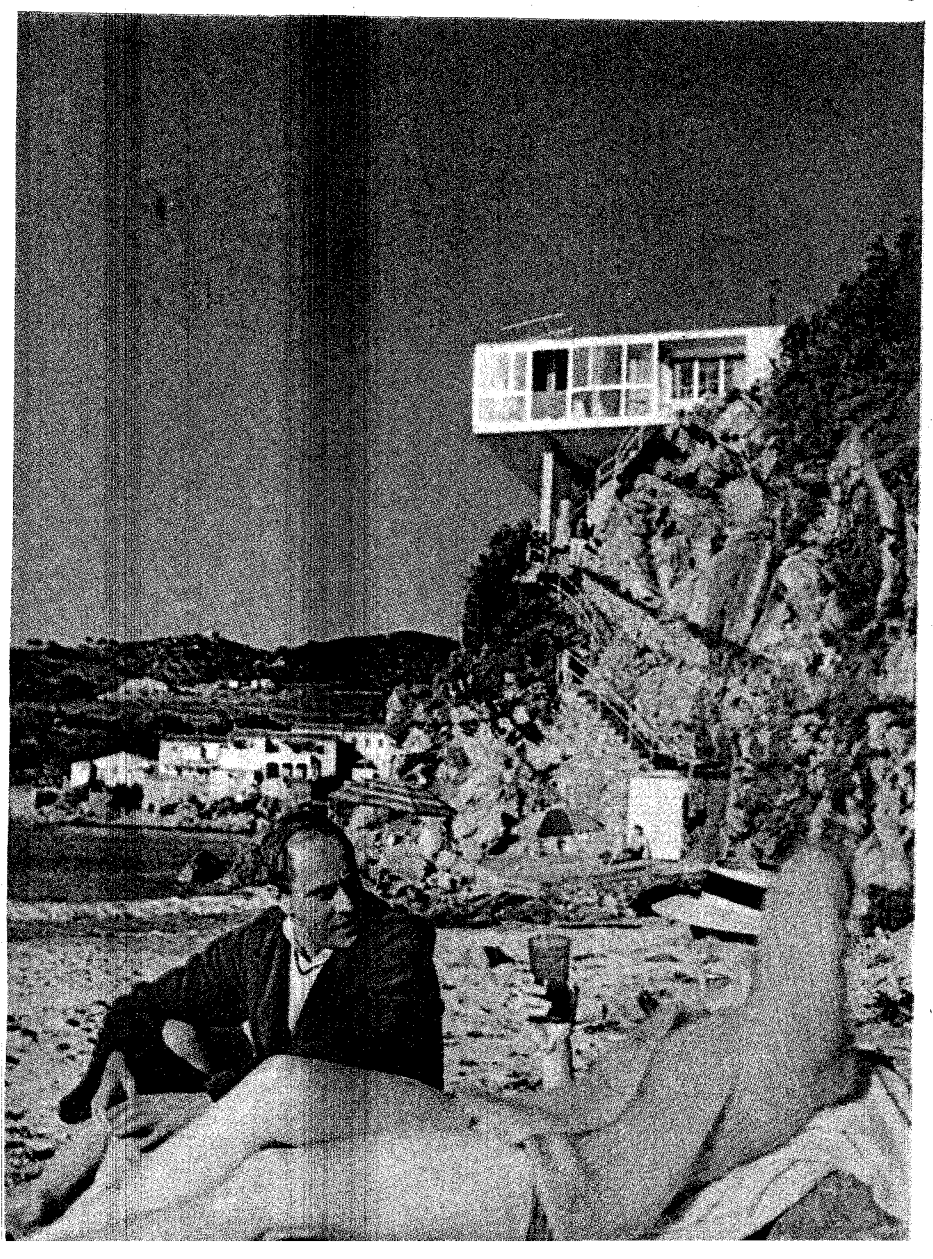
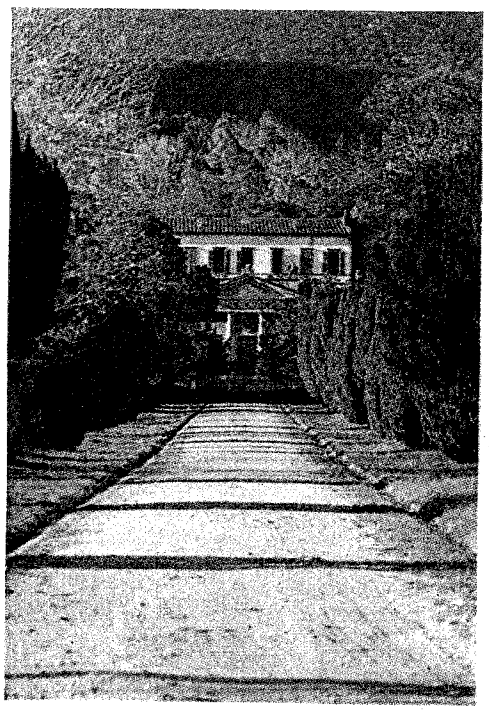


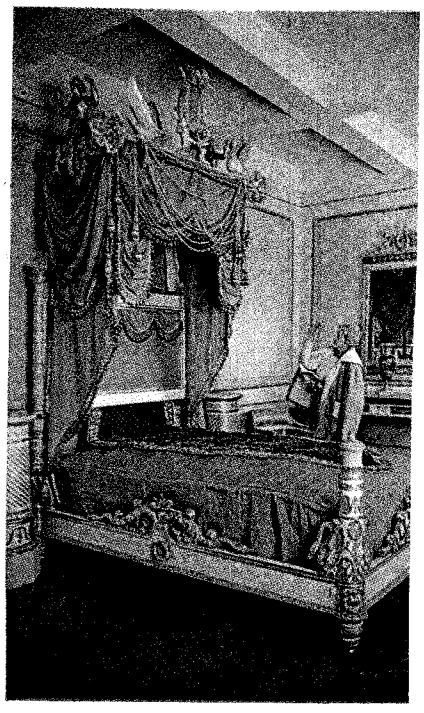
Elba, the exiled Napoleon's "jail with a view," today has a population of 30,000 inhabitants on 140 square miles of mountainous terrain.

Sunbathing on Biodola Beach. Most visitors to the 18-mile-long island come from the Continent, but the vacation trade from the United States is increasing.





Napoleon's favorite residence, the San Martino villa, as it looks now. The front portion is a museum, added on by an admiring nephew-in-law.



Napoleon slept here. Above is the bedroom of Bonaparte's town palace, the Mulini, which was formerly a barracks.

Ex-advertising man Paul West and his wife were the first Americans to make Elba their home.

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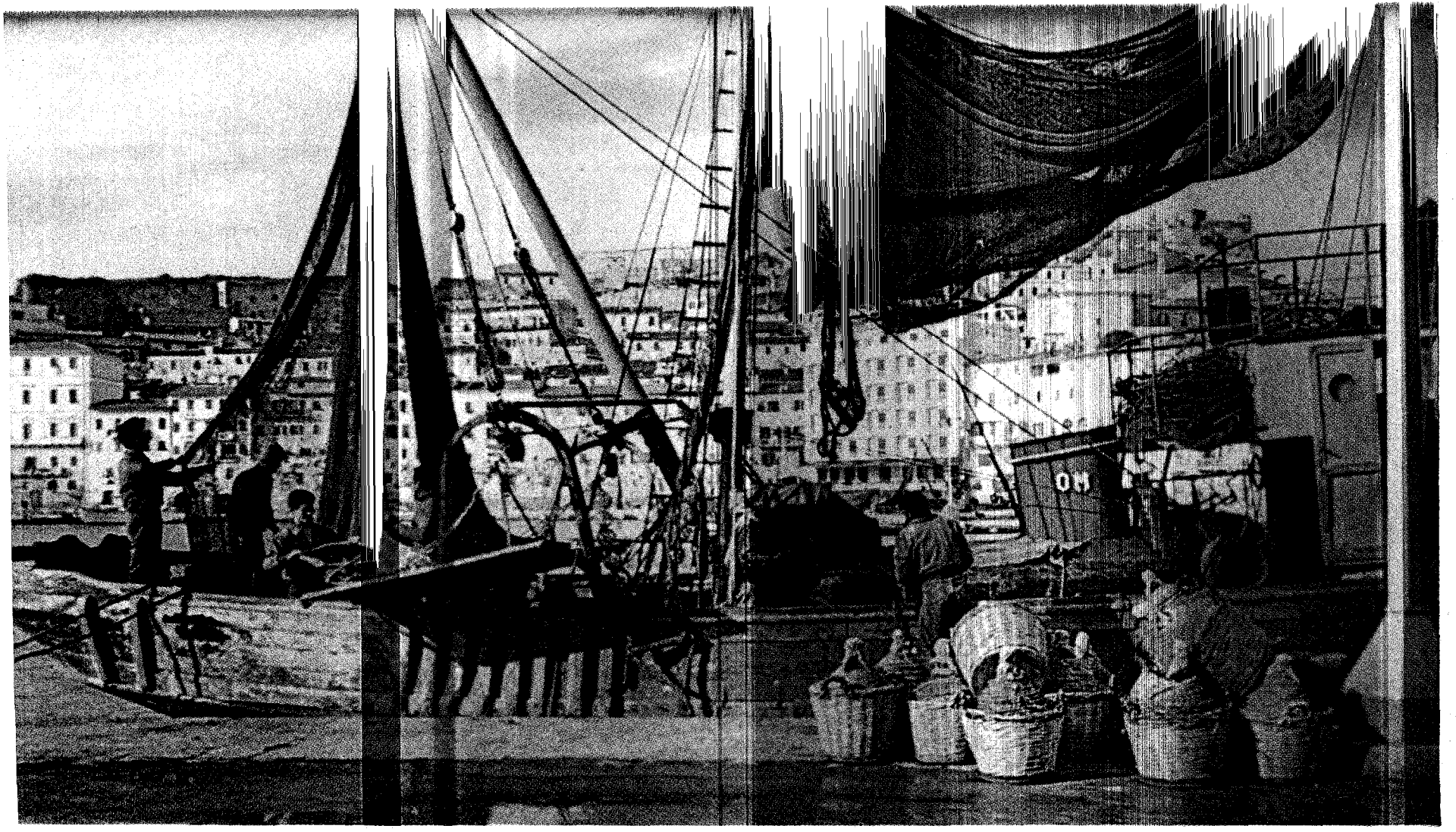


Elba's chief city, Portoferraio (iron port), takes its name from the industry that once flourished here.

THE EMPEROR'S ISLAND

By JACK ALEXANDER

A dictator-in-exile put the island of Elba on the map. Now the natives intend to keep it there by polishing up history for the tourist trade. A Post editor reports from the beautiful scene.

PORTOFERRAIO, ELBA.

In the spring of 1814, on the journey southward by carriage from Fontainebleau to the Mediterranean port of Saint-Raphaël, whence a frigate was to take him to this lovely island of his first exile, the abdicated Emperor Napoleon I was having a bad time of it indeed. The ride was rough, and it lasted a week. At many crossroads his carriage was stoned. Ugly mobs threatened to kill him, and the military genius who had terrified the Continent was himself in constant terror. Toward the end of the desperate dash he rallied once to swear that, forsaking war and politics, he would live out his remaining years on Elba, seeking in scholarly studies a repose of soul.

"I am disgusted with ambition," he said hollowly. "I shall let it rule me no more."

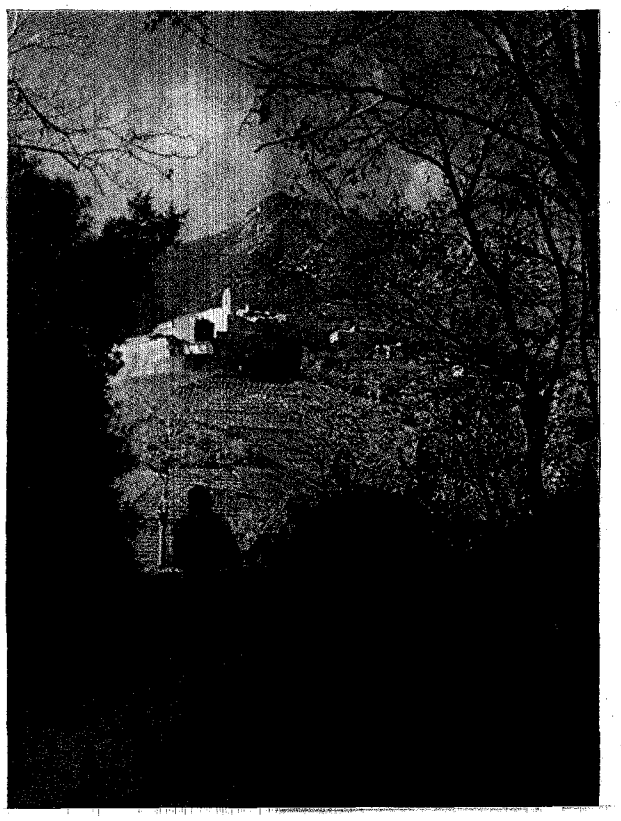
He was, of course, either lying to confuse his allied conquerors—Austria, Russia and Prussia—or just idly gassing to relieve the tension of a difficult trip. It is plain, in retrospect, that what he had in mind was to love Elba, loot it and leave it alone; and he did just that in less than ten months, gambling everything upon a dramatic return to France and losing it at Waterloo. His undiminished ambition thus brought him to total ruin. He never came back from the rat-ridden place of his second exile, the South Atlantic island of Saint Helena, except lately—and figuratively—in the form of a tourist attraction for Elba.

If there is irony in this, it probably does not offend the shade of Napoleon. In life, as Emperor and King of Elba, a title his conquerors had mockingly given him, he had been quite a drawing card, attracting to his rocky imperial fief more than 1000 visitors. That added up to a rate of (Continued on Page 100)

Photographs by David Lees

Attilio's Inn, at Marina di Campo. The sign on wall in background reads: "If Napoleon had eaten at Attilio's, he would not have left Elba."

The village of Marciana Alta, perched atop a terraced mountain, is one of the walled towns the islanders of old built to keep out their enemies.



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SOME SLIGHTLY CRAZY PEOPLE

By BEN HECHT

"The point is
I don't want my play
produced by anybody,"
the youth said.

He didn't want fame.
He didn't want money.
What else was there?

Max Poliakoff, theatrical producer (of what?) sat in Sullivan's Greenwich Village Café and smiled on the woman he had loved eloquently for twenty-two years. She was Madame LaSylph, once prima ballerina of the Brussels Ballet, now teacher of the dance in New York City. Poliakoff's smile was his chief possession. It minimized and often removed entirely his record of thirty years of unsuccess on two continents as an entrepreneur.

The smile left Poliakoff's face. "You do not believe me," he sighed into his teacup, creating an arresting sound effect. "My adorable, I am not blaming you. It is only what I deserve. Anybody who lives in dreams like me must look to the outsider like a liar. What else? O.K., my angel, I do not deny. I admit I have had to tell some lies. How else can a man live? But, dear princess, I ask you from tonight forward to believe in me. Conclusively."

Madame LaSylph ignored the confession. It promised to her only an outburst of new lying. At forty-eight, LaSylph had the waistline of youth and the sagacity of a seeress. Her aquiline features, and her hair, dyed a Pompeian red, gave her indeed the look of such an oracular communicant.

"You refuse to believe in me," Poliakoff shook his head in wonder. "O.K. I was going to hold off the announcement till the arrival of my author. But never mind. Now in two minutes you are going to say to me: 'Polly, you are a man who has spoken finally the truth, the holy truth, so help him God.'" LaSylph hummed a passage from Glazunov's Raymonda.

"Here," said Poliakoff, "I am not relying on word of mouth. Read, if you please."

He removed a check from his wallet and held it fearlessly under the ex-ballerina's nose. She studied it as attentively as a Federal agent. The date was correct. The recipient was Poliakoff Enterprises, Inc. The sum was for twelve thousand dollars and no cents. The signature was Magda Callahan.

Poliakoff spoke in a zephyr voice. "One week ago I gave Mrs. Callahan to read the play Study in Brown. Last night she read the manuscript. Today she calls me up to come at once. When I arrive she is still walking up and down in her penthouse, in the lace kimono, holding her heart with excitement. 'Polly!'—she could hardly speak—'you are only a genius.'"

"A lace kimono?" cried LaSylph. "How revolting! That amorous beanpole is still after you. And the check is probably a forgery!" She stood up and started to leave the booth.

Poliakoff flung his arms on the table and dropped his head into them like a dead partridge. LaSylph conceded the point and settled back into the booth.

"My princess!" Poliakoff returned gently to the living. 'I am expecting any minute the author of Study in Brown. I hinted to him the good news over the telephone. Because I would like to see his face when he hears in full. He is a genius, that sweet boy. Unspoiled yet by fame. I have here—" he patted a large briefcase at his side—"the contracts for his signature. My beautiful darling, I am going to produce off-Broadway the most sensational masterpiece of drama

(Continued on Page 48)

Illustrated by Arthur Lidov

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June 6, 1944: The bodies of eight Americans, members of an airborne division, lie beside the wreckage of their glider, near Ste. Marie-du-Mont (see map). They attempted to land as reinforcements for U.S. paratroopers already in action.

D DAY PART THREE **By DAVID HOWARTH**

The American Air Drop

Through tragic error, 10,000 U.S. paratroopers were strewn haphazardly across the enemy-infested countryside. Here the men who fought through those perilous hours recall how they averted a disaster.

© 1959 by David Howarth

Fifty miles to the west of the scene of the British air drop, in the Cherbourg peninsula, the German 709th Infantry Division was scattered in farms and villages along thirty miles of the channel coast. Some of its men were Poles and Russians who had fought for Russia and been captured and agreed to fight for Germany—men rated officially as unreliable. In fact, the 709th Division was a third-rate unit, fit only to man the static defenses of the Atlantic Wall.

The whole division knew that invasion was coming sometime, but none of the men suspected, on the night of June 5, 1944, that their doom was already approaching. About midnight an air-raid warning was sounded in their district. That was nothing unusual, but the men had to turn out for air-raid posts. Among those alerted was a German named Erwin Müller, stationed on a farm southeast of the town of Montebourg. Müller's wife was Danish, and he had lived in Denmark for twenty years without troubling to apply for Danish citizenship. After Germany invaded Denmark, he was drafted into the German Army. He went quietly, for fear of getting his wife and children and his parents in Germany into trouble. He did not want to fight for Germany. There was Jewish blood in his family, and under the Nazis his father, still living in Germany, had led a precarious life.

Soon after midnight, Müller's platoon was ordered to march to a village called Azeville. They marched with blanks in their rifles, believing this was another exercise. Disillusion-

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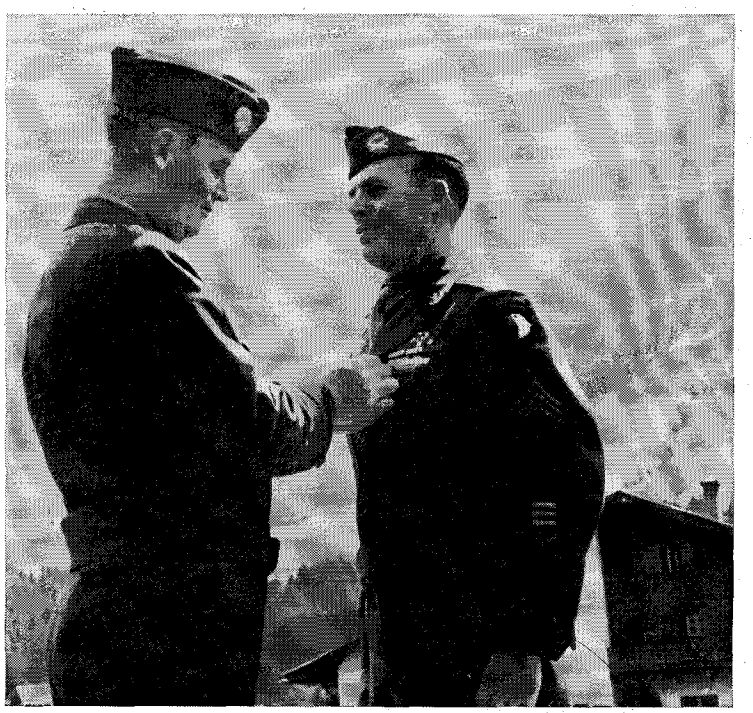
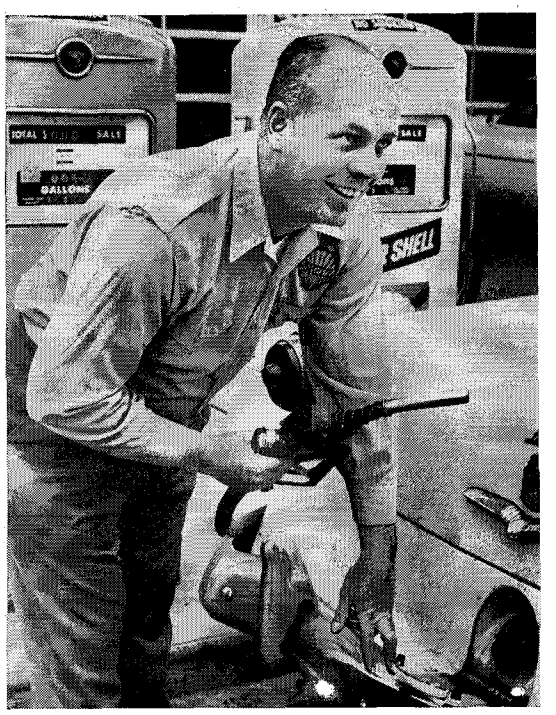
Sgt. James Blue (above, left) as he appeared not long after the action at the La Fière bridge. Today (right), still in the 82nd Airborne, he is a master sergeant.

ment came on the outskirts of Azeville, where they were shot at from the churchyard.

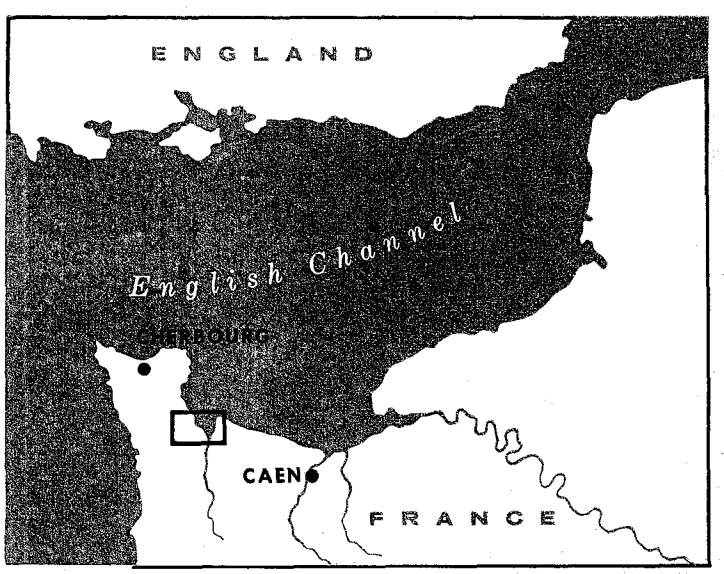
The whole platoon dropped into ditches and reloaded their guns with live rounds. The firing died away; a man was found dead by the church porch. Müller, looking down at him, recognized the equipment of an American parachutist and knew the day had come.

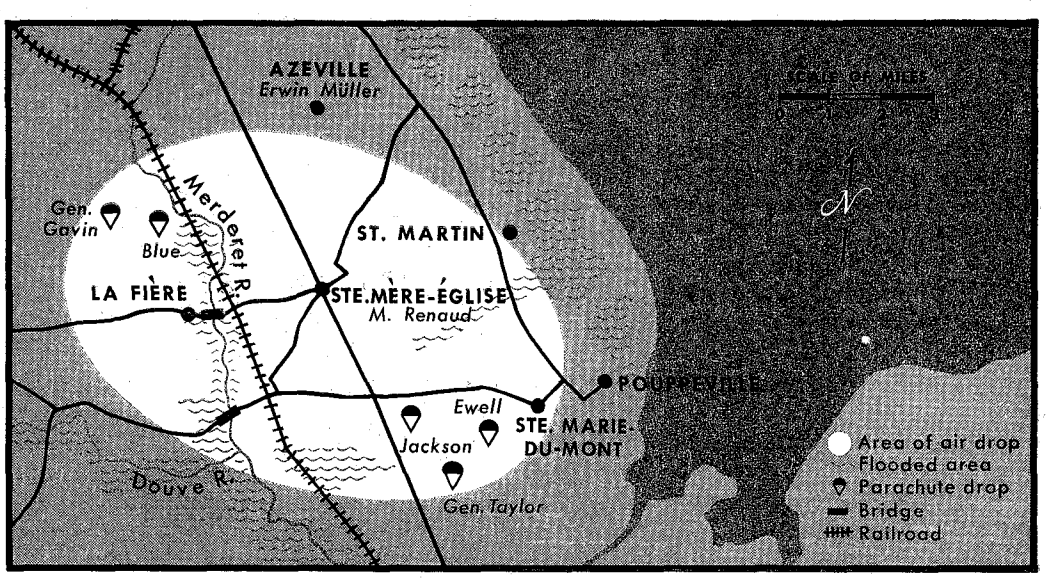
Soon afterward, Müller saw the whole night sky to the south and west filled with parachutes. Americans entered (Continued on Page 72)





Schuyler Jackson, who dropped with the 101st Airborne on D Day, won the Silver Star for bravery at Bastogne. He now runs a gas station (right) at Bethesda, Md.





The U.S. airborne mission was to protect our west flank (indicated area on map at left). The detailed map at right shows the drop zone, where the fighting resembled Indian warfare.

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When he spoke up he heard his voice come out tight and strange.

LEAVE HER ALONE!

Why was he playing Galahad in defense of a woman who meant nothing to him?

By NORMAN GARBO

At first Robert Weaver thought he was alone when he entered the studio. Then she coughed and he saw her sitting in front of the screen that served as a dressing room for the models. She sat on a high painting stool, her back very straight, her hands folded in her lap. She wore a faded pink robe and frayed slippers.

She smiled hesitantly. "I was afraid no one was coming," she said. "I've been waiting since seven o'clock."

"The class doesn't start until eight," Weaver told her.

"Oh. I thought they said seven o'clock at the agency," she smiled.

He shrugged out of a wrinkled seersucker jacket and hung it on one of a series of wall hooks. It was hot and his shirt clung to his back. He started to get into a paint-stained smock, then changed his mind and tied the sleeves about his waist. He was a tall, thin man with wide, bony shoulders and a mouth that did not smile easily. It was not that he lacked humor. It was merely that with the passing years fewer and fewer things seemed to amuse him. Today marked his thirty-eighth birthday and this did not amuse him at all.

A jumble of easels surrounded a low, square model's stand in the center of the big room. Completely ignoring the girl, Weaver moved an easel into position, placed a fresh, white canvas upon it, then busied himself mixing paints. When he looked up a while later she was standing beside him, watching.

"That looks like fun," she said pleasantly.

Under the harsh overhead light he saw she was not as young as he had thought. It showed beneath her eyes and in the slight uncertainty along her jawline.

"Sure," Weaver said, "it's great fun."

"Have you been painting long?" she asked, her dark eyes bright and warm and very anxious to be friendly. (Continued on Page 78)

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Former ICA Director Hollister, who also served as a U.S. Representative from Ohio (1931 to 1936), now practices law in Cincinnati

Let's Get Tough About Foreign Aid

The author tells why he opposes increased "giveaways" to nations still too primitive to spend their windfalls wisely.

By JOHN B. HOLLISTER

Once, during my early days as Director of the International Co-operation Administration—I served from July 1, 1955, to September 13, 1957—I was asked to assign about $1,000,000 from our foreign-aid funds for the construction of a Buddhist temple in a certain Far Eastern country.

The request came from the head of my ICA mission in the beneficiary country and bore the enthusiastic endorsement of the United States ambassador there. They pointed out that an important anniversary of the birth of Buddha was to be celebrated the following year and our gift of a shrine would win numerous friends for the United States among the deeply religious members of that sect in the Far East. I was, I confess, startled by this curious recommendation, but not too startled to disapprove the project promptly.

I recount this minor incident only because it illustrates, somewhat flamboyantly, a vital, fundamental difference of approach to our foreign-aid program which exists in the Congress and in the Administration itself, including the staff of the State Department. This strong divergence doesn't involve the size of our effort, but rather the all-important question of how the money should be spent.

There is, of course, another basic dispute going on currently between extremists on the subject of foreign aid. One group protests violently that the nearly $4,000,000,000 requested for the Mutual Security Program by the President in his budget message to Congress in January is completely inadequate and should be increased several times. The other group, which would abolish foreign aid entirely, objects (Continued on Page 85)

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I CALL ON MARY MARTIN

By PETE MARTIN

That Texas girl who has been one of the theater's brightest stars for more than twenty years reveals what her hectic private life is like.

1938: Mary as the My Heart Belongs to Daddy girl in Leave it to Me, her first show. This role brought her stardom.

Mary Martin looked around her at the glass-enclosed sunroom of her apartment. It was a transparent room. It seemed to hang suspended sixteen stories high above New York's East River. Looking down, I could see water glittering below me. It formed acres of shattered diamonds. The wind from that river had clawed its way through my clothes on my way to see her, but in that glass room everything was warm, pleasant, protected.

She told me, "Richard (that was her husband, Richard Halliday) and I have had twenty-two homes in our life together. At least I think it's been twenty-two. Several times I've tried to count them, but each time I came up with a different number, so I gave up."

"Where was your first home after you married?" I asked.

"In Bel Air, next door to Beverly Hills," she said. "My mother-in-law helped me with that one. She dropped everything and flew to California because I knew nothing. I still don't know very much, but in eighteen years I've learned a few things."

"How'd you happen to ask her to fly west?" I asked.

"I'd made five movies in a row for Paramount," she went on. "Richard was story editor there. We'd just been married, and I was very anxious to be a good housewife. This included doing over a house we'd leased. The trouble was that I hadn't the vaguest idea how to go about it. For one thing, I had lived only in my parents' home, and naturally my mother had run that. The rest of the time I'd lived in hotels, so I hadn't the foggiest notion how to be a housewife." She smiled and said, "I think I was a little better at being a wife than a housewife, but the worst part was that Richard himself knew more about how a house should be run than I."

"How did he know?" I asked.

"He was raised that way," she explained. "He'd lived in a series of apartments with his mother. He'd inherited excellent taste from her. He'd picked the rest of it up by osmosis, and all of this made me feel completely inadequate. We had an argument one night about keeping house, I had hysterics and, when he left for the studio the next morning, I called his mother and sobbed, 'If you want our marriage to last, you'd better get here quickly.'

"Oh, I forgot," she said. "I couldn't find her in New York. When I called I was told that she was on a river boat floating down the Mississippi, but I kept on trying anyhow. I finally reached her on that river boat, and she took a plane west right away, although she'd never flown before."

"How old was she?" I asked.

She thought, then said, "She's eighty-two now, and Richard and I have been married eighteen years. She must have been sixty-four then. She lives in this same apartment house so we can all live under the same roof. She's fantastically wonderful."

"You say you located her on a river boat," I reminded her. (Continued on Page 114)

1940: Richard Halliday and Mary after their elopement. She was a Broadway star, he a film-story editor.

The Hallidays today. Mary says she owes "everything" to her husband, who is now her manager and adviser.

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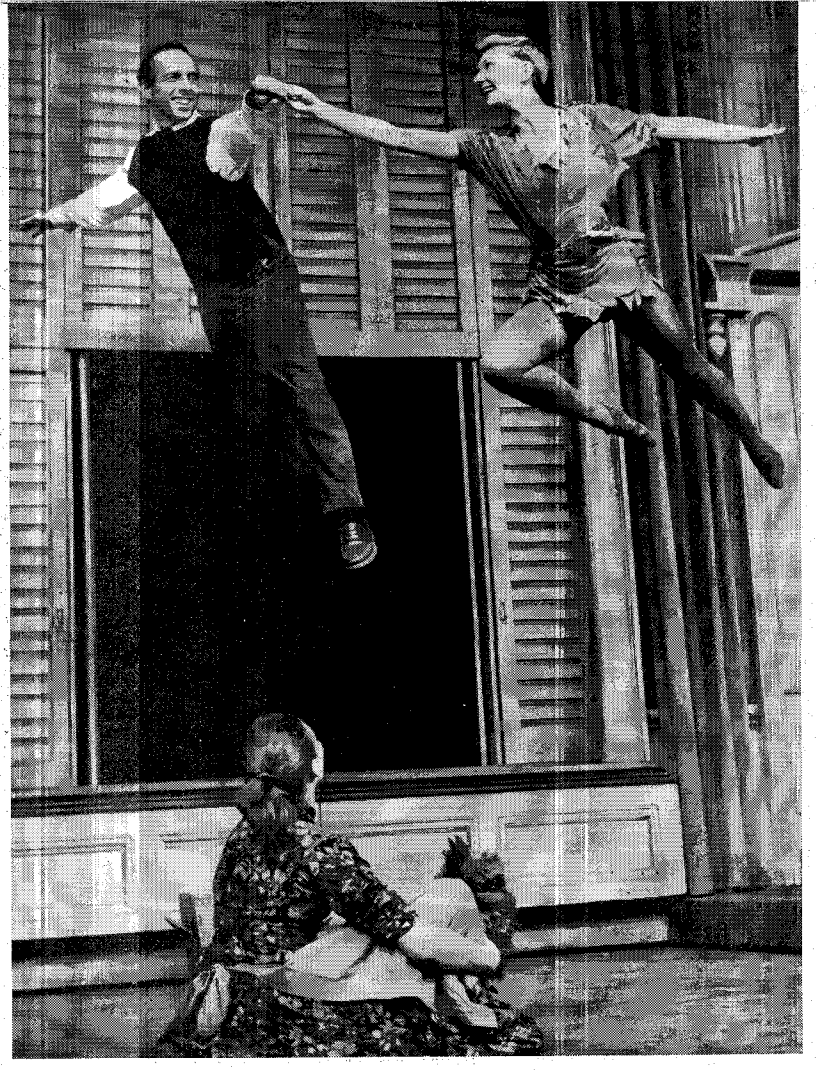
1950: In South Pacific, with the late Ezio Pinza, she played Nurse Nellie Forbush for 3½ years.



For the TV Peter Pan in 1955, Mary practiced "flying" with director Jerome Robbins. On the floor, her daughter Heller.

Later in 1955 she and Noel Coward rehearsed in Jamaica for their 90-minute TV show.

Celebration in New Orleans: Mary at an after-the-theater party following a performance of her touring show last month. On Easter Sunday she will do the television version.

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"It's only because I'm so dazzled by you that I'm being so foolish," he exclaimed.

The Charms of Monique

By FRANCIS PRICE

He fell for her just the way he was supposed to—good and hard.

Farnsworth Foster Bryant, III, was a young man who, if not exactly smug, was at least extremely self-satisfied—and on the face of it he had every right to be. He himself would have said that his present contented status was simply a result of organization, since he liked to think that all his life he had organized matters toward achievement of the things he really enjoyed; but the fact that his father had been a millionaire had certainly in no way impeded the process. Although Foster's—he was always called Foster—position as chief of the European offices of the Atlantic Broadcasting Company provided him with a more than adequate income, it is doubtful that he could have maintained the establishment he did in Paris had there not also been a comfortable supply of dividend checks and coupons.

It may sound odd to describe the home of a still-youthful bachelor as an establishment, but certainly no other word could properly be applied to Foster's apartment on the choice southern side of the Avenue Foch. Physically it understood, as the French would say, twelve rooms and terrace, three baths and three servants' rooms. An inventory would have revealed that among other things there were five crystal chandeliers, none of them except the one in the library, which was First Empire, dating from later than the middle of the eighteenth century. On the living-room floor there was an Aubusson rug that had been made for the Marquise de Pompadour, and on the living-room walls there was a small but perfect collection of pictures that ranged from a noble Hubert Robert to a recently acquired Pissarro. The whole thing can perhaps be summed up best by mentioning that on one wall of Foster's bathroom, set in an illuminated niche, was a splendid T'ang dynasty bronze wine vessel.

However, to let the matter go at that would be to neglect Françoise and André, and they were perhaps the chief glories in Foster's collection of objects which contribute to the pleasant life. Françoise was André's wife, but far more important than this, she was the cook. At the age of twelve she had gathered herbs in the fields of her father's farm and put them together in some occult fashion with a handful of eggs to form an omelet so crustily golden to the eye and so meltingly tender to the palate that it lingered in memory for days. At her present age, which was indeterminate, she could, seemingly on no notice at all, turn out a variety of splendors that had made Foster's little dinner parties famous throughout Paris. André, the butler, was a city type, and while one might have had reservations about Foster, since he was, after all, a pleasant, thoughtful and courteous young man, there could be none about André. He was a consummate snob. He was also a perfect servant. It is odd how often these characteristics go together.

Any such household is obviously governed by rules on the conduct of day-to-day events, but in Foster's, in addition to such rules, there existed a set of what might be termed immutable laws, and foremost among these was the law which stated that on no account short of earthquake or general war was monsieur to be disturbed on a Sunday evening. This was the period which Foster set aside to "rest and refresh himself"—as he put it. And, as he had organized everything else, he had organized this.

At precisely six o'clock André would arrive on the terrace bearing a silver tray containing the necessities for a very dry martini. He would prepare one, set it on a table at Foster's side, and silently depart, leaving the tray. At approximately the same time Françoise would be laying out supper on a folding table which was always set up in the library on Sunday evenings. The menu for this was as unchangeable as the Sunday-evening law itself—a small, plump chicken, a green salad, a ripe Camembert, and a small bowl of fruit. On a stand beside the folding table there was a half bottle of Montrachet in a silver bucket of ice. These preparations completed, André and Françoise would depart, to do whatever servants do on a Sunday evening in Paris, and Foster would be truly, blissfully, alone.

And so he was one splendid Sunday in early May when the chestnut trees along the Avenue Foch were at their glorious height and the evening sun, lingering affectionately on the terrace, had caused him to dawdle rather longer than usual over his second martini. He was understandably irritated when he heard, loudly and clearly from the library, the imperious call of the telephone. He made a mental note to remind André in the morning that the library doors were supposed to be closed so that he couldn't hear the blasted thing.

After a time, of course, it stopped, and with a sigh of relief Foster put aside his book and went in to supper. He had no more than carved the chicken when it began again and this time it was right at his elbow. He put down his fork and stared at the instrument thoughtfully. The noise was intolerable, but he determined to ignore it, and with a distinct feeling of martyrdom decided not to pour the wine until he again had quiet.

It did no good, however. He was just about to dip his spoon into a bowl of the first raspberries of the season when the insistent call rang out again. This time he knew he must give up. It was a question of answering or going mad. He could retreat to his bedroom and shut all the doors, but he had no intention of being driven into hiding in his own house. Irritably he reached out and picked up the receiver.

"Kléber 35–20?" an operator's voice queried.

"Yes," Foster snapped.

"I have a ship-to-shore call from the Queen Elizabeth for Mr. Foster Bryant. Is he there?"

In the space of a second a hundred speculations as to the identity of his caller flashed through Foster's mind, but he was able to put them all aside, because he knew beyond a shadow of a doubt who it would be. Only one person would have waited until she was on the high seas to let him know she was coming. Mother.

"This is Mr. Bryant," he said wearily. "Put the call through." Then he hung up and waited.

The connection was atrocious, but that didn't matter. (Continued on Page 97)

Illustrated by Joe Bowler

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MY ROAD TO CRIME

BY A YOUNG HOODLUM

as told to HELEN PARKHURST

In 1947, Helen Parkhurst, eminent educator, began the most remarkable adventure of her long career. She met and started to record on tape the story of a juvenile delinquent that ran for a dozen years. It was told in his own words and, in many cases, as it was actually happening or soon after. The youngster was twelve when it began and today, at twenty-four, Miss Parkhurst's "Tony" (he had been given a fictitious name to protect him and others in the story) has a long career of crime behind him—robbery, vandalism, mugging, dope pushing.

In Part I, Tony told how he became a delinquent and what he felt like as he hurried from crime to crime. Here, in articles prepared by Roul Tunley and based on direct quotes from the tapes, Tony tells what happened when he finally went to prison, how he endured the frightening ordeal of "solitary," and what life was like when the prison doors opened for him at the age of twenty, after three and one half years of confinement. Tony's story is being heard this week in a series of programs on Westinghouse Broadcasting Company radio stations, and will also be the basis of a book by Helen Parkhurst and Christine Hotchkiss, shortly to be published by Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, Inc., New York. *THE EDITORS*

II

(After a career of crime, which started at eleven when he was not allowed to attend his elementary-school graduation exercises because he didn't have a blue suit, Tony was finally sentenced to five years in Elmira Reformatory. His record included mugging, robbing and dope pushing. He was now a tall, tense, good-looking boy of seventeen with dark, Italian features. It was three days before Christmas.)

"When I walked in there, I saw nothing but guards. I wanted to talk to somebody, but nobody seemed interested. They gave me a uniform that was too big for me and locked me in a cell. The food was terrible. Every meal was mostly potatoes. Sometimes they'd give us hash, maybe a piece of meat. I weighed a hundred and forty when I arrived. When I left, I weighed a hundred and twenty-seven.

"They cut all the hair off my head. I felt like cattle in a herd. When one of us moved, we all moved. If one of us got a haircut, we all got haircuts.

"First, we went to the Elmira Reception Center, and they did nothing but ask us questions. They had those bug doctors there—those psychiatrists and criminologists. For weeks, all I did was answer questions. Sometimes I got so disgusted I just yessed them to death, figuring they'd let me alone, let me go back to my cell.

"Finally, in the reformatory, they assigned me to the brick shop. They wanted to teach me to be a bricklayer. All day long I'd build a wall, and then the next day I'd knock it down. The man in charge would throw bricks at us if we stopped working a minute. Everything we built had to be knocked down. I hated to knock something down I'd built, but you couldn't just stand around and look at it.

"They also had a military program. You had to do calisthenics in an armory and march around with a wooden gun. If you didn't do it properly, they'd make you carry a sandbag that weighed seventy-five pounds. You'd have to walk around the armory with it on your back. It was a big place—about two city blocks. They also had a band that played while you did the exercises. Then you ate and went back to your cell.

"There were high walls all around the prison, and behind the walls they had dogs in a kennel—twelve of them, all vicious. During the day they had a special inmate who put on a leather suit and went inside the kennel and hit the dogs to make them vicious. He did that quite often. If a guy ran away, they'd let the dogs loose. And when one of those dogs bit you, he'd take a nice piece of meat out of you. I saw them bite two guys."

(Where Tony had come from, you always picked a fight with the strongest guy in the neighborhood. After that, if you won, things were easier. Tony tried it in prison and got punished in the "strip-down.")

"I tried to shake down a guy in the place for cigarettes. I'd been smoking toilet paper, but I didn't like it. Unfortunately, my plan didn't work. Taking cigarettes off a guy in jail, or hitting (Continued on Page 88)

© 1959 by Helen Parkhurst

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The Man Who Blew the Whistle

He wanted to be loyal to his boss. The trouble was, his boss was a crook.

By WILLIAMS FORREST

Tom Hawkins knew that something was wrong when he was forced to wait until six-thirty before he could get in to see the new chief of the central purchasing department. Admittedly, the new boss had a great deal to do, but he had summoned Tom at ten minutes to five, and since that time had kept him on the hard gray couch in the anteroom.

At length the master door opened and a white hand moved, inviting him in. Simmering, Tom took a chair beside his new boss' desk. The desk was clean. The face of Hal Maitland was bland and innocent. He gestured to a carved cigarette box that was the only personal innovation in the square, impersonal office.

"No, thanks," said Tom.

"I imagine you're sizzling," said Maitland. "I don't enjoy an hour and a half of waiting."

Maitland scanned him, playing with the cigarette box. "You have a chip on your shoulder, Tom. My advice is to get it off." He lifted a hand, when Tom would have said something. A harder grain entered his voice. "You blew the whistle on one of the most beloved men in the company. And it's left its mark on you. It had to. But, Tom, we all understand your problem, and don't get the idea that anyone's against you."

Tom felt the residue of his patience curdle. The inverted sympathy that he was getting from all sides, plus an odd antagonism, chilled him and made him want to get away from the company and all its associations, and at the same time filled him with an anger for which he could find no adequate outlet.

A useless protest rose in him, in words, and he could not muster the control to swallow them. "Mr. Garvey took bribes, let's face it. From your attitude, it would almost seem as if you condone it."

Maitland flushed; his white skin burned. He stood up behind his desk. "Joshua Garvey was my friend, but he did the wrong thing, and he's no longer with the company. Believe me, Mr. Hawkins, I'd (Continued on Page 109)

"What's made you a crusader, Tom?" Josh Garvey said. "I thought you had more balance and realism."

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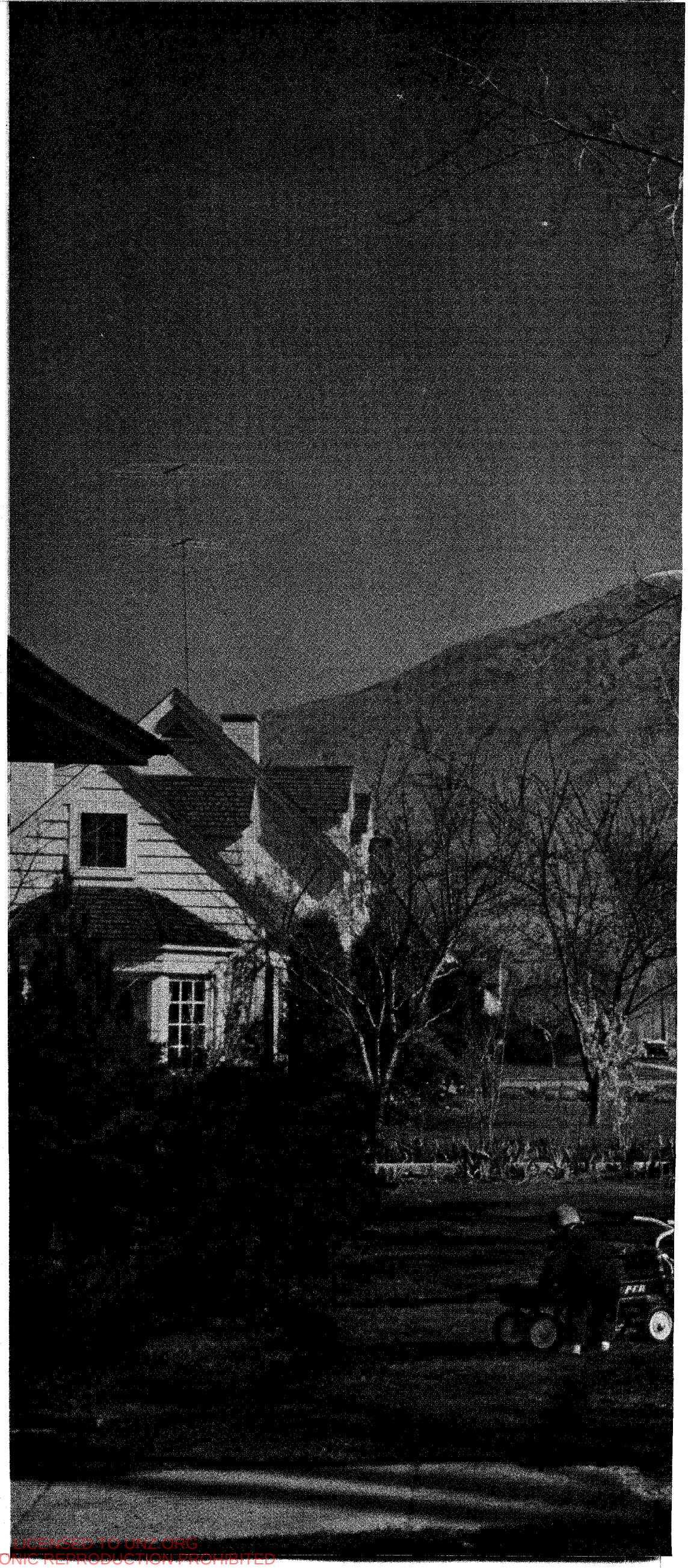
The Face of AMERICA

Clean Sweep

To Springville (pop. 9000) in central Utah there comes a day, as winter retreats, when the whole town turns out to tidy up. Springville officials shut down the schools, and soon 4000 kids—and their teachers—are working systematically through the schoolyards and the streets, raking, brooming and brushing with admirable zeal. Spring cleaning in Springville has been a custom for forty-one years, and by sunset of March twenty-seventh—Good Friday—the town will have been scoured thoroughly in preparation for Easter Sunday. This year, in addition to Clean-up Week, of which Friday's blitzkrieg street-cleaning is a part, Springville will have a week or two of "trim up and knockdown"; trees will be pruned, old buildings and fences repaired and painted or removed. "We feel," says one city official, "we can get our young men, idled on weekends, to do this." So Springville, with true Mormon thrift, combines a practical benefit with a sociological ideal: "The youngsters make the town's face bright," they say, "and they acquire a sense of civic pride, which makes them creative and protective, rather than destructive."

● Photograph by Joern Gerdts



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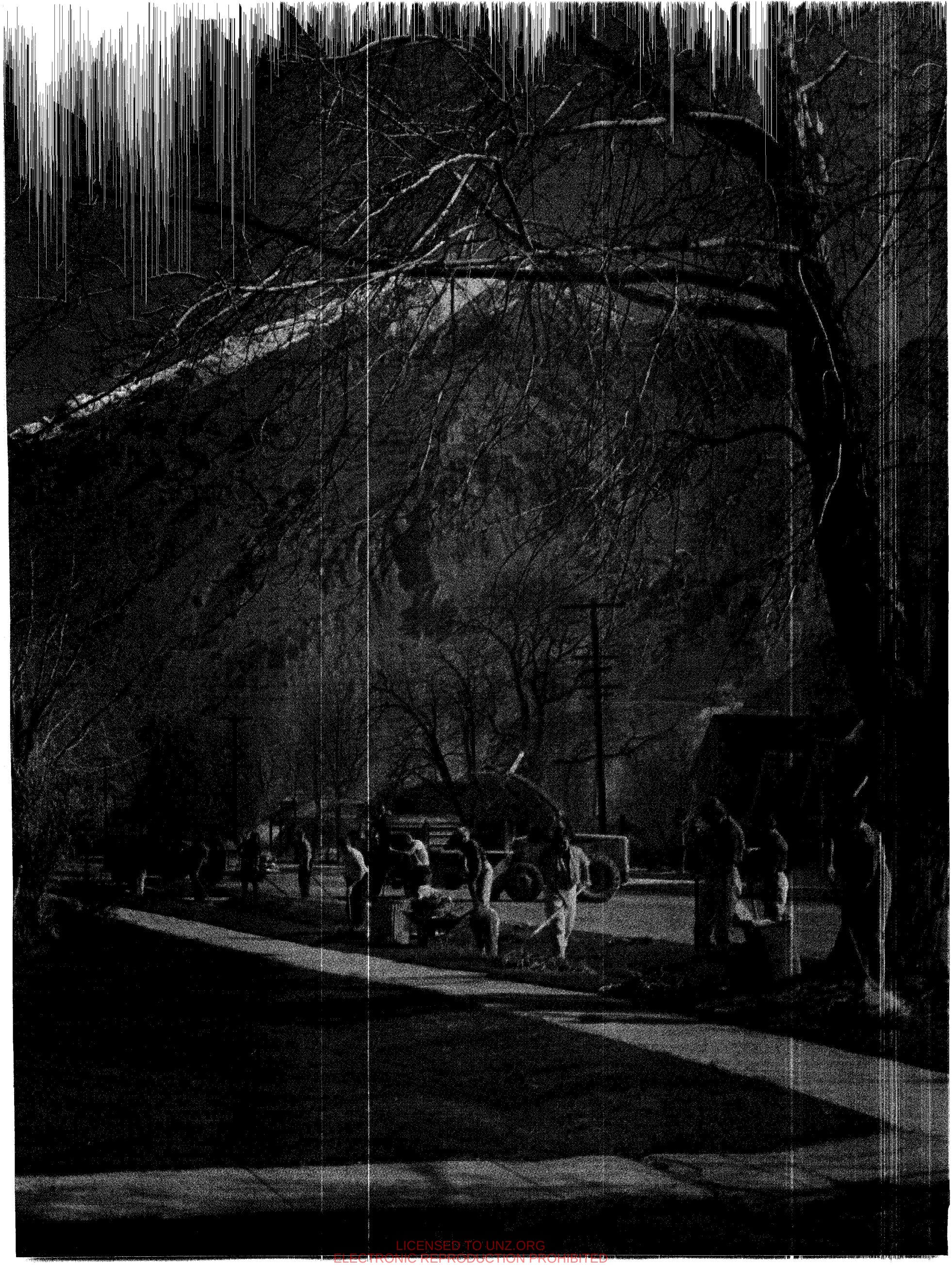

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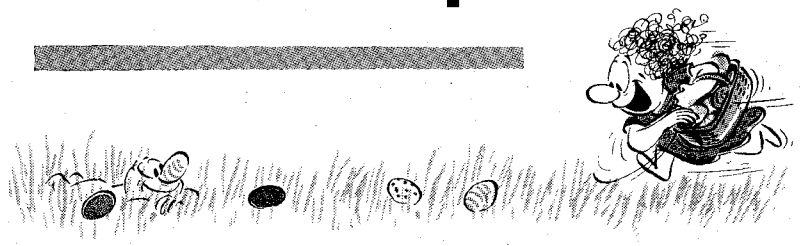
Post Scripts



Speech Impediment

How many dinner programs die
  Because of this obstruction:
The introducing of the guy
  Who needs no introduction!

DICK EMMONS

The Golden Record

I am sixteen years old, and I have this big crush on Living Doll, who is my childhood sweetheart. Now when I say I click with this chick, I mean—man! How gone can you get?

We're a couple of birds, she and me, and we want to see the preacher-man real bad, man. But as of now we're just a couple of crazy kids who are too young for a flung, and all that jazz.

I wander over to the house of Living Doll and I say, "Hello, childhood sweetheart."

"Hiya, boy next door," she says.

"Crazy, doll."

"Yeah, yeah."

"Goof ball, doll."

"Yay, yay."

"Oh baby mine."

"Oogie, oogie, oogie."

"Now ain't that fine?"

We touch hands and repeat this stuff again, and it's got that Sound, man! We kick our feet and throw finger snaps around like crazy, doing a weave and a bob, with me ad-libbing funny nose noises, and Living Doll singing out of her mouth a bushel of pear-shaped oogies.

Well, now—Living Doll and me, we tape this tripe, and then we seal it up on wax. We call it Living Doll Loves the Boy Next Door, and it's a record—a gold one, man.

We make us some real dough, Living Doll and me, so how about a happy ending, huh? Nix on the fix, daddio, for off the record I am sick already of her yay yays, not to mention her oogies.

On the record, we're still a dream team, but I am personally a steady Eddie with a chick named Julia Witherspoon. She can't sing a note.

A. R. SWINNERTON

"Now I know what they mean when they say 'keep Florida green'!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

It Seemed Funny at the Time!

When boyhood friends recount a prank of mine,
  With all the freshness only they can give it,
I have just one reaction to my past ——
  For nothing in this world would I relive it.

LAURENCE EISENLOHR

Mein Grossfader's Mama Goosen

Iffen der world ben apfel pie
  Und wasser all ben inken,
Und trees ben breadensticks und cheese,
  Meinself das beer ist drinken!

DAVE MORRAH

Evolution of the Wheel

July 3, 1937

Dear Grandma and Grampa,
Thank you for the trisiccul. I had fun on my brithday. Iwas six years old. Love, Lynn

July 5, 1943

Dear Grandma and Grampa,
Thanks for the lovely two-wheel bike. I'm going to ride it to school every day. I had the best birthday of my whole life!
Love, Lynn

July 1, 1949

Dearest Gram and Gramps—
I'm so thrilled with the birthday check! You must have guessed I've been saving my money to buy the neatest car! It's a 1936 Ford—almost as old as I am!
Thank you—Thank you—Thank you!!
Love,
Lynn

June 15, 1952

Dear Gram and Gramps,
You asked what I would like for my birth day. Well, hold onto your bifocals—we will be needing a baby carriage in November! How about that? Now, the ones I've been looking at are . . . . .

November 20, 1958

Dear Gram and Gramps,

Betsy is simply delighted with the tricycle -- I wish you could have been here for the birthday party. I'm enclosing her thank-you note; isn't it a gem? Look at how she spelled "trisiccul"! It seems hard to believe that . . .

BY KAY NELSON

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Soup like this would cost 500 francs in a fine French restaurant

Campbell's skill and freezing bring it to you for only 45 francs

(11¢ in American money)

Cream of Potato Soup, or Vichyssoise, its elegant chilled variation, wasn't always a fancy-priced item on fashionable menus.

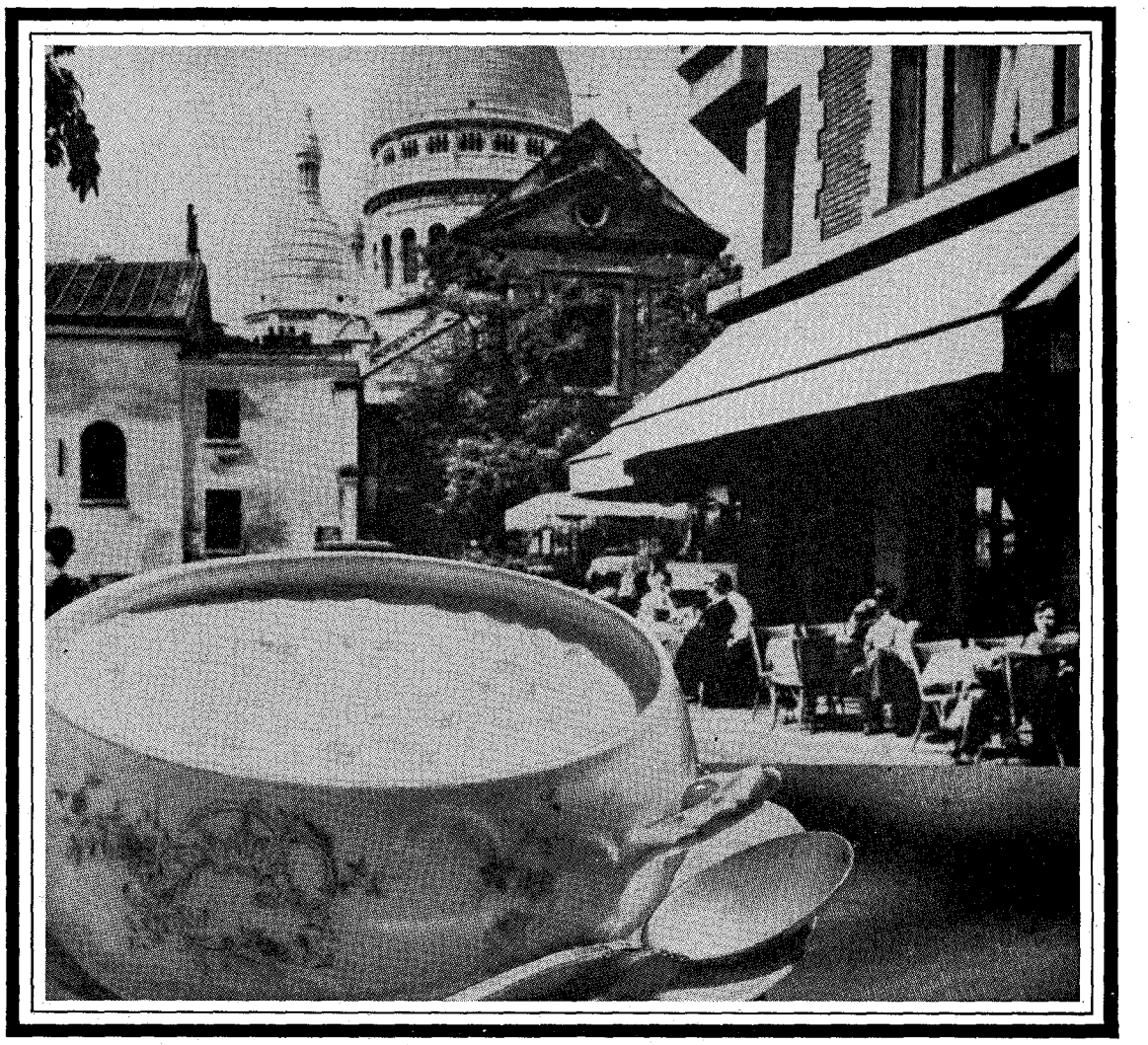
During colonial days the potato itself was so suspect that it was grown only as an ornamental plant. One of the French kings even wore potato blossoms in his lapel in an effort to popularize this homey, versatile vegetable.

But then a knowing cook discovered cream of potato soup . . . and how beautifully it tempts the nose and palate when generously joined with onions and choice spices. That was the day the amiable potato came into its own.

Freezing: a Flavor Saver

Now, Cream of Potato Soup, for all its taste-bud-tantalizing charm, is not an easy soup to make. Particularly for today's homemaker whose time is so taken up.

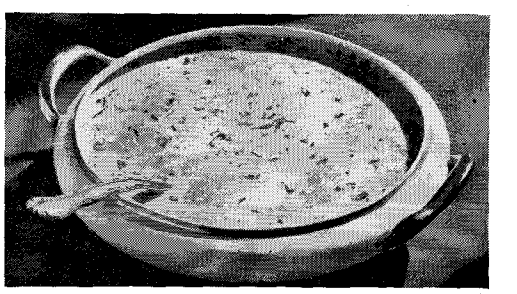
That's why we brought out our Cream of Potato—and thanks to freezing, it comes to you at its very peak of flavor and freshness. Nobody, not even Campbell's, could have given you the full savor of potato, onions, and fresh milk and cream without this freezing.



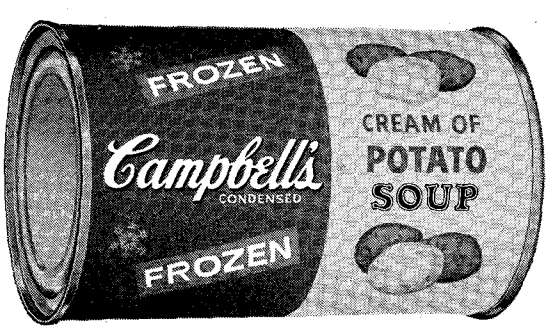
Elegant Cream of Potato Soup, now frozen by Campbell's to bring you all its fresh, friendly flavor.

A Well-spent Extra Franc

A fashionable French restaurant would charge you a dollar or more for Cream of Potato Soup like this. Now you can enjoy it for only about 11¢ a bowl. Why not pick up a can or two for tonight?



Emerald Bisque. In saucepan, combine 1 can Campbell's Frozen Cream of Potato Soup, 1 soup can water or milk, and half a 10-oz. pkg. frozen chopped spinach. Cover; heat slowly until thawed; stir now and then. Simmer about 2 min. or until spinach is tender. Serve as is or blend until smooth. 3 servings.



Old-Fashioned Vegetable with Beef • Clam Chowder (New England Style) • Oyster Stew Green Pea with Ham • Cream of Shrimp

CREAM of POTATO SOUP

FROZEN by Campbell's

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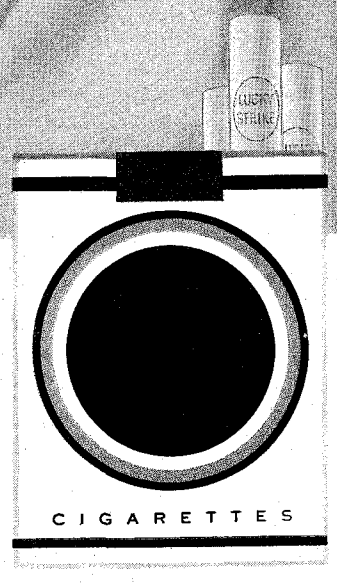
Straight story: Lucky gives you the full, honest taste of rich, fine tobacco. It's a taste that nothing in this man's (and woman's) world can beat. **Get the genuine article . . .**



Get the honest taste of a LUCKY STRIKE

Product of The American Tobacco Company — "Tobacco is our middle name"

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OUR LANDLOCKED FARM

By JESSE STUART

The true story of a stubborn backwoods patriarch and his sixteen-year struggle to carve a passage from his home in the hills to the world outside.

"This is the farm that suits my pocketbook," pa said, after we had gone over every acre of it. "It has plenty of good water. It has everything I want. Just one thing wrong. Do you know what it is?"

"Not a building on it," I said. "This farm is a wilderness of trees."

Pa stood wiping his red face with a blue bandanna and holding on to his mattock handle. I was carrying the long-handle shovel across my shoulder. We had been over the old Jack Sinnett farm where he had dug holes three feet deep, feeling and sifting the dirt through his fingers, smelling and observing it closely. I had shoveled the dirt back in the holes he had dug on the hilltops, the little ridges and down in the valleys. We had tested each of the fifty acres on this hilly farm.

"We can conquer the wilderness all right," he said. "We can build a house on it. But this is not what's wrong. There's not a wagon road leading to this farm."

"How did the Sinnetts get out when they lived here?" I asked.

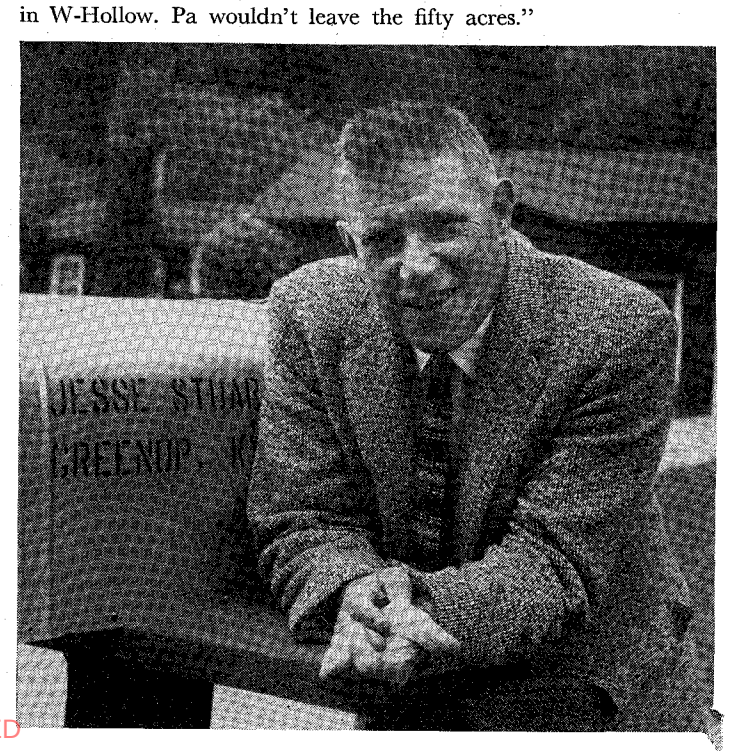
"There's the old road, see," he said, pointing to a winding scar of yellow earth up a rugged slope with tall timber on either side. "That used to be (Continued on Page 54)

This rugged mountain trail is "road Number One" to the author (left) after sixteen years without one.

Grandpa: At 75 he nearly worked young Jesse to death building a log house on the isolated farm.

Pa: With the patience of Job, he hewed out the Stuart family home in a wild Kentucky valley.

Jesse: "We just had to have a road to our home in W-Hollow. Pa wouldn't leave the fifty acres."



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Walt's walls come tumbling down

1.

"I'll bet my chips on Lady Luck," beamed carefree Walter Glenn,
"Her services are free—why fuss with those insurance men?"
A trusty Travelers man avowed to break this sales resistance.
Said Walter, "I give in to *reason*—not to mere persistence.

2.

"To get the policies I'd need would take a whole platoon—
Which man to call to make a claim? I'd be all afternoon."
"We offer *all* the kinds you need," said Travelers' man, "call *me*
For life, health, home or auto—I have *every* policy."

3.

"Admit those bills are budget-busters," Walter cried, dismayed.
The answer: "One low monthly check, insurance bills are paid."
One stalwart man, one balanced plan, one easy monthly payment—
He bought; next day a windstorm made reluctant Walt a claimant.

4.

Now Walt's a zealous Travelers booster—so are his dependents.
Their future's all secure—American Family Independence.
Retirement income, education—buy the tailored plan
That guarantees you this and more. Call up a Travelers man.

You can protect your *whole* good way of life through **THE TRAVELERS**
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Gary's bullet took him flush in the breastbone.

Comanche Captives

There was no other way to stop the settlers from taking matters into their own hands.

By WILL COOK

"Don't buck me, Gary," McCabe said. "I won't stand for it."

McCabe was a lone wolf, and Lt. Jim Gary didn't like riding with him into Comanche country. Gary's job was to see that McCabe made good on his deal with the Army: To bring back white women and children captured years ago by Comanche raiders, and return the captives to their families, who had come to Fort Elliott demanding help. Because of pressure from Washington, the Army had no choice but to agree. After McCabe was hired, he and Gary led the civilians—pretty Jane Donovan among them—to a campsite at Sand Creek.

To McCabe, securing the return of the captives was just a means of making money, as was arranging the return of horses the Comanches had stolen from a settler named Sutro. He would stick with the job as long as it promised profit.

"I'll run things my way," he told Gary, "and no arguments."

"Then you play it straight," Gary replied.

III

In the week it took to establish a permanent camp at Sand Creek, Lt. Jim Gary began to know and understand the people he was forced to live with. Timber was handy, and water, and they began to build cabins, to establish themselves with permanence; he was positive of this when Clyde Twokerry faced Hank Swilling with a rifle and ordered him off his "property."

Guthrie McCabe was gone, with a pack horse and trinkets; he intended to scout the Comanche villages to the south and east in search of Sutro's horses; Jim Gary was in charge of the camp. Unlike the many movers he had known, these people stayed to themselves, bound by their clans, their families, their selfishness; there was very little "hand lending"; they shifted for themselves.

The Twokerrys were from Minnesota—the old man, Clyde, his three boys, a talkative wife and two young girls, the oldest in the first full bloom of womanhood. They had lost two, a boy and a girl, and after talking to Twokerry, Jim Gary came to the conclusion that h wanted them back not because he loved them, but because they were his and they had been taken from him.

Burchauer was from Illinois; he spoke broken English, and his wife spoke none at all. They had three children, nearly grown, but they spoke only of the one who was gone, and ignored the three they still had. Next to them the McCandless family erected a crude shelter, and of all the people there at the creek, Jim Gary felt most sorry for Mrs. McCandless. The tragedy years before had robbed her of reason, and she would sit in the sun for hours and sing to herself, and her (Continued on Page 60)

"Untie me," McCabe said.
"I'll beat your head off for this!"

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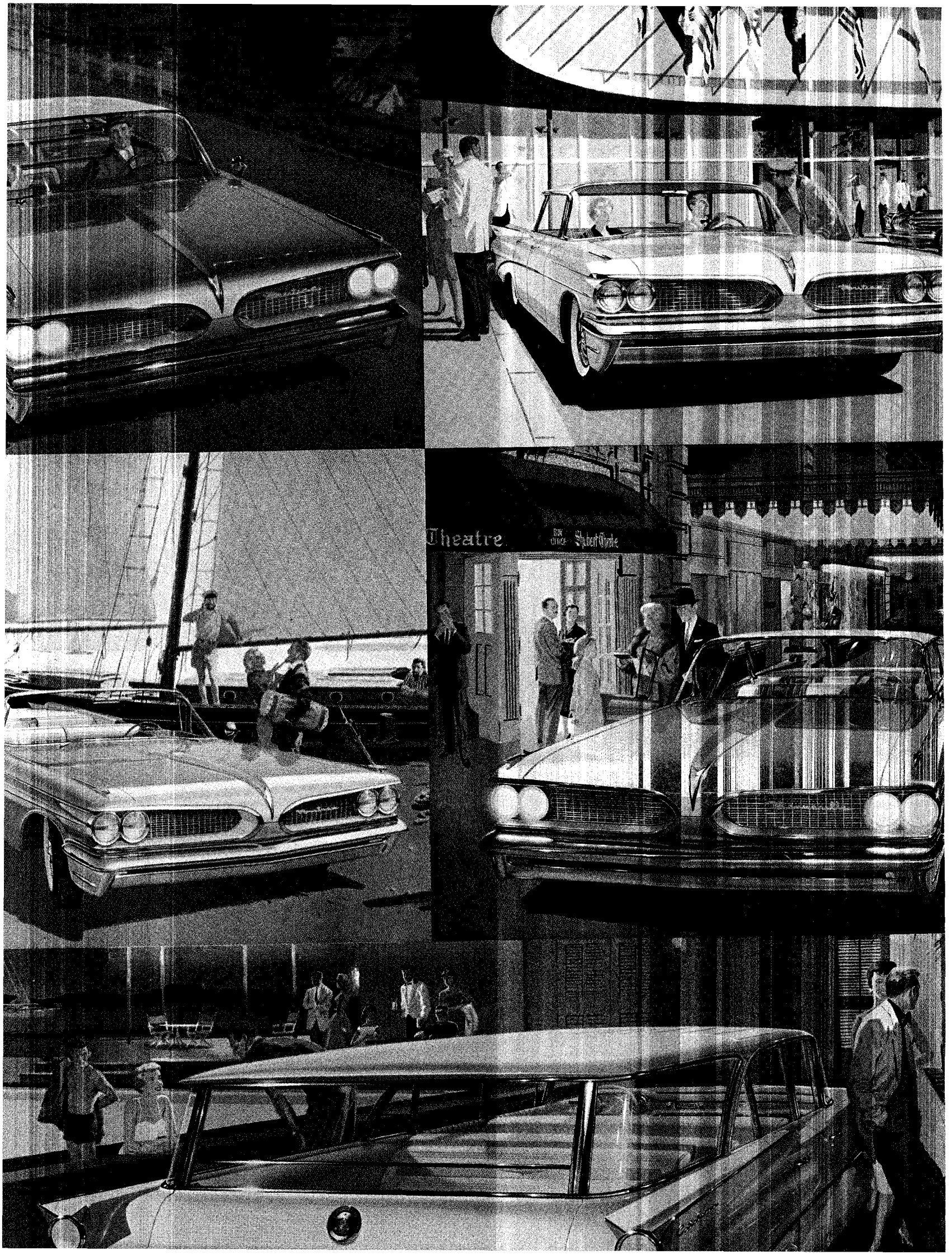

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S. E. KNUDSEN, GENERAL MANAGER, PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION

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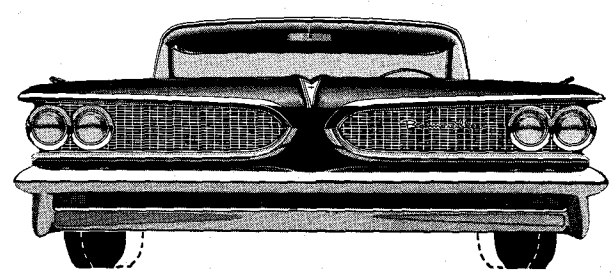
Your nearest Pontiac dealer is an important part of the Pontiac family that puts and keeps this great automobile in your proud hands. Give him a call or stop by this week.



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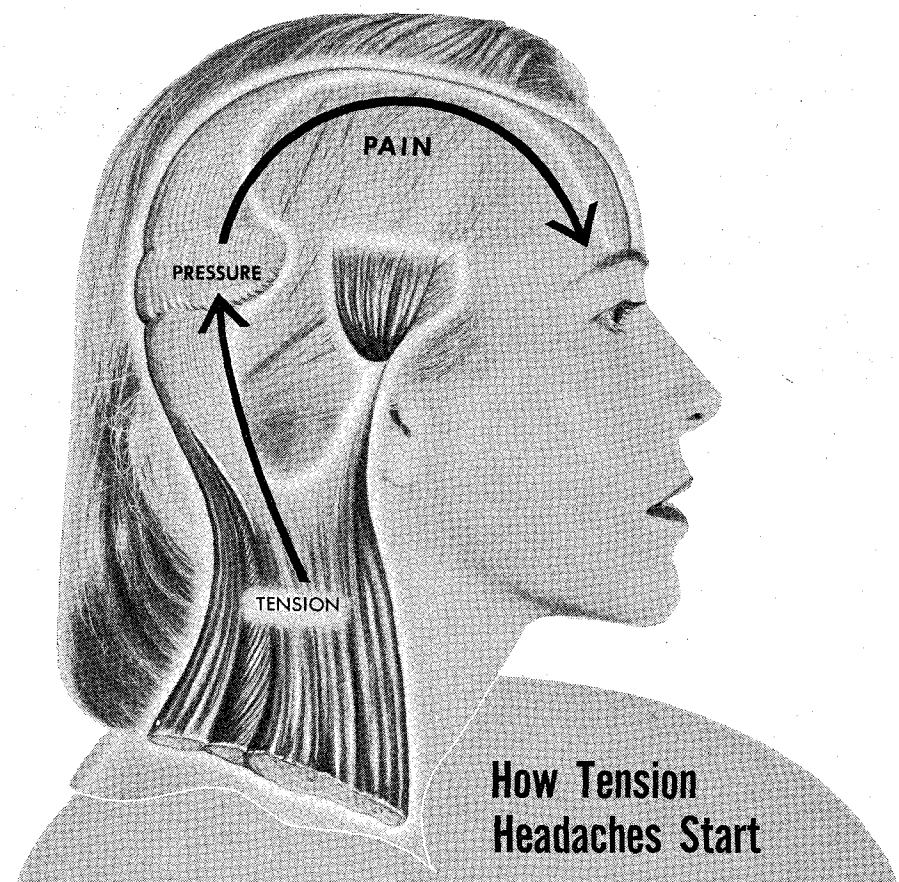
How you can break up the VICIOUS CYCLE of NERVOUS TENSION HEADACHES

Better than aspirin even with buffering added



How Tension Headaches Start

90% of all headaches are caused by tension that comes from a source you'd never suspect — the muscles of back of neck and scalp. This tension causes pressure on nerves and tiny blood vessels and results in pain. In turn, the pain builds up more tension, more pressure and makes your headache worse. That's why you should try the special medication in Anacin (*not found* in aspirin or even in aspirin with buffering) to give fast and more complete pain relief and break up the vicious tension headache cycle.

ANACIN® • Relaxes Tension • Releases Pressure • Relieves Pain Fast

Tension headaches need the special medication in Anacin for more complete pain-relief. So why limit yourself to aspirin or buffered aspirin which contain *only one* pain reliever when you can benefit by the *extra* medication in Anacin? Anacin contains *not* just one but a *combination* of medically proven ingredients which 3 out of 4 doctors recommend for headache pain. And here's why Anacin gives a 'better total effect' in relieving pain of tension headache, neuritis and neuralgia . . .

The special medication in Anacin — which you *do not get* in aspirin or buffered aspirin — relaxes the tension, releases the pressure and promptly relieves your headache. Anacin stops the vicious pain cycle fast. Anacin Tablets are safer, too. They do not upset your stomach. Buy Anacin today.

3 out of 4 doctors recommend the ingredients in

Some Slightly Crazy People

(Continued from Page 26)

yet on the American stage. And you, madame, will be my associate, fifty-fifty, in the profits.

"Do you know what the united profits can be in one year with an off-Broadway smash? As high as one half million dollars. Ah!" Poliakoff added joyfully as he stood up, arms extended. "Franklyn Goodyear, my favorite genius! I am happy to see you!"

Two figures walked slowly toward Poliakoff. One was a blondish young man of twenty-five in a torn raincoat. He was tall, tieless, muscleless, and morose beyond his years. His head was tilted to one side and his chin tucked down as if he were in conference.

The other figure was a girl of nineteen in a black turtle-neck sweater, black skirt, ballet slippers, and black stockings. Her piquant features were without make-up or expression. She looked like a small boy who needed a haircut.

"Shoshannah," said Franklyn Goodyear as introduction, and sat down with head tilted.

"Ah, an Indian!" Poliakoff beamed. "I have always loved the Indians since Poccahuntus."

"She is not an Indian," Franklyn Goodyear said in a gloomy voice. "She is a Hebrew from Israel. A descendant of Saul and Solomon."

"And here," said Poliakoff, "you have my dearest friend and Belgian's greatest ballerina—Madame LaSylph."

The descendant of Saul, etc., sat down. Madame LaSylph flashed a curtain-call smile at the arrivals. Poliakoff spoke. "Mr. Goodyear, my pal—no beating around the bush. We are in the bag! Your masterpiece Study in Brown is in production as of now. I have the check from the society leader, Magda Callahan. Tomorrow we select an off-Broadway theater, seating capacity two-hundred-fifty minimum. The casting starts at the same moment from my office in Slavonia Hall, on Bleecker Street, the heart of Bohemia."

He paused. Playwright Goodyear's look of gloom had only deepened.

"Waiter!" Poliakoff called. "A bottle of wine! The best in the house!" A depressed type in shirt sleeves, who had been standing behind them, exited reluctantly. Poliakoff continued. "This is the biggest historic moment of my life. And in your life, my pal. Believe me! It is the beginning of the new O'Gene O'Neill plus Tennessee William. Here, Mr. Goodyear, is the contract, approved by two lawyers and Mrs. Callahan. Please sign all five copies."

Poliakoff removed the documents from his briefcase. Placing them in front of the playwright, he tendered a fountain pen like a sword in surrender.

"Mr. Poliakoff," said Franklyn Goodyear, "I don't want my play produced."

"I love you," said the descendant. "You are magnificent." She had an attractive accent and amazingly large eyes when she smiled. Franklyn Goodyear kissed her hand humbly, and said, "Thank you."

"I understand," said Poliakoff. "You have made other arrangements. I understand." He closed his eyes in pain.

"No," the playwright began, but Poliakoff interrupted.

"Franklyn Goodyear, I discovered you. But that is not important to you or the world. It is important only that you are a great artist. You have written a top smash work of art which I also discovered and which I love as if it was my own baby. But, my pal, if you have made other arrangements, forget me. Forget also our verbal contract in front of witnesses. Forget everything! And I wish you the greatest success." Tears filled the Poliakoff eyes, but his brave smile remained.

"We do not want the wine." LaSylph spoke to the waiter shuffling up.

"No. Leave the bottle!" Poliakoff cried. "I was going to drink with joy. I will drink with lost hope. It is life—over again!"

The playwright sighed heavily. "You don't understand," he said. "The point is I don't want my play produced by anybody. If I wanted it produced, I'd be glad to have you produce it. Because I basically admire your attitude toward my work. But, as I said, I don't want it produced at all. By anybody. Ever."

"What is it?" Poliakoff stared at his genius. "Something deep is bothering you. I can feel it. Please forget I am a producer. Look at me like a father. Both of you."

Madame LaSylph looked off into space. A Poliakoff in defeat called for no comment.

"Haven't you noticed my head?" Franklyn Goodyear asked moodily.

"You are holding it on one side," said Poliakoff.

"I am not holding it." the playwright scowled. "It's that way by itself. It's locked. It happened right after our telephone conversation this noon. Three minutes after."

"My darling boy." Poliakoff trembled. "All I said on the telephone was I have good news for you tonight. You must have misunderstood."

"I didn't misunderstand," the playwright answered. "I understood perfectly. And that's what did this." He pointed to his tilted head. "The least movement is agony."

"I will send for a doctor," Poliakoff pronounced. "LaSylph, please call up a doctor for the neck."

"I don't need any doctor." The playwright scowled. "It's a psychological phenomenon. A conversion symptom."

"My boy, if you have changed your religion ——" Poliakoff began with a pained look.

"A conversion symptom," Franklyn Goodyear went on patiently, "is a sickness produced by an inner resistance to something. I thought everybody knew that."

Shoshannah turned her headlight eyes on Poliakoff. "He is very delicate inside," she said.

"The symptom will disappear," said Franklyn Goodyear, "the moment I remove the cause." He looked at Poliakoff sadly. "You, and your threat of production."

Poliakoff searched his memory for some disaster that might throw a light on the present one. A large troupe of perfidious ballet, stage, and concert geniuses with whom he had tried to do business offered itself quickly for his inspection There was no previous claim of a broken neck by his hand.

"Don't blame yourself too much," the playwright added lopsidedly. "You were just the precipitating incident. May I explain it?" Poliakoff decided to hold back his tears for a few minutes and nodded.

Many husbands have found out that the bonds of matrimony are nonnegotiable.

DAN BENNETT

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"I am a poet," Franklyn Goodyear said bitterly. "My play Study in Brown wears the capricious mask of drama. But it is a poem. It is myself—in play form."

"That is why it has life and blood," Poliakoff shouted.

"My blood," retorted Franklyn Goodyear. "I don't want it spilled by the critics."

Poliakoff came to life as if a spell had lifted. His face grew pink. His eyes sparkled. His rooster crest of graying hair jiggled over his scalp.

"My dear, dear Franklyn Goodyear!" he beamed. "This is the problem? That you are afraid of the critics? My dear pal, let me speak to you as my son. On this point, let me tell you what the critics are going to write about Study in Brown. The critics are going to state in their papers only one thing—that you have written the most sensational top smash work of drama since they can recall. Franklyn, my dear genius, I guarantee you this like a father."

A smile lighted Franklyn Goodyear's face, briefly. "I've thought in that direction," he said. "But, as a psychologist, I know too well what that means. Greater suffering in the reality. Every dream has to be paid for."

"Mr. Franklyn Goodyear ——" Poliakoff began.

"Please, no more." The playwright's voice rose. "I know those critics. I've read their lynching bees. No, thank you, I don't wish to be strung up on every lamppost in New York and set fire to." The young man's voice grew heated. "Oh, how I know those critics! I am not going to offer them my soul to beat into a pulp with their schoolteacher wands! No, thank you! The theater has nothing to offer me. I don't desire its barbershop fame and its passing belch of publicity! Or money. I have no use for money. All I want is to remain a poet and to continue writing poetry."

The poet's head tossed with passion. A moan of pain followed. "This is only the beginning"—Franklyn Goodyear pointed to his twisted neck—"I know my subconscious."

"I quite agree with you," Madame La-Sylph smiled suddenly at him. "Art is a great mystery. It does not belong on bargain counters."

"Thank you for understanding," Franklyn Goodyear answered. "If I decide to have Study in Brown published, I'll send you several copies. Come, Shoshannah."

"You are a great man," Shoshannah said and stood up.

Poliakoff ended his silence. "One moment," he said huskily.

"I am not open to argument." The playwright scowled. "I have to get rid of this pain in my neck before it drives me crazy. And, as I told you before, there is only one way."

"My dear Franklyn Goodyear," Poliakoff beamed, "I am not going to argue. Because you have convinced me one thousand per cent that you are right. Completely! To take a chance on injuring such a genius as yours, this would be a crime in which I would not allow myself to get involved. Franklyn!" He seized the poet's forearm and looked pleadingly at the lovely Israelite. "Please, my beautiful Scheherazade, I want you to be the judge. Kindly sit down. I am going to produce Study in Brown only after—I repeat—only after your play has been hailed as a beautiful and sensational success by the combined drama critics of the city of New York.

"Please follow what I am going to say. Tomorrow, I make ten new typewritten copies of Study in Brown. This will take a full day. The next day each copy goes by registered mail to each separate dramatic critic with a letter attached in which I say, Dear Mr. Brooks Atkinson, for example, et cetera, et cetera. And you have my word of honor, if the replies from the critics are not one thousand per cent favorable, I tear them up. And I take my medicine."

Eight days later Max Poliakoff stood on the stone steps of Slavonia Hall in Bleecker Street and scanned the sun-baked east and west distances for a mailman. He had stood thus yesterday. "Today they must arrive," Poliakoff said firmly to himself. "Today is a must. Ah!"

The mailman had suddenly emerged from an adjoining basement. Poliakoff was down the steps and standing beside him in the hot July sun. "Max Poliakoff, Slavonia Hall, Floor C," he said. "I am expecting ten letters, mailed three days ago."

"Where were they mailed from?" the postman asked.

"From different parts of New York City," said Poliakoff. "Uptown, downtown."

The mailman handed over a packet of envelopes. Poliakoff counted them. "Nine," he announced. "One more, please."

"Maybe Number Ten didn't write," said the postman.

"He wrote." Poliakoff was firm. "Look again, please."

"Here we are. Number Ten." The mailman produced an envelope.

"Thank you, that is all," said Poliakoff, and re-entered Slavonia. He climbed three broad flights of stairs in the massive, darkened building, passing cavernous empty chambers. On the fourth floor, Poliakoff, his footsteps echoing as

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Also Shinola Liquid in Colors—and Whites

in a wilderness, entered his "office." This was a banquet hall and lodge headquarters with towering, mirrored walls, a theater stage at one end, and some two hundred round tables standing stacked in acrobatic units reaching four high. In the distance sat Madame LaSylph on a wall bench seemingly several hundred feet long. It curved around the auditorium. A small card table was in front of her. She was knitting.

"They have arrived." Poliakoff placed the letters on the card table. "Notice the stationery. That was the most difficult part. You cannot go out and buy simply the authentic stationery used by the New York Times, the Tribune, et cetera. You have to go to each newspaper yourself and look from department to department until you find a stenographer who is not also a Sherlock Holmes."

"I am utterly horrified by your villainy," said LaSylph quietly. "I have always known you were a despicable liar. But this is really too hideous."

"What is hideous about it?" Poliakoff cried out, beginning to open the letters. "Franklyn Goodyear has a mental craziness. I am curing it. I am making it possible for him to have a play produced like every other human being. Please, my angel—there is one thing I know well—the path to failure. I am digging him out of this path and forcing him to the top. You call this hideousness?"

"Of course," said LaSylph coldly, "it doesn't matter to you if they kill him."

"Who kills him?" Poliakoff cried.

"Don't be cheap," LaSylph answered, "and pretend you don't understand. You heard him. You saw his neck. They had almost broken it already. But whether the critics kill him like they did Nijinsky is not really the point. The thing that is appalling is your character."

Poliakoff gathered up the opened letters and spoke gently. "My sweet angel, I hate myself even more than you hate me. But not for this unimportant little business of forging a few letters. I hate myself because I am a failure who nobody can respect. I hate myself because my whole life I have tried to bring something beautiful into the world. And what have I brought? Nothing! You see in front of you a man fifty-one years old—with nothing to show. No money. No success. No hope."

He placed the ten letters in LaSylph's hand and continued: "My princess, you are holding the letters which may bring me fame and fortune. Never mind. Tear them up. If I lose even the little feeling of love you have left for me—I don't want this half million dollars. Tear them up, and I will remain as always Poliakoff, the nobody who loves you."

LaSylph was silent. She looked at the trembling, gray-crested orator, and she saw a small boy on the verge of tears. Slowly, with dignity, she lowered her head and began to study the letters. Poliakoff sat down, another crisis passed.

"Silly of me to have worried about it," said LaSylph. "These ridiculous letters aren't going to fool Mr. Goodyear. They sound exactly like you."

"How can they sound like me?" Poliakoff cried. "I copied every one, word for word, from ten different dramatic critics. Absolutely authentic ones."

LaSylph read aloud from one of the letters: "'The great throb of lost humanity runs through this play and lifts it out of the macabre and sordid relationships in it into the glowing realms of art. Franklyn Goodyear has, I am very much afraid, written a masterpiece.'"

"Atkinson from the New York Times," said Poliakoff proudly. "This is his review of the Iceman play by O'Gene O'Neill."

LaSylph studied the others. "But they are all alike," she declared.

"They can't be alike," Poliakoff pleaded. "You are now reading Walter Kerr's review of The Glass Menagerie from the Tribune. Word for word."

LaSylph read, in rebuttal: "'The delicate throb of human drama raises this lovely play out of its dingy setting into the effulgent purlieus of Art. I fear me there is nothing more to say about Franklyn Goodyear's Study in Brown than that he has written a masterpiece.'"

"And notice the different styles of signature, including the different colored ink," Poliakoff said proudly as LaSylph leafed through the rest of the communiqués.

"There's been a slip-up," LaSylph announced suddenly. "This one isn't at all favorable."

Poliakoff smiled. "You are reading exactly what Horace Bison, dramatic critic for the Athenian Magazine, wrote about Arthur Miller's drama three years ago," he said. "I copied out word for word. And why do I do this? Because one little complaint in a symphony of praises—this is the touch which makes the situation superb and convincing. Out of ten critics, even if they are looking on something written by God, there is always one who has to object. Please, I am exhausted. My darling, call up and leave word at the delicatessen store to notify Franklyn Goodyear to come to my office at once."

It was raining outside of Slavonia Hall. Franklyn Goodyear was silently bent over his reading matter—the Walter Kerr review.

"H'm. 'I fear me,'" he quoted. "You see, I'm a threat to their egos."

"My dear pal," said Max Poliakoff, "I will turn on the lights so you can see plainer."

Two great chandeliers burst forth in banquet-hall splendor. Poliakoff removed the five contract copies from his briefcase. The blazing banquet hall remained eerily silent except for the rattle of the rain on its front windows as the playwright peered into his future. Poliakoff removed a half dozen small ink bottles from his briefcase.

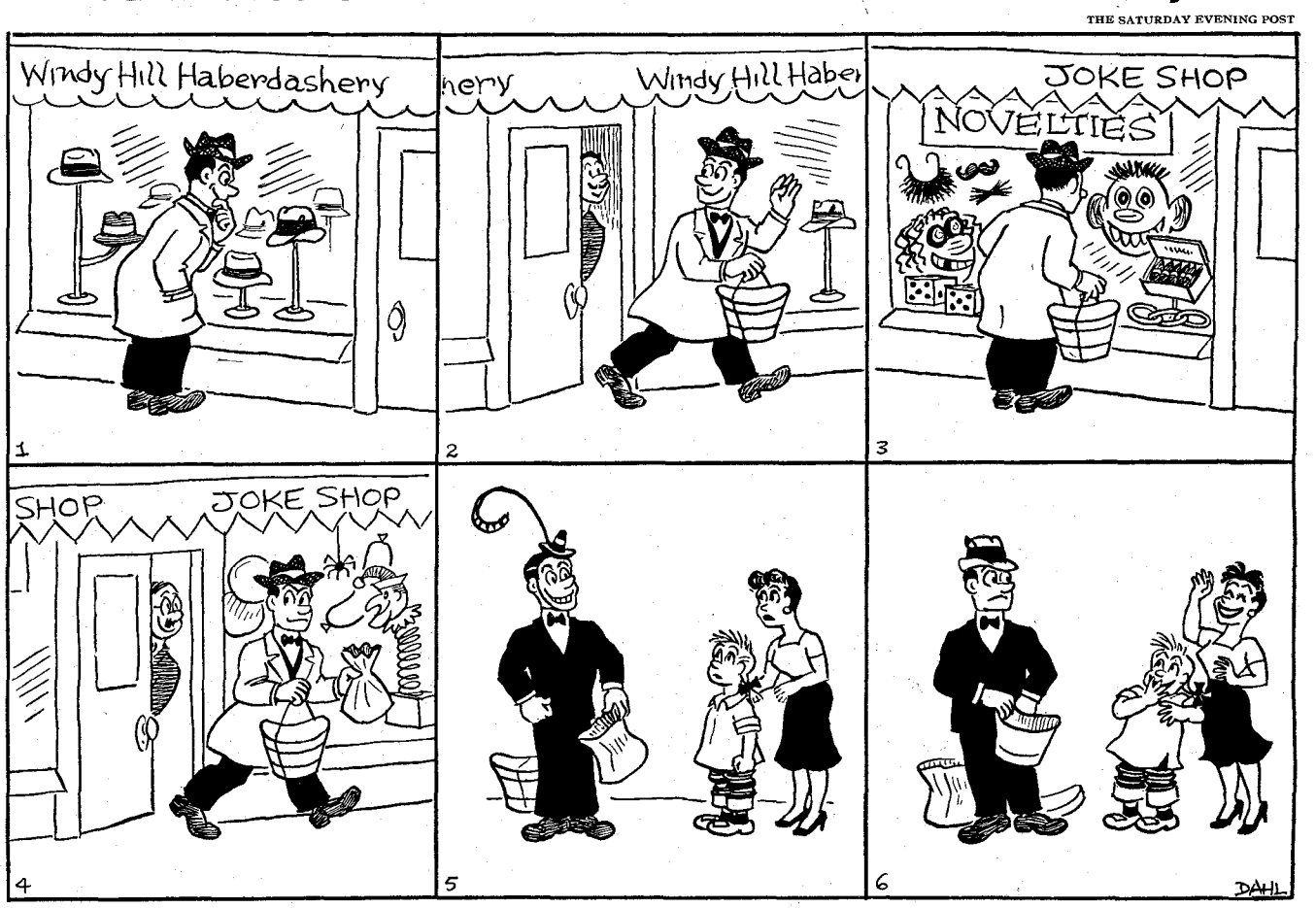
Catching the playwright's momentarily lifted eye, he inquired respectfully: "Which color ink do you prefer, dear boy, for the signing of the contracts?"

The inquiry went unheeded except by LaSylph, who shuddered and turned another thirty degrees away from the scene. Poliakoff opened the black ink. An old Hungarian dance tune came to his mind, but he refrained from whistling it. Instead he thought: *As soon as he signs, I call up to notify the bank to accept my checks. Ah, yes, yes. The first thing I will buy is a summer fur like she used to wear once.* He looked tenderly (*Continued on Page 52*)

THE GREENWOODS

By Dahl

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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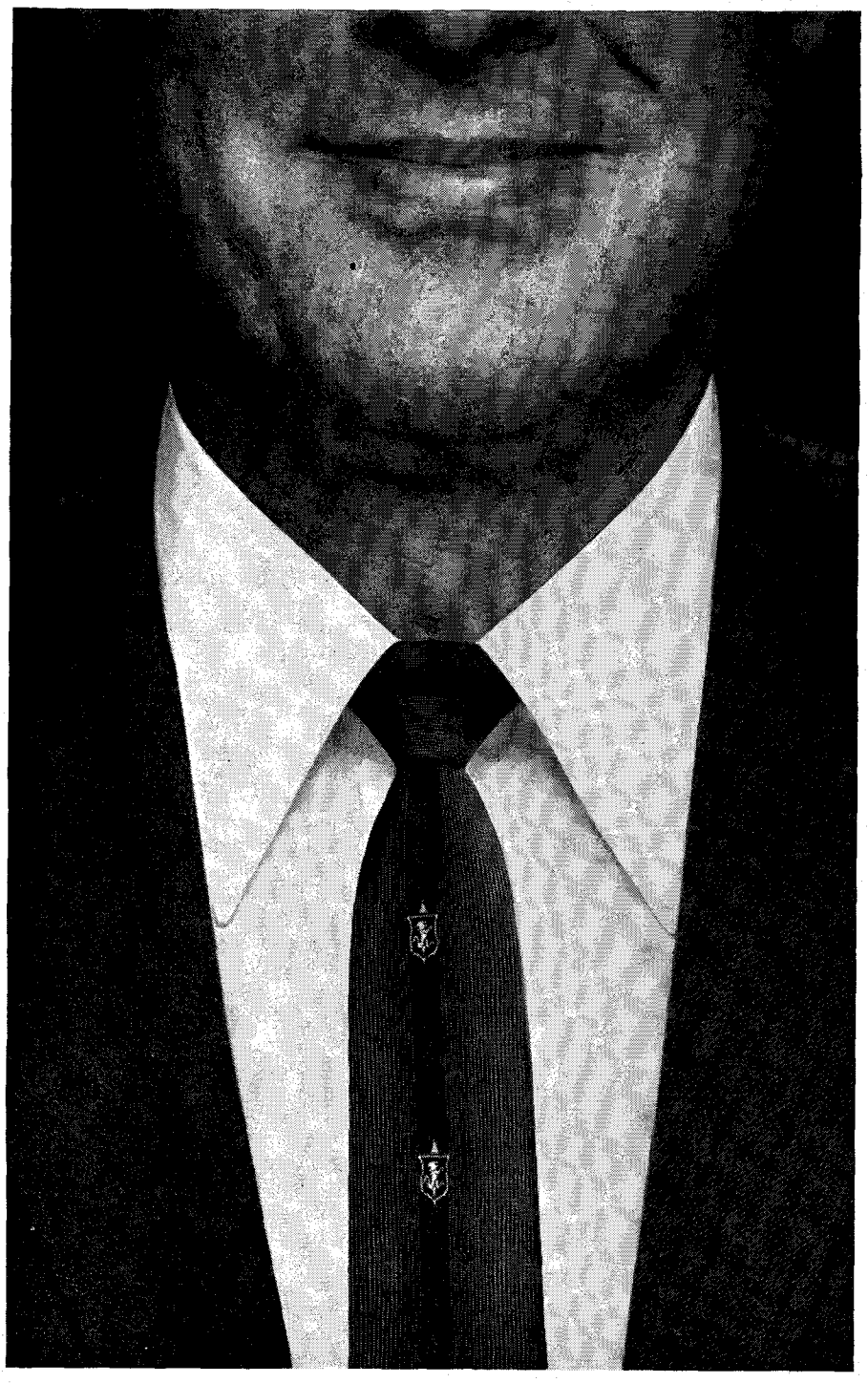

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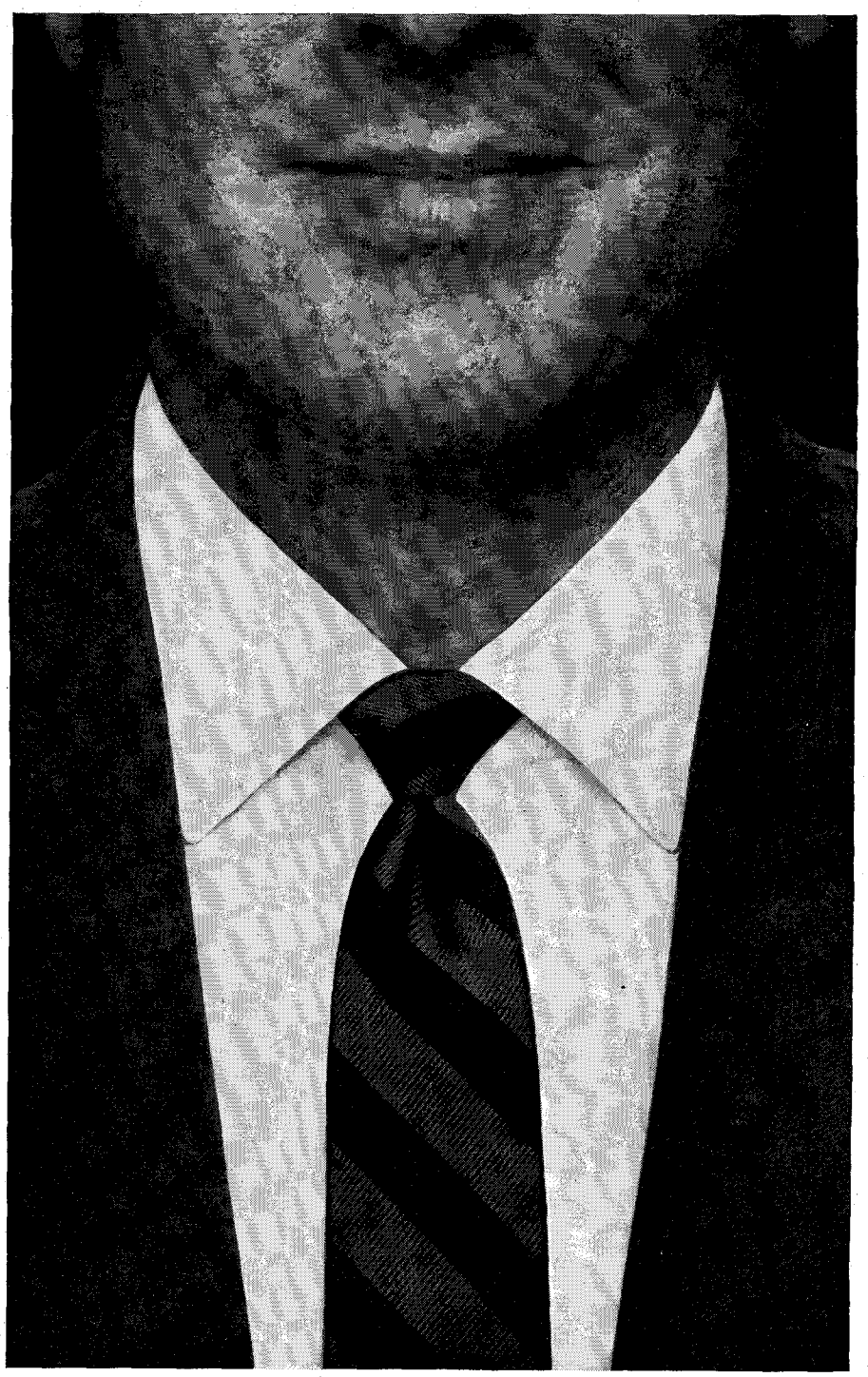

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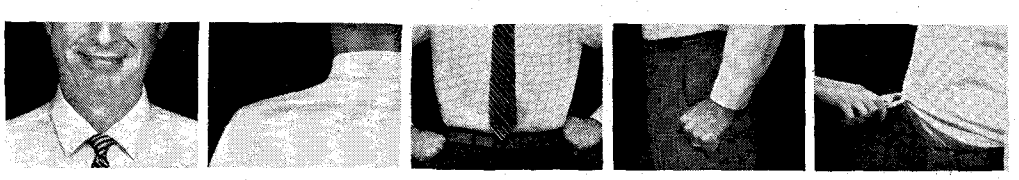

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(*Continued from Page 50*) at LaSylph. *A summer fur made of feathers. And for myself a jacket with brass buttons like a sea captain. It will be distinctive. Then a small filing cabinet, for plays. A typewriter I can rent. Ah, yes, yes. And maybe a stenographer. We will see.*

An odd sound came from Franklyn Goodyear.

"What is it?" Poliakoff smiled.

"Did you read this one?" the playwright asked. He was breathing hard.

"Yes, yes," Poliakoff chuckled. "From that shoemaker, Horace Bison, on the Athenian Magazine. I thought it was very amusing."

"Amusing?" The playwright stared at him. "He says my second act is no good."

"My dear pal," Poliakoff beamed, "you cannot expect ten critics all to be geniuses. One has to be below average."

"He says, 'It thins out.'" The playwright's voice shook. "And I don't 'realize myself or my characters.'"

"Dear Franklyn Goodyear," Poliakoff smiled. "I did not have to show you that letter. But I showed it to you because for two reasons. First, I want everything open and aboveboard between us. Second, this is a critic on a small magazine who nobody reads. A critic so unimportant that no producer quotes him in the ads even when he is good. My pal, this stuff which he writes is a joke to laugh at. Dear boy, the nine top smash critics of New York City are insane with joy over your play, and this little fellow, whatever his name is ——"

"His name is Horace Bison!" the playwright cried out. "The only critic I respect!"

"Respect? How can you respect?" Poliakoff yelled. "He has proved himself a complete idiot. This is a man without a brain. A man who belongs sweeping the streets."

"Don't tell me about Horace Bison!" Franklyn Goodyear's voice filled the banquet hall. "Horace Bison's book Poetry in the Theater has been my Bible for five years! These other so-called critics are ——"

Poliakoff's voice drowned him out. "Please, please!" he bellowed. "Look at the facts. The beautiful facts. Nine raves, nine supreme raves and one little confused remark about Act Two only. My pal, this is more than any playwright has received, dead or alive. Believe me, it is a world record, even for a genius."

"'Act Two is thin,'" the playwright brooded.

"We will sign the contracts." Poliakoff lowered his voice. "Then we will discuss."

"My play isn't ready to produce," Franklyn Goodyear answered firmly. "I had an instinct all along about the second act."

Poliakoff dipped a trembling pen into the black-ink bottle. "Please." He held the pen out. "I have indicated the places to put your name with a small pencil mark."

"No," said Franklyn Goodyear. "Not now. I have to rewrite Act Two first."

"You will have plenty of time," Poliakoff pleaded. "Four weeks while we are casting. Four weeks while we rehearse."

"No," said the playwright. "Horace Bison has opened my eyes. It's amazing. I always knew inside that the second act thinned out. Is there a phone here? I want to talk to him."

"You want to talk to him?" Poliakoff repeated in a small voice.

"Yes," said the playwright. "I'll make an appointment with him to discuss the second act."

"Never!" Poliakoff cried. "This is absolutely the wrong thing to do."

"I can't start the rewrite till I talk it through with him," the playwright answered.

"Fine," said Poliakoff. "Fine! But not on the telephone, for God's sake! For an important situation like this, you write a letter. A letter in which you ask for the advice, the suggestions and whatever you wish to find out, et cetera. Please, I am a man of the world who understands critics. Look how they all responded to me."

He removed writing paper from his briefcase and placed the sheets in front of the playwright.

"Use the black ink," he sighed. "It is the smoothest."

"Thanks." Franklyn Goodyear hunched creatively over the card table. The rain rattled on the windows. Poliakoff stood by in silence as the playwright's pen moved in rapid inspiration across the paper.

"When you are finished," Poliakoff sighed, "I will mail it for you. I have a stamp left over."

Madame LaSylph entered Sullivan's Greenwich Village Café and walked slowly toward the booth in which Max

... ...

Spring Hearth

By Margaret Evelyn Singleton

Now let indoor hearths
grow cold;
Red-fire need is past;
Tulip flames will soon
unfold—
Green sparks have caught
at last.

Before the solar fireplace
As earth's brown embers
stir,
A winter heart can stretch
or pace
Or simply curl and purr.

... ...

Poliakoff waited. She sat down without greeting and ignored the exalted faraway look in her friend's eye.

After a pause, Poliakoff said tenderly, "My adorable, thank you for coming." He reached for her hand.

"Don't touch me," LaSylph warned quietly.

"As you wish." Poliakoff turned his eyes from her and resumed his Lucifer-like stare into distances.

"Have you written the new forgery from Horace Bison to Mr. Goodyear?" LaSylph snapped.

Poliakoff removed three typewritten pages of Athenian Magazine stationery from his coat. "Here it is," he said with an air of whimsey. "It is not a bad letter. I spent two days in the public library composing, and two days typewriting. Would you care to read, perhaps?"

"No," LaSylph answered. "I came here merely to tell you that we are through."

"Through?" Poliakoff closed his eyes.

"Yes, through," LaSylph repeated. "Max Poliakoff, you are a crook, a horse thief and a common swindler on whom I have wasted my life and love. I say good-by to you!"

She paused as Poliakoff lifted both his hands in a slow gesture of humility that no ballerina could ignore, although she recognized it as borrowed from Giselle—the lover pleading with the damsels of death.

"May I speak?" he inquired huskily.

LaSylph waited as he dried the tears in his eyes with the heels of his palms.

"My princess," Poliakoff said. "At six o'clock this evening on the telephone I have confessed to Franklyn Goodyear in the delicatessen store all my crimes. The whole truth of this miserable Affaire Atkinson, Kerr, Bison, et cetera. Straight, without a single lie or mistake. Including this final criminal attempt." He waved the three pages of Athenian stationery. "I would have been happier committing suicide."

"What did Mr. Goodyear say?" LaSylph asked softly.

"It was impossible to hear," Poliakoff answered. "I was crying so loud. When I could recover my senses, he was gone from the telephone."

Poliakoff paled. "Here comes somebody now," he said.

It was Shoshannah, the large-eyed Israelite. "You have killed him!" she cried, rushing at Poliakoff. "Assassin! Miserable Arab!"

"Please be seated," Poliakoff begged her politely.

"He ran out of Epstein's Delicatessen," the raging girl continued as LaSylph clamped a bear hug on her. "I couldn't find him. He is gone—my poet! He has drowned himself in the river!"

"I know. I killed him," Poliakoff admitted, his head lowered. "Go on, please. I deserve it."

"I have sworn by Tel Hai and Trumpeldor," Shoshannah went on, straining in vain against LaSylph's muscles, "that you will follow Franklyn into his grave, Mr. Poliakoff!"

Her violence gave way to grief. LaSylph allowed the girl to collapse into a sitting position beside her. "Waiter!" she called out to Sullivan's invisible personnel, "bring the young lady a coffee with Irish Mist in it." She added to Poliakoff, "It's very good for this sort of thing."

Poliakoff said nothing. He was staring at the café entrance. A figure in a torn raincoat stood there.

Shoshannah instinctively uncovered her face. "Frankele," she sang out. "You are here!"

LaSylph slid a protective arm around Poliakoff as Franklyn Goodyear approached the entrepreneur.

"Give me that letter about my second act—the new letter you forged from Horace Bison," he demanded, looming over Poliakoff.

"Please ——" Poliakoff groaned. "Franklyn Goodyear. Do not do this to me again. I have confessed once, confessed completely. I have told you already that I am no good. A rotten apple. A horse thief. A man who would betray his own mother ——"

"Stop it!" LaSylph shook the penitent violently. "Let someone else talk!"

"Yes, stop it," said Franklyn Goodyear. "What are you trying to do—prove to me that you are a man, a human being? Everyone lies, everyone betrays his mother. It is a small flaw."

He sat down beside Shoshannah and kissed her hand. "Excuse me for upsetting you," he said. "I was excited and I took the wrong subway. It was an express, and I had to go to Brooklyn Bridge." He returned to Poliakoff. "Now kindly give me that fantasy from Horace Bison you concocted about what's wrong with my second act."

Poliakoff blanched. "You want to give it to the police?" he asked.

"No," Franklyn Goodyear answered eagerly. "I want to read it, to study it. Because, as a psychologist, I know it is something more than a forgery. It is a message from your subconscious, your own truthful opinion of what is wrong with my second act. It is truth itself. The id cannot lie."

"Yes, yes, I understand you of course, my dear genius," Poliakoff beamed, and quoted from Lermontov—"Soul speaks to soul." He handed over the Horace Bison critique. "Here, Franklyn Goodyear," he said, his voice once again full of the benevolence of the entrepreneur, "if I have helped you, that is all I ask. To help a great artist is all that I have dreamed of and lived for."

Study in Brown opened three months later off-Broadway in the Rienza Theater. It was a stormy night. A subway strike isolated lower New York from normal entry. A last-minute crew of workers had failed to start the furnace of the building.

A rain-soaked audience sat in the frosty theater like a little band of art commandos. At ten o'clock they were still staring at Study in Brown as if in a state of mass coma. All the major critics and their wives were seen to be present.

The reviews the next day were generally ecstatic. The critics hailed Study in Brown as a work of compelling beauty. They hailed the new playwright, Franklyn Goodyear, as the first genuine genius hatched by the off-Broadway theater. They hailed also Max Poliakoff as a producer who had wrung the last drop of beauty out of the play's sordid milieu.

At three P.M. the next day Poliakoff stood in the street and looked at the persistent line in front of the Rienza box office. Inside the office the phone was ringing like a bell of victory. Loath to leave this fairy-tale spectacle, Poliakoff finally moved away. Shoshannah had been insistent over the telephone.

The newlyweds were huddled on the mile-long bench of the darkened fourth-floor office when Poliakoff flung open the door.

"My favorite genius!" he cried in ornate tones. "They have hailed you as ——"

"John Chapman, of the Daily News, hailed me as rotten!" the shadowy genius replied with a dark groan.

Poliakoff paused in his triumphant approach. In the gloom of the former ballroom he could make out that Franklyn Goodyear's head was on a side, and a look of great pain was in his eyes.

"I have brought the other eight critics! I am carrying them—every one! Franklyn Goodyear, my darling boy, you are the new hero of New York. Shall I put on the light so you can read?"

"I know this one by heart," the head-tilted genius riposted. He began to recite, despite the desperate pleadings of Shoshannah.

"'Toward the middle of Act Two, I was relieved to note that I was not the only auditor fighting against slumber. The entire audience yawned and fidgeted as if about to go beddy-bye. Study in Brown is an incoherent and pretentious bore. Its author, Fr——"

But the unhappy voice was momentarily cut off in the fierce embrace of the black-clad bride. Poliakoff began to tiptoe quietly out of the room so as not to disturb the huddled lovers.

Playwright Goodyear's voice halted him at the door. "Is there any chance of your closing the play?" he called.

Max Poliakoff discreetly opened the door. Before he could close it, he heard the moan of the playwright. "Very well. I'll just have to go on suffering ——"

The bride's whisper echoed after Poliakoff. "I will suffer with you—the rest of my life."

Poliakoff walked rapidly toward the Rienza Theater and the miracle that waited him there. Many things, including John Chapman, puzzled him. But the United States was a noble land, and off-Broadway a paradise where a lifelong dream had come true. THE END

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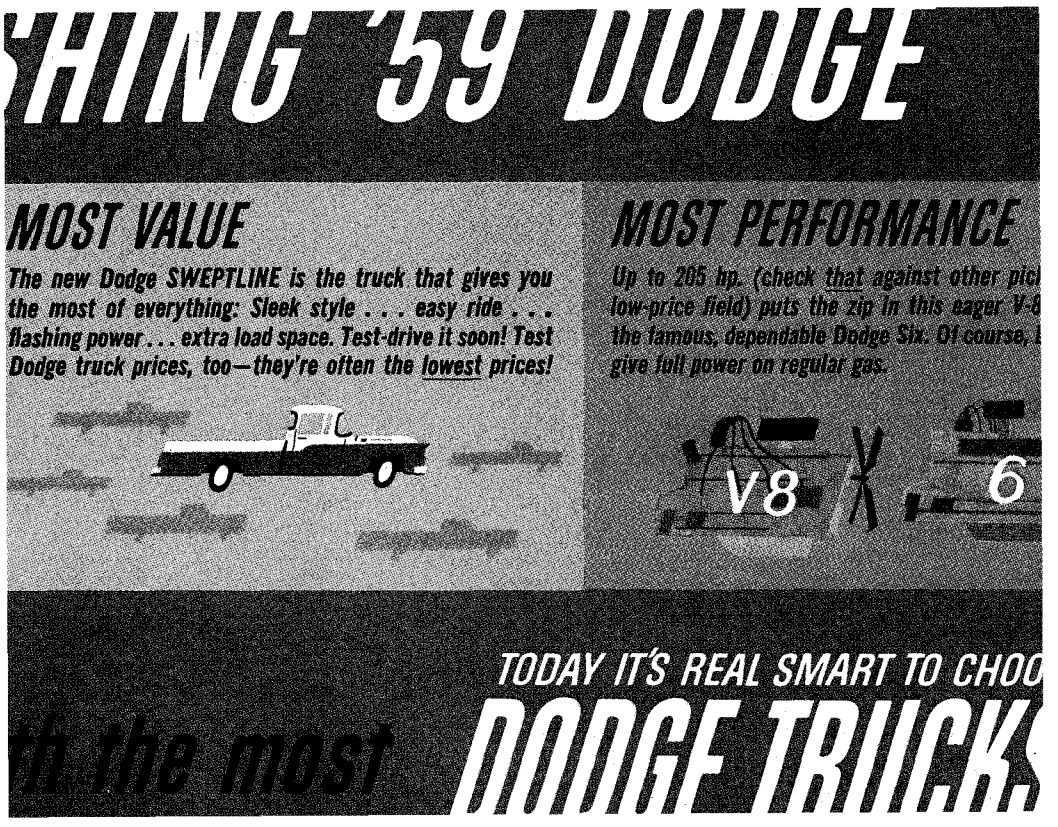
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Our Landlocked Farm

(Continued from Page 43)

a county road. That was fifty years ago. That's not even a footpath now. And it's been fenced in."

"Then you won't buy this farm?" I said.

"Yes, I'll buy it," he replied quickly. "Any place I can buy has to have a fault so it will sell cheap. That's the only reason I'll be able to buy this one. We'll buy it and do something about a road later."

Pa bought fifty acres of land in the head of a crooked little valley, called W-Hollow, for $300. He didn't have the money to make a down payment. He borrowed $100 from The First National Bank in Greenup, Kentucky, to make the first payment.

"Now, I'll have land, Sal," he said to mom. "This is the first land we've ever owned. We'll manage someway about the road. I worry more about paying for the land than I do about the road. Have to pay a hundred dollars next year and a hundred dollars year after next. We'll have to build a house on it. That will take extra dollars."

Then pa got a job on a railroad section. He owned land now, and he was going to work on the railroad section to pay for it. This was in 1921, and I was fourteen years old. My grandfather, Nathan Hylton, had come to live with us, and he was seventy-five years of age. He had cut timber and farmed most of his life. Grandpa and I planned to build the house while pa worked on the section to pay for the land no one else dared to buy because it didn't have a road.

"We can pay for the land, build a house and make a road," pa said one evening at the supper table, after he had walked five miles across the mountain from the railroad section where he had worked ten hours. "All we've got to do is stick together and work."

In the spring of 1921, grandpa and I started building our house. We cut oaks on this farm and scored and hewed them into logs to build the walls. Then we sawed down straight, unblemished oaks that we split into bolts and rove into clapboard shingles to make a roof. We had used wedges to split a big rock that had tumbled from a cliff. Then we cut and hewed these pieces into stones to build a big chimney up through the center of the house to carry smoke from two fireplaces.

Grandpa was a 220-pound, broad-shouldered man, powerful with a double-bitted ax, sledge hammer, a maul and a crosscut saw. He nearly worked me to death building this six-room house. But that autumn of the same year we moved into the house. We were granted permission by one of our neighbors to drive our mule team across his land to haul our house plunder to our new home. But we were granted permission to haul over his land just one time, that was to move in. We couldn't move out again.

In the autumn of 1922 I entered high school. I had pride after I had gone to high school. My pride grew as I saw how other people lived. And we were, at that time, the only family in Greenup County who didn't have a "wagon road" to their home. The only way to get to my home was to walk. In any direction we went we had to walk across land owned by somebody else. On any path we walked we had to climb from one to three hills, and we had to go through—climb over or go under—from two to eight fences whose owners would not let us make gates.

The first classmate I ever invited home with me to spend the night said, after we finally reached my home: "It's a nice place after one gets here." The thing that puzzled him most was how we got supplies to our house. He looked for a road, and all he saw was a footpath going south, one going west, one winding east, and one climbing north. I never told any of my classmates that we had to carry our supplies on our own backs.

Anybody who tried to drive a car to our house parked it somewhere more than two miles away and walked in, if he got there. Anybody trying to drive a team to our house could get no farther with a team than one could with a car.

"Much as I love this place," mom said to pa one day, "it's no good, Mick, without a road. We'd better sell it and buy a farm somewhere that we can reach with a mule team and wagon."

"We'll never get a place we like better, Sal," pa said. "I've been talking to your brother, Martin, and he says we can build a road through his farm. We're not goin' to sell this one. We're fixed here for lifetime. Of course," he added, apologetically, "we don't have a road, but we will have one."

Pa and Uncle Martin Hylton planned for some time before they could find a way to build a road around the steep hills, rock cliffs and deep hollows. But after they found a way we started clearing the right of way. Next we used two mule teams and scrapers. At the little sand gap near our barn, we made a right angle at the first ravine; then we followed the hill slope down to the next hollow. We made another right angle. Then we made the road up a little valley and around a horseshoe bend. This was almost the same as building a road around one side of a hatchet and going around the sharp point

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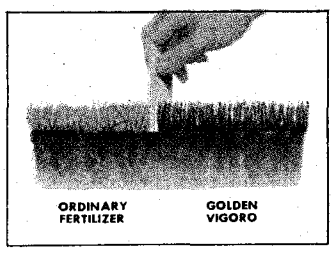

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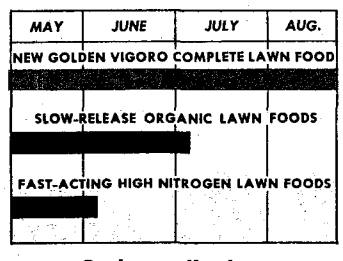

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and coming back on the other side. After we made the sharp turn around hatchet-point, we went around the slope to the head of another hollow. Here we had another horseshoe bend. We had to cross three deep ravines. Then, for three fourths of a mile, we went around another hill slope, gradually descending, until we reached the right fork of W-Hollow. Here we united with the road to Uncle Martin's house. We were proud of this road. It wasn't quite good enough to drive a car over, but we could drive a team to our house now.

This was my last year in high school. The first spring after we had finished this road we had three days of hard rain that caused the streams in the valleys to rise high enough to flood many houses. It was during this rain that great slips came into our road. The land cracked above and slid down and replaced the dirt we had moved to make the road. Large trees slipped into our road.

That finished it. We had put more effort into building this road than we had building our house and clearing our fields. We had lost almost three years of work—not working steadily, of course, but every day we had to spare.

"You'll never get a road for us, Mick," mom said.

"Never despair, Sal," he said. "I've got other plans."

"You've got the patience of Job," Mom told him.

Then we tried to build a road over Uncle Martin's farm and join the wagon road that came up Tanyard Hollow. But it took a good mule team to pull an empty wagon up the road on that steep mountain. We couldn't devise any plan, not even by rough-locking the wagon wheels, to keep the wagon from pushing the mules when we went down. We could neither take a load up the mountain nor bring one down. We lost all the time we had to spare for one year on this road.

There were only two more possible ways for a road to go unless we tunneled miles under the mountain to the broad Ohio River Valley beyond. One way was to follow the yellow gaping ditch that we had first discovered the day we were digging up the land, feeling, sifting and smelling it. We would have to follow this ditch to the ridge, then get permission from the Seaton heirs, who owned the vast tract of land on our west, to follow the ridge path until we came to the headwaters of Academy Branch. Then we were faced with the same problems here that we had faced when we tried to build a road down the mountain to Tanyard Hollow. This mountain was just as steep.

The fourth possibility was to go south down W-Hollow. But this way was impossible. Our neighbor, whom I shall call Ben Leadingham, owned this land, and he didn't allow any trespassing. Naturally he wouldn't let anybody build a road over his valley bottomland. Once, when pa asked Leadingham to sell us a right of way through his farm, Ben's face flushed with anger. His answer was: "No!"

In 1926 I finished high school. I had worked hard on two of the possible roads of getting to the outside world. We had worked days, evenings, moonlight nights and holidays, and we had failed. The second two roads would not be problems of mine. I was leaving W-Hollow. I had already given my share of energy and sweat for an outlet to our home. Now I would turn it back over to my father, who hadn't given up hope.

"If there ever comes a time, and I am able to do it," I once told pa, "I'll be willing to spend the worth of our farm to get a good road to our house. We've worked so long and so hard to get it. And we've failed. Mom has been right all the time. You have more patience than Job."

"It's the only land we've ever owned," he said. "I won't sell my fifty acres. Look what we've done here. It's the prettiest little farm in Greenup County. Look at our meadows, barn and young timber. Look what clean, pretty yard and nice little home we have with a roof of our own over us. We'll get a road in here someway. I don't intend to stop tryin'."

I spent four years away from home. I spent one year in the steel mills and three school years and two summer terms in college. When I returned, a college graduate, I walked home. I walked up Academy Branch, and as I walked along the road I noticed some strange tracks. There were automobile tire tracks and there were trails made by sled runners in the damp dirt. They were all the way along the ridge. There wasn't any improvement on the road. It looked like a road that had been used.

"Jesse, since we couldn't make a road to this house," Pa said as soon as I reached home very tired from carrying two suitcases over the mountain, "I've got the thing that will get over the kind of road we have. I can bring in the supplies now. I got permission to cut two fences and make gates so we could go through

---

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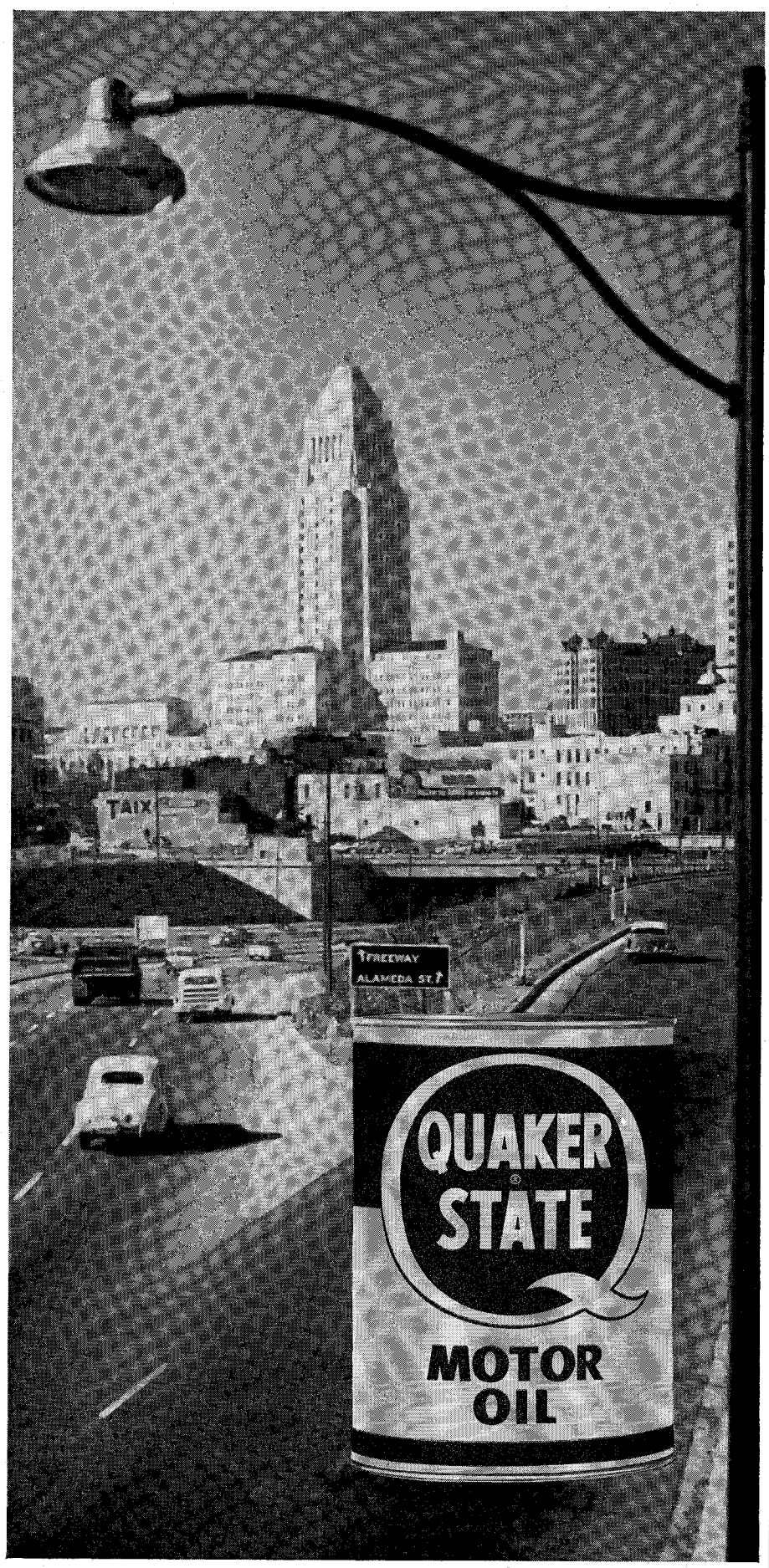

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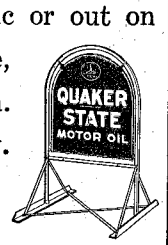

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with our mule teams. Not any of this carryin' loads on muleback or on my back. Come, let me show you."

"I think I saw its tracks as I came up Academy Branch and out the ridge," I said.

"That's right," he said. "But wait till you see it."

It was a thing, all right. I'd never seen anything like it. It was half wagon and half sled. The front part of the wagon was built on short sled runners. The rear carriage was built on automobile wheels.

"Where did you get this rig?" I asked.

"Bought it from Brady Callihan," he said. "Brady hauled corn from that steep hill on his farm. He hauled wood from the woods. See, the sled runners in front will go across a ditch, and they'll go up and over a rock or a log. And the wheels behind will roll over anything behind the runners. Handy thing," he said, smiling. "One mule can pull it if the road's not too rough. Of course, I use two mules coming up Academy Branch. They can pull a light load on it. The sled runners hold coming uphill to keep it from rolling back. And they are good brakes goin' downhill. It's a wonderful thing for my road."

"But four years have passed," I said. "We don't have a road yet. Not one that's legal. And that one out the ridge can't be called a road. Any time the Seaton heirs who own the land want to close the road they can."

I noticed that the paths that led to our house had been broadened by more footprints. The paths that came from the south, east, west and north were well-worn paths. My brother James, and youngest sisters, Mary and Glennis, were in high school now. Two of my sisters were having dates. The young men they were dating drove their cars as far as they could and walked the rest of the way. I stood looking at the paths, for I could see in all directions, while pa stood watching me. He was waiting for me to brag on his new vehicle. Since he had not found the answer to a road, he had found this vehicle as a substitute. It wasn't a substitute for our embarrassment. It was a substitute for our backs and the backs of our mules.

"Well, what do you think of it?" he asked me.

"All right," I said. "But we still need a road. There's only one way out."

"Which way is that?" he asked.

"Down through Ben Leadingham's place," I replied.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you," he said. "Ben's dead."

"What happened to that farm?" I asked quickly.

"It fell to the heirs," he said. "They've sold it."

"To whom?" I asked.

"To Uncle Bill Burgess," he replied.

"What about Uncle Bill?" I asked. "Would he let us buy a right of way?"

"Won't let anybody trespass on his place either," pa said. "He'd never let us build a road over his land. It's a strange thing about the owners of that farm. They want to fence us in up here."

"Then there's not a chance for a road to the south," I said.

Pa stood looking at the ground, his sun-tanned face was as brown as an autumn leaf. I thought he, too, might be wondering if there was actually a chance of our ever getting a road to our house. For now we had made our farm even more beautiful and productive. He had made our home a comfortable place to live in. My father, mother, brother and sisters loved the only piece of earth we had ever owned; they loved the house my grandfather and I had built with our own hands. But Nature, with her high, towering hills, was against us. And the only neighbor who owned land where there was a possible chance of our making a road was not only against our having a road over his acres but he also was against anybody's moving over his land.

During my first year home from college, I taught a rural high school at Warnock, Kentucky. When I went home, I walked there. When I left home, I walked away. Two college classmates visited me during my first year at home. One said, after I held the barbed wire apart for him to crawl through: "This is a funny place to get to. Jesse, I would never have thought you were from country like this when I met you in college." Another drove his car within five miles of our home and then walked.

After one year of teaching, I became principal of Greenup County High School. I walked from my home to the high school, for there was no other way to get there. Not unless I lived in Greenup. Two years later I was superintendent of Greenup County Schools. This was the best position a man of my profession could have in my county. Yet, I walked over paths to and from my home. I walked over land owned by other people. They gave us permission to build stiles over their fences so we wouldn't tear our clothes. When my father went to work or when my mother went to church, they walked over one of these paths.

In 1933, I went to the west end of Greenup County as principal of McKell High School. This was the year I sold my first short story. I had found a new pleasure and a new revenue. My brother, James, had finished high school and two years of college and was teaching in a rural school. My oldest sister, Sophia, was teaching in a rural school. My baby sister was in high school. We just had to have a road to our home. Pa wouldn't leave the fifty acres. After all these years of struggling to get in and out, he was more determined than ever.

In 1934, I sold more stories, and for the first time in my life I put money in the bank. I, too, had ideas other than to write short stories, for my first book, Man With a Bull-Tongue Plow, was published. I was getting letters from everywhere. People were wanting to visit my home from many states. They wanted to see where I was from.

On many Sundays as many as thirty visitors came to our home. They parked their cars and walked over the paths. They thought we lived in a "romantic" place. I knew if they had carried as many things on their backs for as long distances as each member of our family, including my sisters and my mother, they would know that there was something about the place besides its being romantic. Not one of us was willing to leave now. Because this was our home. We knew and felt deeply the beauty of our fields, woods, streams, and wild flowers in the spring, and the coloring of autumn leaves.

So I put my money in the bank until I had saved nine hundred dollars. This was in 1936. My second book, Head O' W-Hollow, was published. More people were visiting us now. And those who lived not too far away and had wondered why we had ever stayed in W-Hollow visited us and found it a very beautiful place. Fifteen years had passed since we bought the land and built the house in 1921. All the members of our family had well-developed legs. Physically, they were as durable as the oaks that grew from our soil. Walking in all sorts of weather around the ridges of the high hills had given us good lungs and good muscles. My mother often walked seven miles to and from church.

While I put money in the bank, twilight years ticked away for Uncle Bill

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Burgess. He could no longer plow his fields and wield his ax as he had done. Pa heard about it. He went to see Uncle Bill to learn if what he had heard was true.

"Yes, I've said I'll sell this farm for seventeen hundred dollars," he told pa. "I want nine hundred dollars down. I want six per cent interest on the balance. I want payments of two hundred dollars a year for the balance."

Pa had talked to Uncle Bill early on a Saturday morning. Then he ran most of the way to Greenup. He hired a man to take him in his car to the west end of Greenup County to tell me.

"We can get it, Jesse, that Burgess farm!" These were the first words he said to me. "Two other people have been to see Uncle Bill. But they didn't have the nine hundred dollars to pay down. He wants seventeen hundred for the farm. He's finally decided to retire."

I got in the same car and went back to Greenup. Pa and I climbed the path up the steep hill and ran down the other side over the paths to home.

We tried to reach Uncle Bill's place before dark. But darkness hovered over the earth and stars were in the sky when we reached the Burgess home. When we called to him he was in bed, and he told us to return Sunday morning.

Sunday morning bright and early we were there. When Uncle Bill wanted me to pay him nine hundred dollars down, to pay two hundred dollars a year, to let him have all the loose lumber there was on the place and to pay the last year's taxes, I agreed. We made a little contract right there, and I paid him something down to hold the place until Monday when we agreed to meet in Greenup to arrange all transactions.

On Monday, I left McKell High School long enough to go to Greenup. I drew my nine hundred dollars from the bank. I made the down payment on the farm. Now I had possession of land over which was the only possible way to build a road to my home. Pa was already working on the road that Monday morning while I was making the transactions. He was tearing out fences. He had already hired four men to help him. They were cutting trees to build bridges. They had eight to build. But we knew now that the great embarrassment had ended. We had bought our way out! Hurrah! That's the way we felt.

"You've bought the land," pa said. "And I'll build the road."

He was as good as his word. Before my school year was ended in May, he had finished the road. This road might have seemed a little rough to the first who drove to our home. After doing without a road for sixteen years, we appreciated our little, narrow, winding road, and bridges made of split half-logs. It wasn't a rough road to us. This was road number one. It was the greatest road in America. THE END

You be the Judge

By FLORENCE K. PALMER

Torchie, an arson expert, was tried for the murder of a woman trapped in a blaze he was accused of setting. The jury found him guilty in the second degree, involving a jail sentence. Playing with legal fire now, Torchie appealed and won a new trial. This time the verdict was guilty of first-degree murder, making a death sentence mandatory. Torchie rushed to the Supreme Court of the United States.

"The Constitution says a man can't be tried twice for the same offense, so they had no right to try me again even if I asked for it," Torchie protested through counsel.

"By appealing, Torchie waived whatever immunity he might have had," the prosecutor countered. "Moreover, the retrial was just an extension of the original one and not a matter of double jeopardy as he claims."

If you were the judge, would you uphold Torchie's second conviction?

... ...

No. The court held that the first conviction, later reversed, barred any further prosecution on the charge. The court commented: "The state seeks no convictions except in legal ways, and because it does not, it affords means of review of erroneous rulings and judgments."

Based upon a 1957 U. S. Supreme Court decision.

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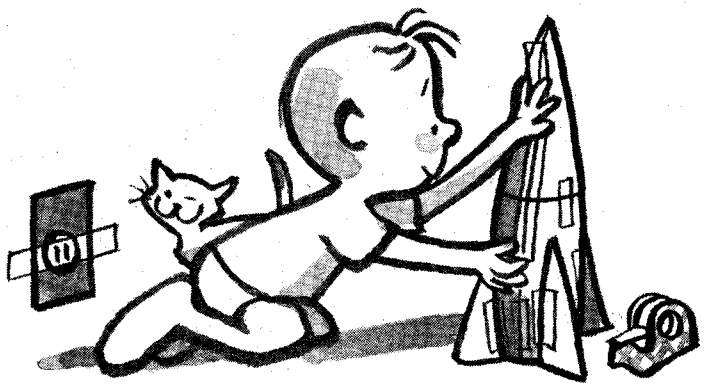

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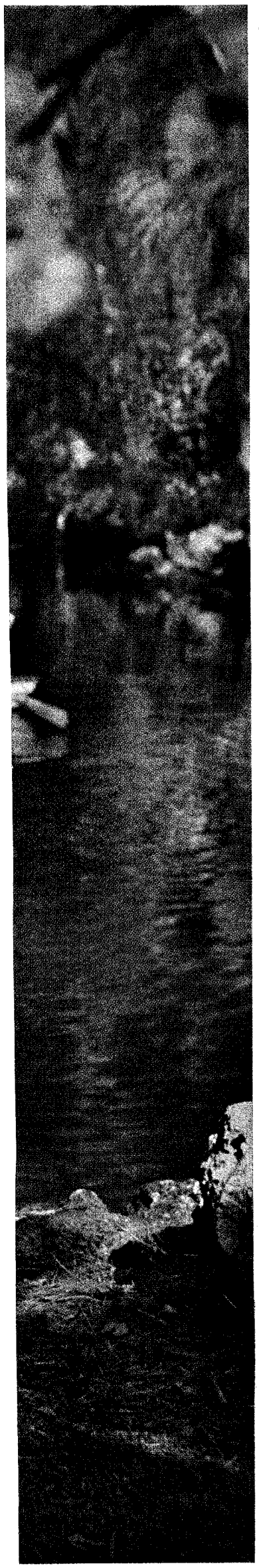

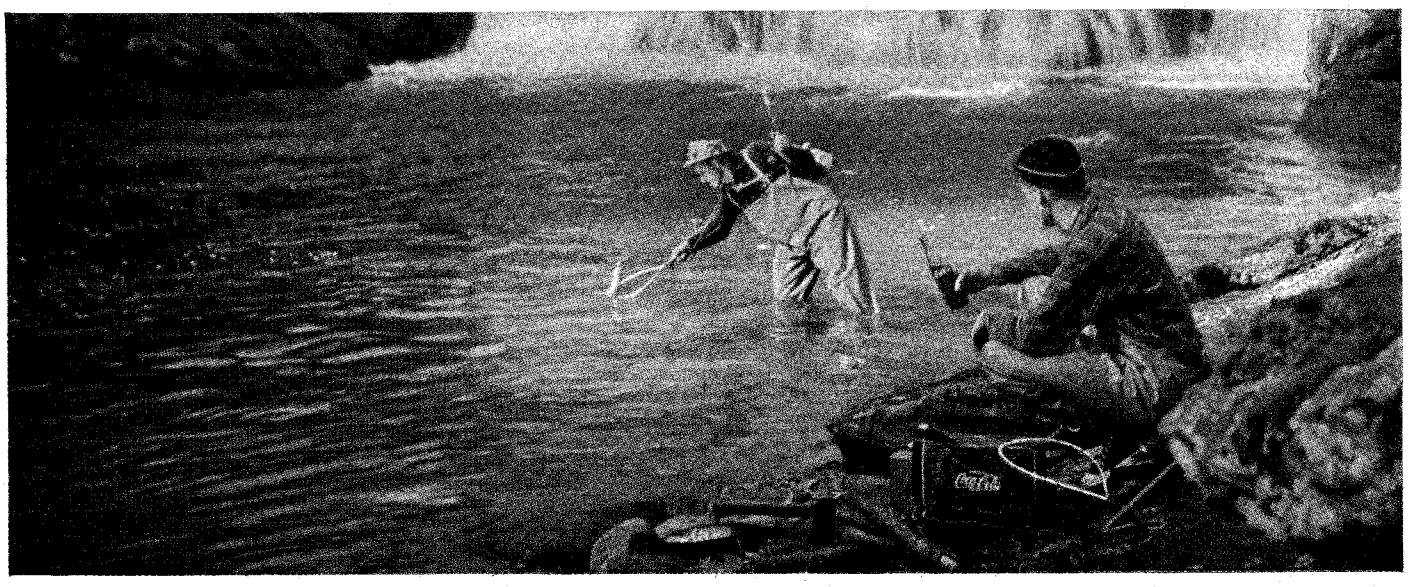

America Pauses for SPRINGTIME

Blue sky above . . . tender young love . . .
Trout fly rod . . . spade of sod . . .
Gay Easter hat . . . a man at bat . . .
Refreshing thing . . . this pause for Spring!

And just as refreshing as Springtime itself
. . . is that welcome Pause for Coca-Cola.
The Pause you can enjoy the entire year.
For Coke . . . with that lively lift . . .
that cold crisp taste . . .
makes any pause anywhere . . .

See "America Pauses for Springtime" on CBS-TV March 30, 7:30-8:30 P.M. E.S.T.

The Pause that Refreshes

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Comanche Captives (Continued from Page 45)

children would have to feed her and take care of her every need.

McCabe failed to return on the tenth day, and Jim Gary began to worry, not about McCabe, but about the people in the camp. They were an impatient, restless lot. Gary tried to reason with them, to explain that this would take time, perhaps many months, but they did not believe him, for it was something they did not want to hear. Several offered ultimatums; if McCabe did not return in five more days, they would go into the Comanche country themselves.

He had to take a stand, and he did not want to, for this gave them something solid to buck, something to vent their disappointment and anxieties against. The Twokerry boy, Ralph, was the one Jim Gary watched, for Twokerry was the pusher, and Ralph had just enough of the old man's antagonism in him to be the first to try to override authority.

McCabe still did not return, and time was running thin for Jim Gary; he knew this when Ralph Twokerry selected the best of the horses from their small stock, packed his bedroll and prepared to leave camp. Everyone else seemed content to stand by and see how this would go, and Gary dared not fail, for if Twokerry got out of camp, they would all go, trampling him in the process.

Twokerry turned this into a game, bringing his horse to the edge of the camp and picketing him there; he intended to wait for the hour, the exact moment of his father's deadline, then to leave whether Gary liked it or not. And Gary studied Ralph Twokerry, trying to decide how best to handle him. Twokerry was young, in his early twenties, and the bigness of the land seemed to open the tap to his native wildness.

Five o'clock; that was about the time. Jim Gary left his own camp and walked over to where Twokerry stood by his horse. People began to gather, standing silently to watch.

Twenty yards separated the men when Jim Gary spoke. "Take your horse back, Twokerry. You're not leaving."

"Yes I am." He reached down and yanked the picket pin. "All you Army men know is to hurry up and wait. My pa told you, Gary. We're through waiting."

"You know I have to stop you," Gary said flatly. "Twokerry, if I let you go, how could I hold the rest?"

Twokerry shrugged and put his hand on the butt of his pistol. "Kind of looks like that's your worry, soldier boy." He grinned. "And a lot depends on how far you're prepared to go to stop me."

"I thought I'd wait to see how hard you wanted to leave."

"Pa said to go," Twokerry said, "and I'm going." He drew his revolver and cocked it. "Now, step aside, soldier boy."

This was, Gary decided, no different from the time that drunken corporal had thrown down on him at Fort Laramie; he flipped to one side and hit the ground rolling. Twokerry's bullet nipped into the dirt inches from his face, then Gary had the flap of his holster unbuttoned and was jerking his own gun free.

He shot to wing Twokerry, but the man had crouched down and fired again, and Gary's bullet took him flush in the breastbone, knocking him flat; Twokerry lay there, kicking, gagging, staring with his eyes all white as though they were inverted in the sockets. With a cry, his father rushed toward him and flung himself down and lifted his son. Then suddenly he dropped the boy and snatched up the forty-four; he aimed it at Jim Gary and fired, but Gary rolled twice, came up with his elbows braced, both hands steadying the gun, and broke Clyde Twokerry's shoulder with one shot.

The echo of the shots dwindled to a flat, breathless silence; Gary was surrounded by a sea of shocked faces; they had not believed this could happen, could still not believe it; this was a hard, uncompromising discipline, the Army kind, unapproachable, beyond argument.

Slowly Gary got to his feet and reholstered his pistol. He stood up and faced them. "Go back to your wagons. Germaine, you give Twokerry a hand. Get that bullet out of him if you can." He singled out two more men. "Put Ralph in a blanket. We'll bury him after supper."

The man gave him a hard-eyed stare. "I expect you'll read over him; you killed him."

"I will," Gary said. "Now you listen, you people. McCabe said to stay at the creek until he came back. So you'll stay. The Army is doing all it can to see that your kin are recovered. I'll go by Army orders."

"You didn't need to kill him," one woman said. "Ain't there been enough death and heartache among us?"

"The decision was mine," Gary said. "I was the one he shot at."

He turned then to leave them, to be alone with the sickness he felt rising, but this was not to be; his path was blocked by Jane Donovan, her father and brother.

"I wish he hadn't pulled his gun," Gary said. "The last thing I wanted to do was to shoot anyone."

"A bitter thing," Sean Donovan said, "that a man should have to die because he was a little foolish."

Gary pushed past him and walked on; then he realized that Jane was trotting to keep up. When they were out of earshot, she said, "I'm sorry for you, Jim. Sorry you didn't handle it differently."

He stopped and faced her. "How would you have done it?"

"I don't know, but there must have been another way. I'm sure you know that and are wondering why you didn't try it." She took off her bonnet and shook out her hair; it fell past her shoulders in waves that caught the light. "Do you mind if I talk, Jim?" He shook his head. "I don't think Twokerry or his boy ever dreamed that there'd be shooting over this. Back home, where all of us come from, we're not really punished for our mistakes, and I don't think we develop a proper respect for the severity of consequences. Poor Twokerry. The tragedy of it all was that he never knew what he was doing when he told Ralph to go. Jim, what's going to happen to us? How many of us are going to die out here?"

"I don't know, Jane. Some. Some always do." He found a cigar and lit it with hands that trembled slightly. "Since I've been on the frontier, I've seen a lot of movers. Jane, I've worked hard to keep them alive! I've talked and begged and advised and threatened, and it hasn't done much good. They've gone on and made their mistakes and died because of them." His voice contained bitterness and a genuine regret. "I've tried all my life to do what was right. McCabe says I'm a do-gooder, and maybe he's right. You know what would have happened to Ralph Twokerry if he'd left camp and gone into Iron Hand's country? They'd have caught him and killed him. So I've got to stop him. Kill him to stop him. Sure, I'm a do-gooder, and I end up doing no good at all. The harder I try, the less I accomplish." He took a long pull on his cigar. "I'd like to be like Guthrie McCabe—hard, not caring about anything. He's the last man you'd expect anything from, yet he's done more good for Texas than any man I know."

"Don't be like McCabe," she said. "Don't be hurt and lonely and afraid. Be warm, Jim—warm enough to care and cry a little, and to keep on trying."

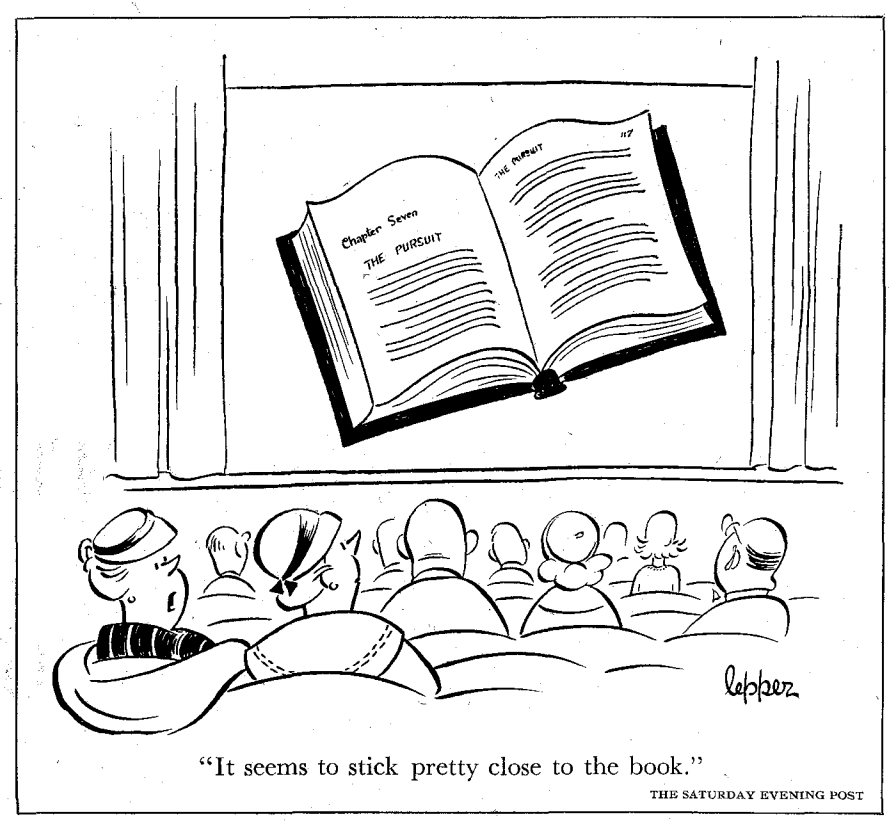
"Thanks," he said. "I guess I can't do anything else, can I?"

She drew his attention onto the flats by pointing. "Who's that out there? . . . No, a little south and east. There! Is that McCabe?"

"I wish I had my binocular," he said. They stood there in silence for ten minutes; then Gary said, "It is McCabe. Come on, we'll go and meet him."

They walked for nearly a mile, then waited. Guthrie McCabe was a man bearing the mark of many miles traveled; his beard was heavy, and dust lay in the creases of his clothes.

Dismounting, he said, "Did you kill that fellow, Jim?" He laughed when Gary's mouth dropped open. "Oh, I saw it all through my field glasses. Came as a surprise, because I didn't think you had the sand to stand up to another man's gun."



"It seems to stick pretty close to the book."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"You don't approve?"

"Can't say as I do," McCabe admitted. "I'd have let him go."

"And let the Comanches get him?"

McCabe shrugged. "It's what he wanted, wasn't it? Then there was the off chance that he'd have smarted up a little and learned how to live cold, to do his traveling at night and not leave a trace of where he'd been." He shook his head sadly, like a father trying to push the lessons of life through his offspring's thick skull. "Jim, when you ever going to learn to let a man do what he wants to do? That fellow would have run up against his stone wall. Every man does sooner or later."

"You ever hit yours?" Jane asked.

He looked at her, then smiled. "Girl, you've got your heart set on picking on me, haven't you? Do I fascinate you or something that you've got to keep prying and poking?" He looked at Gary then. "I suppose shooting was best. Leastways you won't have anyone bucking you; they'll be too scared to try."

"You took your own good time out there," Gary said. "The Army paying you by the hour or something?"

"A lot of country to cover," McCabe said. "And then, Sutro's horses have been swapped, strayed and stolen three or four times." He arched his back to remove a kink; several small bones popped. "Iron Hand and I had a long talk. He's going to try to get the horses back, and I'm to take in a load of trinkets. I gave him my word that this was as far as the movers would come, and he seemed satisfied."

"The devil with Sutro's horses," Gary snapped. "Did you see anyone in the camps who was white?"

"Oh, a few. Maybe four." He scratched his whiskers. "There was a boy in Lame Bear's camp. Somewhere near fourteen, I'd judge, but it's hard to tell. Then east of there, a day's ride, I saw this girl, eleven or twelve. Pretty yellow hair and gray eyes and wild as a deer. Be hell to bring her back."

"We'll start back in the morning," Jim Gary said.

"Whoa, now! I'll go, but you stay here."

"We both go," Gary said flatly. "McCabe, I won't argue about it. I can leave Wringle in charge here. But this is a two-man job and you know it."

"I like to work alone," McCabe said. "Another man always complicates something that's basically simple."

"Not this time. It's settled."

"All right," McCabe said. "But get it straight, Jim. If you get into a tight one, don't expect me to pull you out."

"Don't waste your worry. I know where we stand and so do you."

McCabe pursed his lips. "Then be ready to leave before dawn." He started to step into the saddle, then paused. "Let me have that list of missing kin you've got."

"It's in my dispatch case. What do you want it for?"

"Why, I've got to do some matching up, don't I? And when I do, then it'll be time to talk about money."

"Just what do you mean?" Jane asked.

"Mean? What do you think I mean? How much money has your old man got with him?"

"About nine hundred dollars," she said. "If it's any of your business."

"Well, if I find a young man that fits your brother's description, you're going to find out that nine hundred is my fee for bringing him out alive and unharmed." He eased into the saddle and rode on toward the camp, and Jane Donovan turned to follow him with her eyes.

Without taking her attention off Guthrie McCabe, she said, "Jim, you made a mistake today. You shot the wrong man." (*Continued on Page 65*)

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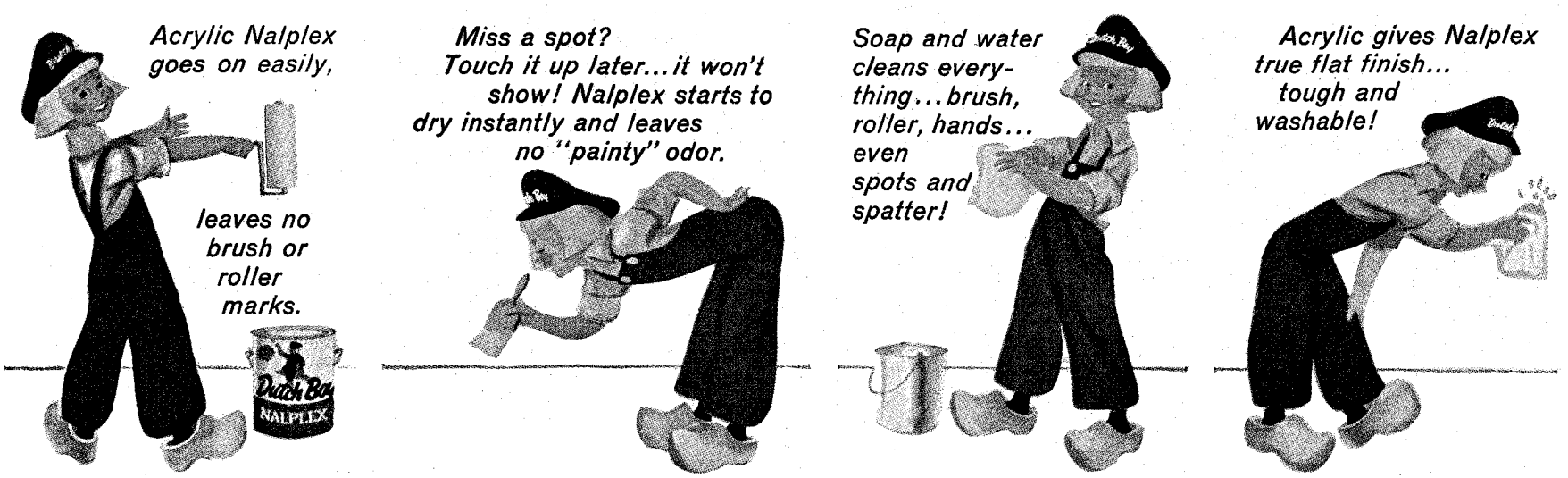
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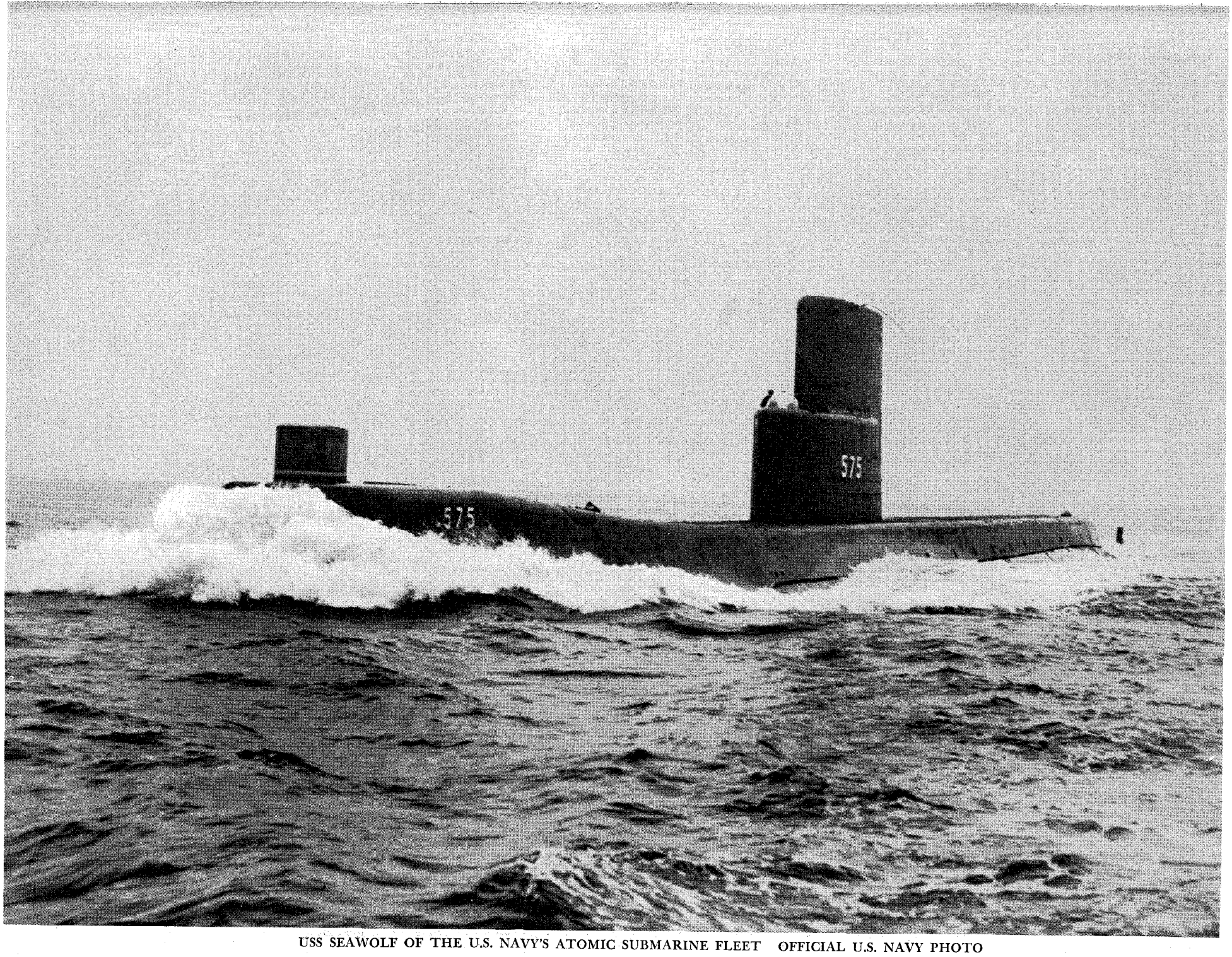

USS SEAWOLF OF THE U.S. NAVY'S ATOMIC SUBMARINE FLEET OFFICIAL U.S. NAVY PHOTO

the amazing story of . . .

The Lady and the Submarine

By ADELE ADDISON

You may wonder how a young housewife could possibly play a key role in bringing about a significant experiment in the Atomic Submarine fleet of the United States Navy. It *is* true, though, and only re-emphasizes the profoundness of the famous slogan "Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman!"

Officers and men of the new Atom-Powered Submarines face many problems on duty. One of these problems is getting enough exercise. At first glance, this might seem trivial. On the contrary, Navy Medical Scientists are definitely concerned. Men must maintain good eating habits to keep energy and stamina at a peak, yet, cannot, because of cramped quarters, get proper exercise. Waistlines can get out of proportion and "fighting trim" physiques may give way to unsightly . . . unhealthy bulges!

Advertisement

The young wife of a USS Seawolf crewman owned a Relax-A-cizor. She'd had wonderful success in helping keep her own figure trim and youthful looking. One day she asked her husband — if Relax-A-cizor got such fast results with a "landlubber," why wouldn't it work at the bottom of the sea? The husband agreed this was a good question and he passed it on to the Navy medical authorities. This is how Relax-A-cizor went to sea.

Experiments were conducted during the Seawolf's early cruises with standard Relax-A-cizor units. Surprising results were obtained, but two things were wrong. Men preferred smaller units that could be permanently installed near their bunks . . . and Relax-A-cizor's beautiful case didn't quite match the decor of the Seawolf. Relax-A-cizor engineers solved these problems in a week! They built tiny Relax-A-cizors to conform to Navy space requirements and "unfeminized" them with an approved paint job.

During the USS Seawolf's record-smashing undersea voyage when she cruised submerged for over two months, Relax-A-cizor underwent experiment to test its effectiveness in producing an exercise response. Thirteen men, appropriately dubbed the Seawolf "Charm Club" used Relax-A-cizors 30 minutes a day for six days each week during the voyage.

Results of the experiment conducted aboard the USS Seawolf August 7th to October 8th, 1958:

Did the Relax-A-cizor have any physiological effect on the members of the crew?

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"Among the test users the average loss of waist measurement was one and one half inches."

What was the maximum physiological effect?

"One crew member lost four inches."

What indication was there that Relax-A-cizor actually compared with physical exercise?

"During and after use, blood pressure and pulse rates were tested and the conclusion was that the electronic stimulation was similar to that actually derived from physical exercise. Comparable to a brisk walk. Of those who used the Relax-A-cizor aboard the Seawolf, one gained weight but still lost inches."

Were there any additional benefits experienced?

"Fifty per cent of the users were able to go to sleep easier. They seemed better able to throw off the natural tensions of duty and relax quicker. 100% of the users found the Relax-A-cizor beneficial and expressed the desire to keep the units aboard."

If unsightly and bothersome bulges detract from your figure, why not follow the lead of the young Navy wife who started this story. More than 300,000 women and men all over the world have found Relax-A-cizor FASTER and MORE EFFECTIVE for trimming inches off bulging waists, hips and abdomen.

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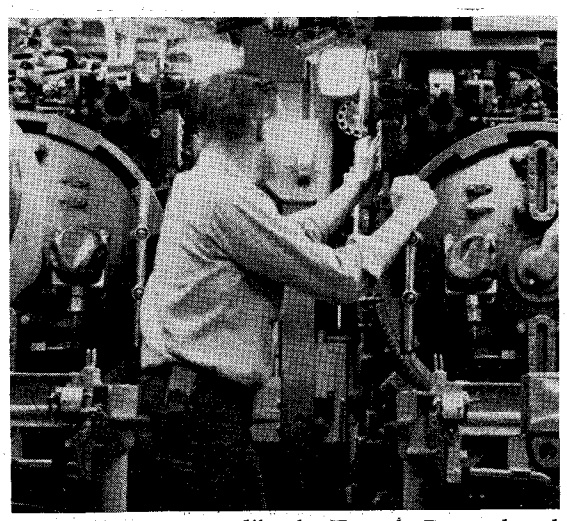

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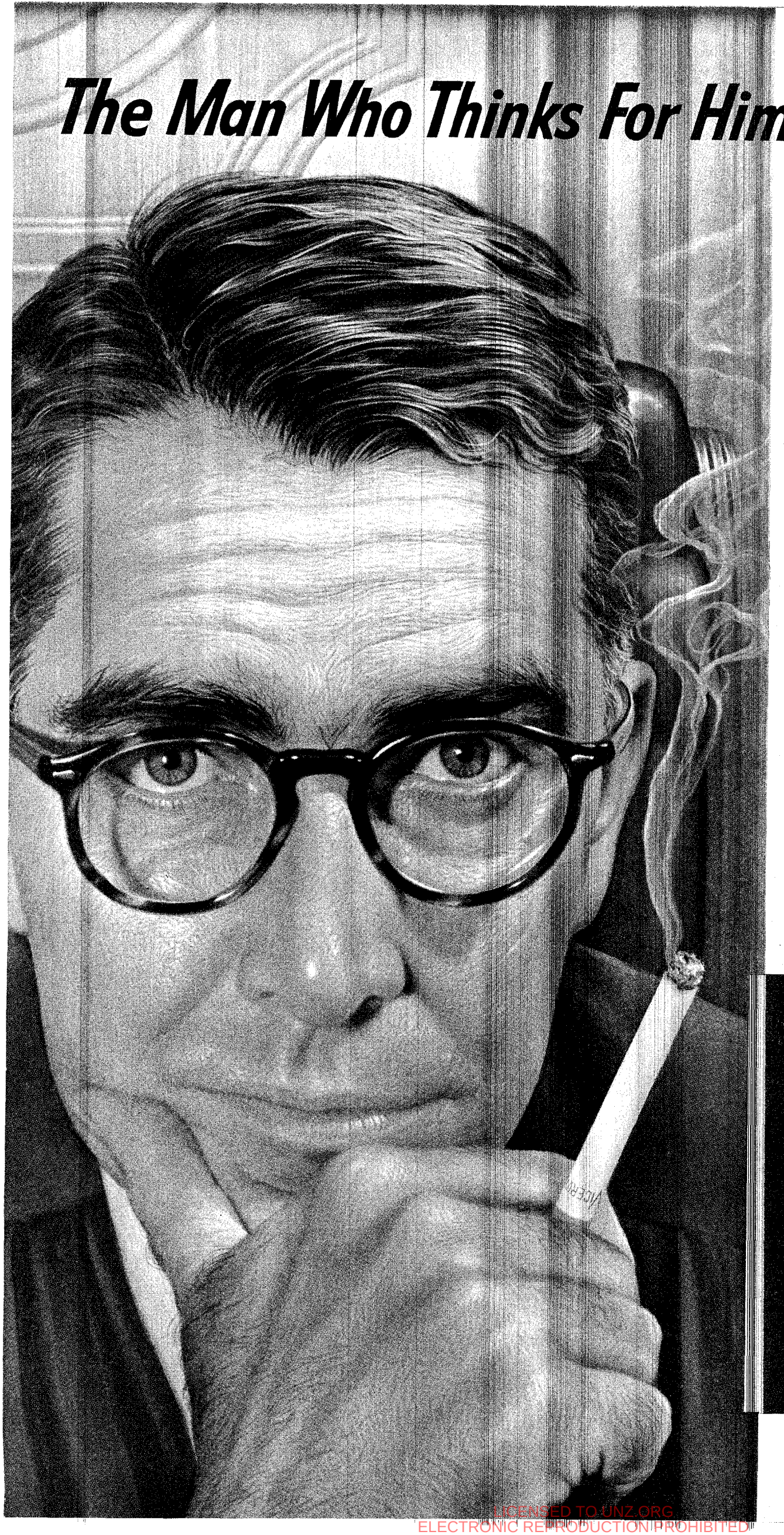

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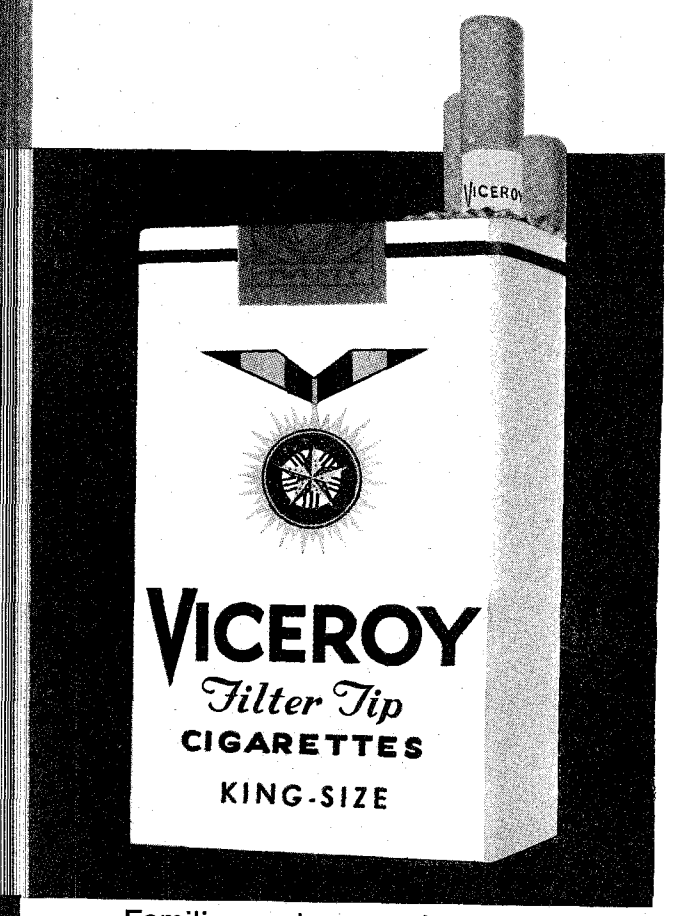

Familiar pack or crush-proof box.

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(*Continued from Page 60*) Jim Gary was not present when Guthrie McCabe held council; he knew that he could not stand idle while McCabe stated his price, yet by staying away he endorsed the man's methods, which was worse. Jim Gary understood now that sooner or later he would have to stop McCabe.

Jane Donovan attended the meeting, or a part of it. Then she came over to Jim Gary's fire and sat down. She thumped the coffeepot to see how much was in it and helped herself.

"What's the matter?" Gary asked. "The meeting isn't over yet, is it?"

She shook her head. "I couldn't stand to look at Mrs. McCandless when he told about the girl he found. They had to carry her back to their wagon."

"You're going to see a lot of that. High hopes, then dropped and broken." He looked at her. "What was McCabe's price for bringing her back?"

Jane Donovan frowned. "The McCandless family is poor, Jim. They don't have a hundred dollars all told." She set the coffee cup aside. "Jim, you're a good man. Can't you help?"

"How?"

"You're going with McCabe. You bring her back." She reached out and took his wrist. "Jim, do you want her to live out the rest of her life with vacant eyes and a mind that understands nothing? If she could see the girl, maybe it would help her. Isn't it worth a try?"

"Yes," Gary said. "But as I recall, the McCandless girl had brown hair, and this girl is blond and ——"

"Jim, does it really matter?"

He frowned deeply. "Jane, it's my job, the Army's job, to see that all captives are returned to their rightful parents. Suppose I went along with this. Just what have I accomplished? It's like digging a hole to get the dirt to fill another hole."

"Will you talk to McCandless?"

"No, I don't want to talk to him. What could McCandless say to me? What could he say that I don't already know?"

"You could listen and find out." She got up and stood there, looking down at him, and when he could stand it no longer he sighed and got up also.

"I'm a fool," he said and circled the camp with her to where Jake McCandless had his wagon parked. He had three walls and part of a fireplace constructed, but he seemed uninterested in building; his manner was almost listless.

He sat on the dropped wagon tongue, and they approached his fire and stopped before he looked up, and then he moved his head slowly. "I'd offer you something," McCandless said, "but we've got nothing." He was a small man, thin in the shoulders and chest, and his skin was as coarse as grained leather.

"This is Lieutenant Gary," Jane said.

"Know him by sight," McCandless said. Then, in half apology, he added, "Got little more than a howdy for anybody these days. I've run out of talk. Run out of everything, I guess. Feel like sittin' and not gettin' up. What's the use?"

"How's Mrs. McCandless?" Jane asked.

"Same's always. She don't change much; she's either starin' or yellin'. Faints when she gets excited." He shook his head. "I'm used to it. Had ten years of it. Every time she sees a girl about Esther's age, she starts bawlin' and kickin' up a fuss. Three years ago she jumped out of the moving wagon and broke a leg." He patted his shirt pockets. "You got any tobacco, lieutenant?"

"A cigar." He handed it to McCandless, who bit off an inch of it and chewed it. "Mr. McCandless, wouldn't it have been better if you'd stayed home? I mean, your wife can't stand much shock."

"Oh, she's tough enough, I guess. But I saw no harm in comin' back. What could I lose, with her light in the head as it is? I guess she ain't ever goin' to get better. Be a blessin' if she died. Somehow, though, I kept thinkin' that maybe there'd be one left over, a little girl, I mean. Not one that really belonged to anyone, but one that was left over, one no one else wanted. She ain't ever goin' to know what's real and what ain't, and if I can give her comfort in a lie, then I guess God won't kick me out of heaven for it."

"Did you talk to McCabe?"

"No use," McCandless said. "That boy he saw could be Wringle's young one. I guess Wringle will come first. Most of the others, too, but it don't matter. I've spent my life waitin' on another man's pleasure. And time don't mean anythin' to my woman, lieutenant. However, it'd please me if I could get her to look at me and know me just once before she died."

"I'll talk to McCabe," Gary said. "That's all I can promise."

"Promise?" McCandless seemed puzzled. "Son, I don't ask a man to promise anything. And talkin' to McCabe won't do any good. The McCabes in this world don't listen to men like me because I've got nothing to say worth listenin' to." He shook his head and spat tobacco juice. "I got to wait and if some sunshine comes my way, then I'll stand in it until a McCabe pushes me out. Fightin' don't do any good. Resentin' it don't help either." He shook his finger at Gary. "Just one that someone's thrown away, that's all. Keep that in mind, and if she's half Injun, my wife'll never know the difference."

"Let's go," Gary said and turned away.

Jane Donovan said nothing for a time; she walked with her arm in his. "There's nothing left in him, Jim. It kind of twists you inside when you see it, don't it? I mean, he'll be happy with the slops and swill of life. The part that gets you is when he thanks you for that."

"Jane, what am I supposed to do? I'm in the Army. I've got to go by the book. There's no room for me to interpret the rules."

"No, I suppose there isn't. But you will talk to McCabe, won't you?"

"Yes. I'll beg him if I have to." He laughed without humor. "That'll amuse McCabe. He likes to rub a man's nose in his weaknesses, but right now that doesn't seem important. The trouble is, I'm afraid of McCabe, in a way. I guess all men are a little afraid of each other."

Someone ran past them, stopped and came back. "Lieutenant? I've been looking for you. Mr. McCabe is saddling his horse. I think he's going to leave the camp, sir."

"Thanks," Gary said. He touched Jane Donovan on the arm. "Go back to your fire. I'll see you later." He turned then and cut across the camp, casting quick glances at every fire, searching for Guthrie McCabe. He found him on the picket line, selecting a fresh horse.

Gary stopped. "Where do you think you're going?"

"Back to Tascosa." McCabe did not bother to look around when he spoke.

"What about this?"

"It'll keep," McCabe said, "but my business won't." He pulled the cinch tight, dropped the stirrup, then turned to Gary. "Don't get grumpy with me, Jim. I'll be back in a week or ten days." He waved his hand toward the grove. "You think time's going to mean much to them? Now step aside so I can mount."

Jim Gary did not move. "This business here is more important than any you could have."

"What the hell do you know about my business?" He laughed. "I made a date with a lady, and I just about have time enough to get back and keep it."

"Anson Miles' wife?"

Guthrie McCabe stared for a moment, then shrugged. "I guess you see more than I gave you credit for. But fortunately Anson is not so bright." He put a foot in the stirrup and reached for the saddle horn. "Ten days, Jim. You can wait that long."

Because he was confident, McCabe made a mistake; he ignored Jim Gary, who quickly unflapped his holster, whipped out his long-barreled pistol and whacked McCabe over the head with it. The big man sagged to the ground and the horse shied, stepping away from him.

"Reese! Cassidy!"

The two men appeared on the heels of Gary's shout; they saw McCabe and stared at him.

"What happened here?" Cassidy asked.

"Never mind. Get him across that horse and tie him there. Reese, have my horse saddled and a pack horse loaded with trade goods. McCabe and I are leaving right away."

"Ain't you going to wait until he comes to?" Cassidy asked.

"I said now." He started off, then stopped. "Tie him good."

Gary ran to his own fire, and from his bedroll he took a pair of elkhide shotgun breeches, an extra blanket and his rifle. Jane Donovan saw him and came over. "Where are you going? Did McCabe leave?"

"We're both leaving. I hit him on the head. When he wakes up, we'll be miles from here."

She was more worried than displeased. "Jim, was that the right thing to do?"

"How do I know?" he snapped. "When I try to do right it turns out wrong. Anyway, I felt like belting him, so I did." He gathered his gear to leave, then turned to look at her. "Jane, you're a darned pretty woman, and I never seem to get around to telling you that. Trouble is, I'm always in a hurry. Wish I had more time."

"Take time."

"Invite me when I come back."

Her smile was faint, but it made her eyes bright. "I might do that."

"Just so you don't forget," he said and, freeing one hand, pulled her against him and kissed her. When he released her she stood close to him, not touching him, but very close, and the strong scent of soap rose from her hair and he could almost feel her body warmth.

"Jane!"

They both turned and found Liam Donovan standing ten feet away; he seemed outraged by what he had seen.

"I'll be back," Gary said as he gathered up his gear and walked away, passing Liam Donovan by a few feet.

Donovan reached out, hooked Gary's arm, meaning to spin him around. "Mister, you don't learn."

Gary came around, rifle barrel lifted, and Donovan's pull brought it solidly against the side of Donovan's own head. The blow knocked him off his feet, and he sat on the ground, rubbing the side of his head.

"What the devil did you do that for?"

"Because I haven't got the time to fool with you," Gary said and ran toward the picket line. Cassidy was there with the horses; the pack horse was tied by a lead rope, as was McCabe's horse. Gary stepped into the saddle and slid the rifle into the boot.

"You're sure in a hurry," Cassidy said as Gary lashed his roll behind the saddle. "What'll I tell Wringle?"

"Tell him good-by," Gary said and left the camp.

An hour south the land began to change, opening up into gullies and rising into distant ridges. The brush was becoming more dense, and now and then a jack rabbit startled him by dashing across his trail. A breeze pushed dead brush along and lifted dirt into a swirl. Gary tipped his head back and studied the sky—dark, starless, a black cap for the world.

McCabe's groan stopped him, and he waited while McCabe was sick.

"Untie me," McCabe said.

"Can you behave yourself?"

"The cashier—to go."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"I'll beat your damned head off for this."

"Then you'd better stay tied." Gary nudged his horse into motion, knowing how painful this was for McCabe; a man is not designed to ride belly down on a saddle.

A hundred yards later, McCabe said, "All right, all right! Have it your way."

Gary dismounted and untied McCabe, who would have fallen to the ground had not Gary caught him. There was a welt on the side of McCabe's head, and before he could think to do anything about it, Gary lifted the pistol off him and kited it into the brush. This enraged McCabe.

"I paid fifty dollars for that!" The burst of temper pained him and he pressed both hands to his head. "Damn you, Gary, I'll square this with you."

"After we get back," Gary said flatly.

McCabe suddenly became aware of his surroundings; he whipped his head in four directions, then stared at Gary. "What is this anyway?"

"Army business first, Guthrie. You knew I came along to ride herd on you; you said so in Fort Elliott. All right, we're riding, and if I have to use the spurs, I will."

"You're not tough enough," McCabe said. He sat down, head pillowed in his hands. "My head's full of hammers." He sat that way for a moment, then looked up at Gary, who was a vague blackness surrounded by the inky night. "All right, you want to go into Comanche country, then we'll go. But I won't guarantee you'll get back."

"I didn't ask for any."

McCabe grunted, then pulled himself erect, using the stirrup for support. "Jim, it's a big country where a man can cash in almost any place. Don't expect anything from me." He grinned. "Why should I sweat to give you some lumps? I'll let you make your own mistakes."

"All right," Gary said. "Let's ride."

He started to move away, but McCabe took his arm. "What about my gun?"

"What about it?"

"Be tough to find it in the dark, that's what about it."

"You just lost your gun," Gary said and mounted. He sat there, waiting for McCabe to pull himself into the saddle. Finally he said, "Maybe I ought not to admit this, but it would suit me fine if you rode back to Miles' place and stayed there. I don't enjoy your company. But this is something I've got to do, Guthrie. I've got to be a sucker."

He turned then and rode on, staying now to the higher ground, following the ridges. There was no talk between them, no trust, and this filled Gary with misgiving.

They camped in a pocket, picketing the horses in some nearby brush, but Gary couldn't sleep; he lay in his blankets, shivering in the dawn chill, watching Guthrie McCabe, listening to him snore. He was afraid, and that was bad enough, but McCabe made it worse just by knowing he was afraid. Knowing and enjoying it.

Through the next day's travel, Guthrie McCabe did not speak once to Jim Gary, but every time Gary turned his head and looked at McCabe, the Texan smiled faintly, as though he enjoyed a private joke.

For his evening camp, Jim Gary chose Chino Creek, and without consulting McCabe, he built a small fire and put on the skillet to heat.

This brought McCabe out of his silence. "You want to call Comanches? It'd be easier to holler."

"I'm not trying to hide," Gary said. He mixed some flour and water, added a little starter, then cooked the wheat cakes. Pushing some sowbelly toward McCabe, he said, "You can slice that."

"No knife."

Gary gave him his. When the hotcakes were done, they folded them around the strips of sowbelly and ate while the coffee boiled in the frying pan. Finally Gary said, "Just when I think I'm beginning to understand you, you do something stupid, like wanting to ride back to Miles' place. Has she got her hook into you that bad, Guthrie?"

"Her?" He laughed. "Don't be a fool."

"Then why?"

McCabe shrugged. "She'll own the place one of these days. Just say that I'm covering all bets."

"I see," Gary said. "If Miles dies, the place is hers, providing she pays the back taxes. Being a friend, you'd loan her the money and move in. But if Miles doesn't die, you'll pay the taxes and claim the property, then move in."

"After I kicked her off," McCabe said. "Too bad you didn't know Miles in the old days, before the horse crippled him. He built the place as a monument to his money and importance, and his ignorance. He can't read or write, and he can hardly draw his name, but he wanted everyone to see the house and be so dazzled that they'd forget that just a stupid old man owned it. When I first came there, you couldn't cross Miles' land in a three-day ride. His first wife was alive then, but he was on the downslide, losing stock to rustlers, drought and dumb foolishness. I've seen him order a thousand dollars' worth of whisky for one party. Even when he spent his last borrowed dollar, Miles kept up the pretense. That's what I grew up around, Jim, a squandering old man who never appreciated the things he had. I read the books Miles showed off to his friends, the ones he pretended to read, and little by little, the place became more mine than his. I belonged there, not him, and he knew it and he hated me for it."

"What happened to the friendly little club we used to have?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"What happened to all the land? I understand that less than a thousand acres goes with the mansion."

"He claimed it by right of possession. Small ranchers, farmers—they all nibbled away at it until all he had left was the house, and that's buried in back taxes." He used the brim of his hat to wrap around the handle of the skillet, then he filled both tin cups. "The place belongs to me; I've felt that for years, almost from the time I first saw it. And I'll have it, Jim. It's everything I want."

"So you can light it up and fill the yard with carriages?" Gary shook his head. "McCabe, you've lost your mind." He held the cup between his palms and leaned forward. "You know what I think? I think you're the loneliest man in Texas. Your favorite song is that you never do anyone a favor, but I think that's a lie. You're always doing something for someone, but you're covering it up with a lot of selfish talk, like you were ashamed to be human. You know something, Guthrie? You like to have people owe you. It makes you feel real good to have people in your debt, even when they don't want to be. But don't count on that from me. With me, you've got to pay your way, and I don't mean to buy it, either."

"Jim, you're real mixed up about me."

"No, I've got it straight. Guthrie, the thing you want is a friend who likes you because you're Guthrie McCabe and nothing else. But you've been kicked too hard, by your pa, and by Miles, and now you think that no one would ever like you for yourself. That makes you afraid. You want to stick out your hand, but you're afraid one more man will snap at it." He got up then and threw the coffee into the fire, then scraped dirt over it until it was out. "Let's ride."

McCabe stared at him. "What's the hurry?" He continued to watch Gary. Then, after a moment, he got up and brushed off the seat of his pants. "All right, Jim, let's go then. I hate a man who likes to be the boss all the time."

Gary laughed. "You just can't stand to be told what to do, can you, Guthrie?" He felt pleased with himself, less fearful, for with this knowledge of McCabe's character came weapons, to turn his will, to make him angry.

"I've had enough," McCabe said and took a swing at Gary. There was only time to duck, and even this upset his balance so that he fell backward, with Guthrie McCabe launching himself to keep him from getting up. Gary was partially rolled out of the way when McCabe landed, and then Gary felt McCabe's hand fumbling at his holster, trying to unbutton the flap, to take possession of the pistol.

Gary hit him alongside the head with his elbow, then McCabe jerked away, the pistol in his hand. Quickly Gary grabbed for the frame and cylinder, locking it tightly, which prevented McCabe from cocking the piece and firing it. They came to their knees, both struggling for the gun, both tugging, resisting, trying to wrench the other free of it.

Somehow Gary managed to trip McCabe; when he fell, his grip on the pistol relaxed and then Gary stepped back, covering him. His breathing was ragged and he looked steadily at McCabe, who sat on the ground, braced against stiffened arms.

"You want this badly enough," Gary said, "I'll make you eat it, barrel first."

"Don't get sore," McCabe said. "A man's got a right to try."

He partially turned, then came erect with a rush, his hand stabbing for the gun as Gary pulled the trigger. To his surprise, the pistol failed to discharge; then McCabe cried out in sudden pain; he danced about, clutching his left hand, and strangely, the pistol dangled from it, flopping about as though it were invisibly fastened.

Gary grabbed him and held him, and McCabe quieted, but he was hurt.

"Get it off!"

He held up his hand and Gary saw then what had happened. By grabbing the gun, McCabe's hand had gone too far and the hammer had fallen on that web of flesh between the thumb and forefinger. The pointed firing pin had gone deep into the flesh, preventing the cartridge from being ignited. Cocking the gun again, Gary freed it from McCabe's hand and let the hammer down before dropping it into his holster.

The wound bled badly and McCabe clutched his wrist, his face chalk-white. "That hurts!"

"Let me look at it."

McCabe jerked away as Gary reached for his hand. "You get away from me! You've been nothing but trouble to me." He stripped off his neckerchief and bandaged the wound tightly. Pain was still biting him; it put a saw edge in his voice and a pinched look around his mouth. "Let's get out of here before you kill me."

He walked over to his horse and climbed into the saddle. Then he sat there, bent forward, head down, nursing his pain. Gary almost tried again to help him, then decided to let him alone; he packed his gear, tied it behind the saddle and mounted.

"You can lead on from here," he said. "This is as far south as I've ever been. We'll try Iron Hand's village first."

McCabe nodded and led out. He kept his shoulders rounded, and Gary studied him as they moved along. The wound was painful, he knew, but he could not help but wonder which pained worse, the wound, or the knowledge that he had been bested by a lesser man.

I was lucky, Gary told himself. *But maybe the next time I won't be.*

(*Continued on Page 70*)

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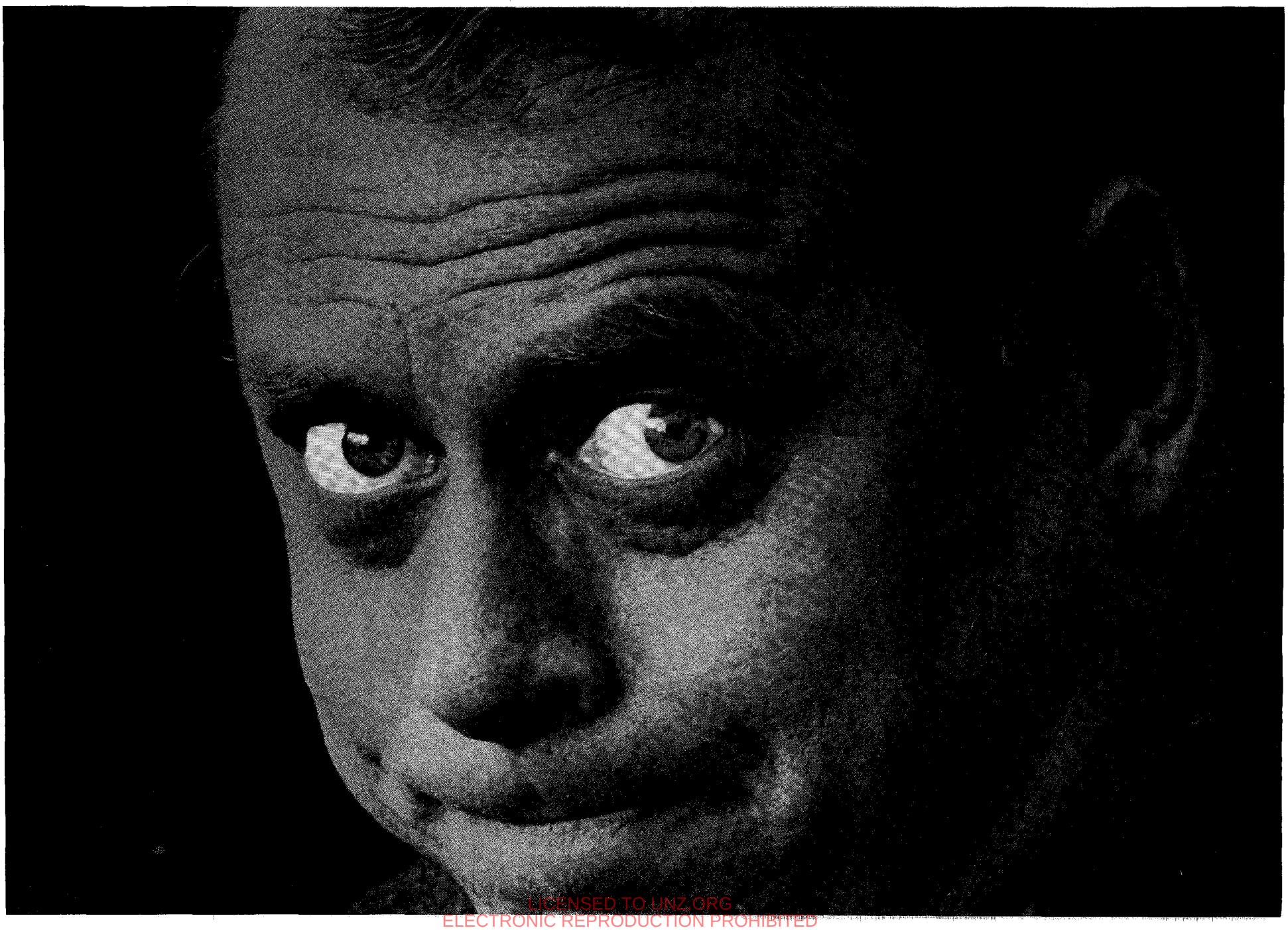

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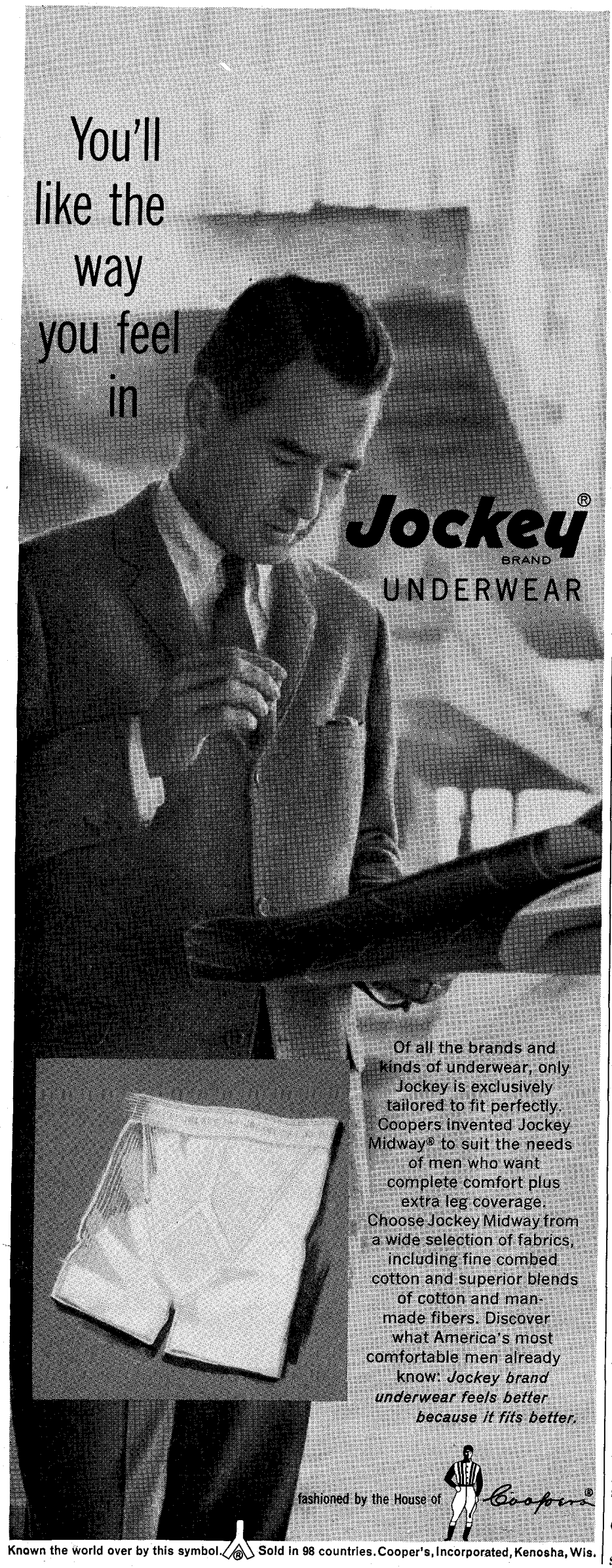
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(*Continued from Page 66*) Iron Hand's camp lay a half day beyond the dawn, and they sighted it when the sun was high. They made their approach in the clear and rode through the racing children and the dogs snapping at the horses' heels. Two hundred penny-colored faces stared at them as they moved between the stinking lodges toward the center of the village. Both men dismounted there, and Gary took picket pins from his saddlebag and tethered the three horses. Guthrie McCabe stood with his left hand tucked into the front of his shirt, turning his head now and then to watch the outer fringe of women and children. The bucks formed a ring around them, their expressions gravely neutral, neither savage nor friendly. War was too fresh a memory to allow them open trust of any white man, even Guthrie McCabe.

Jim Gary took off his pistol belt and hung it on the saddlehorn as a gesture of peace. Then Iron Hand came from his lodge, robed, beaded, poker-faced. One hand was hidden and he approached them, his copper face inscrutable.

Iron Hand spoke remarkably good English, and Gary recalled that he had once gone to an Indian school. "McCabe returns as he has said, but he brings a stranger here to my fire."

"He is a trader from the north," McCabe said.

Iron Hand thought about this for a moment. Then he saw that Gary was unarmed and decided it was all right. "What does McCabe and the trader seek?"

"A place by your fire," Gary said. "The hand of friendship."

"Will the trader accept my left hand of flesh, or the right which gives me my name and has no warmth?" He exposed his hand, which was a leather cuff laced high on the forearm. A bent piece of polished steel formed a hook.

"I will take the cold hand in peace," Gary said, "for it gives you the name, Iron Hand. That name is known where all men walk."

This flattery pleased the Comanche and he smiled through his eyes. "Come to my lodge," he said and turned away.

In a soft voice McCabe said, "You can talk like a horse thief when you want to, can't you?" They followed Iron Hand, who waved his hand, and a woman rushed forward with a bowl of food. The odor suggested dog meat, and a lot of other ingredients best not thought about, but Gary ate it and nodded in appreciation, which he felt not at all.

In Indian fashion, Iron Hand let time pass, and a lot of small talk, before he came to the main issue, the reason for their visit. "The winter will be severe, McCabe, and my people have not hunted well this year. The horses of Sutro have not been returned. Perhaps more gifts ——"

"We'll speak of that later," Gary said. "The third horse bears gifts."

He wondered if he would be impolite if he looked around the camp, then decided not to. Under the guise of looking for the horses they might be permitted to remain a few days; there would be plenty of time. Still he wondered how the subject could be switched from horse trading to slaves; perhaps McCabe had an answer; he seemed full of them.

Iron Hand was speaking. "I do not live alone on a mountaintop. The horses will be returned; then we can speak of trade." He paused. "If I could see the goods, I perhaps might find the horses sooner."

"Three men may unpack the horse," Gary said.

A signal from Iron Hand sent them scrambling, fighting to be the first to unlash the pack. McCabe gave Gary a disapproving glance, but dared not say anything. Watching the Indians—he had an excuse now—Gary noticed a tall young man who kicked and bit and cursed his way through the milling group. The young man was as brown as a nut, yet his hair was light, and when he turned his head, Gary saw that his eyes were gray. He judged his age to be fourteen, although it was difficult to tell when they grew up wild. Other than the hair and eyes, the white blood had been bred out of him, leaving him pure Comanche in thought and action.

Iron Hand seemed satisfied with the quality of the goods, and the talks resumed, mostly lies told by Iron Hand in an effort to convince them how honest he was, how he lived with honor and had never stolen a thing in his life. They sat through the speech, then listened to different braves swear to the lies; Gary let this run in one ear and out the other. This took all afternoon and much of the night, and Gary began to understand that nothing would be settled that night. He got his blankets off the horse and lay down by the fire and went to sleep.

The next day he wandered about the camp unmolested. Iron Hand had made an attempt to find the horses because the Comanche was smart enough to know that if he failed to produce them, the gifts would stop. Yet Iron Hand was an Indian, proud, vain, and he would never admit that any member of his village had taken the animals; he went through a long rigmarole to "find" the horses. Iron Hand claimed that the horses had been stolen by someone else and that members of his tribe were trading for them and that he would have to give many buffalo robes, but as a gift to the two white friends, he would hand them over. Still there was some hedge in Iron Hand's talk; he kept referring to the bad winter coming, and how valuable a horse would be, and the more he talked, the more convinced Jim Gary became that he was about to hit on something, like an easy way to switch the talk and the trading for white captives instead of Sutro's horses.

He wanted to talk this over with McCabe, but the man kept wandering off, clearly indicating his preference for being left alone. Gary wandered about, looking for the white boy and found him, with his coup stick and war-making implements; the Comanches always practiced war, even when they talked peace.

A direct question was impossible, so Gary passed out some cigars among the women and loosened a few tongues. He knew enough of the language to understand them. Yes, the boy was white. He had been taken quite young; the women could not remember when exactly, but the boy was the faithful son of Lame Bear and had counted coup against the white soldiers before he was ten.

This was, Gary assumed, Wringle's son. Now his job was to get him out of the Comanche camp as peacefully as possible. A trade might be in order, yet Gary did not feel in the least cheered by this. He had watched the boy and now wondered if he could lead such a wild animal back to his rightful parents. Then there was the matter of keeping him, teaching him those thousand subtle things a young man had to know to be even halfway acceptable to society.

Right then, at that moment, he saw that Guthrie McCabe was right; this whole business was a mistake. It should be left alone, a thing over and done with and best forgotten. But he knew it wouldn't be that way.

TO BE CONTINUED

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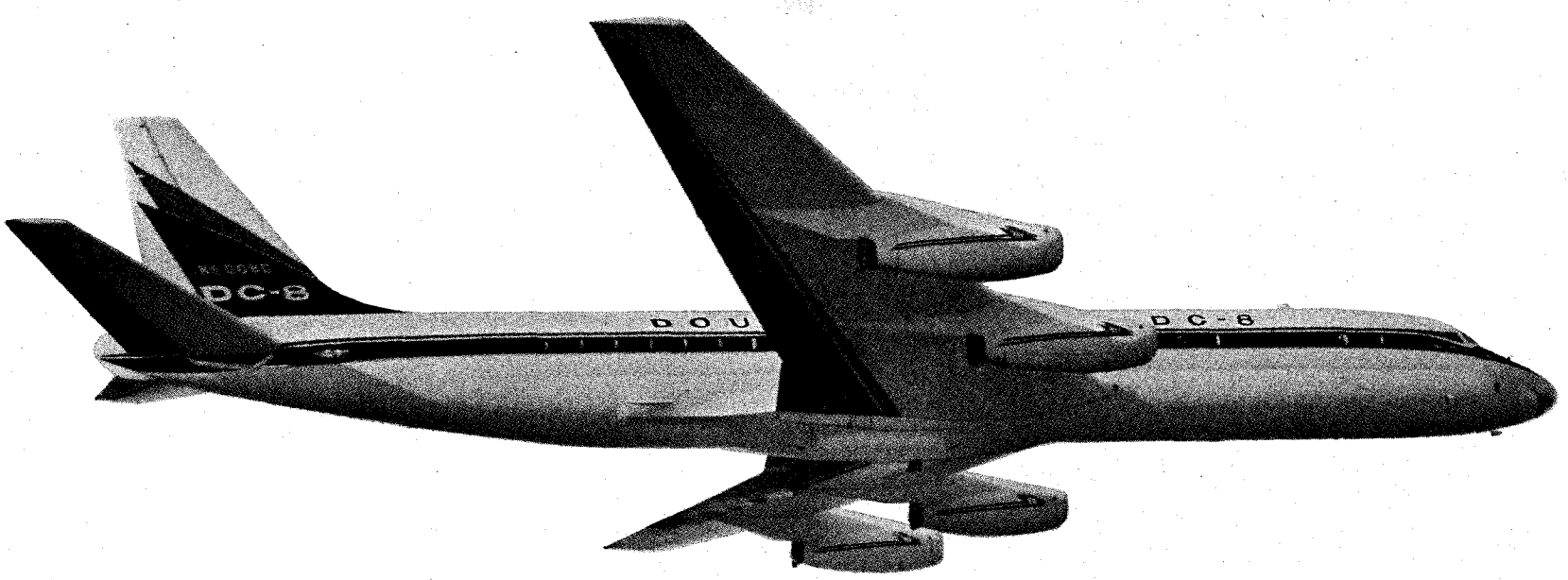

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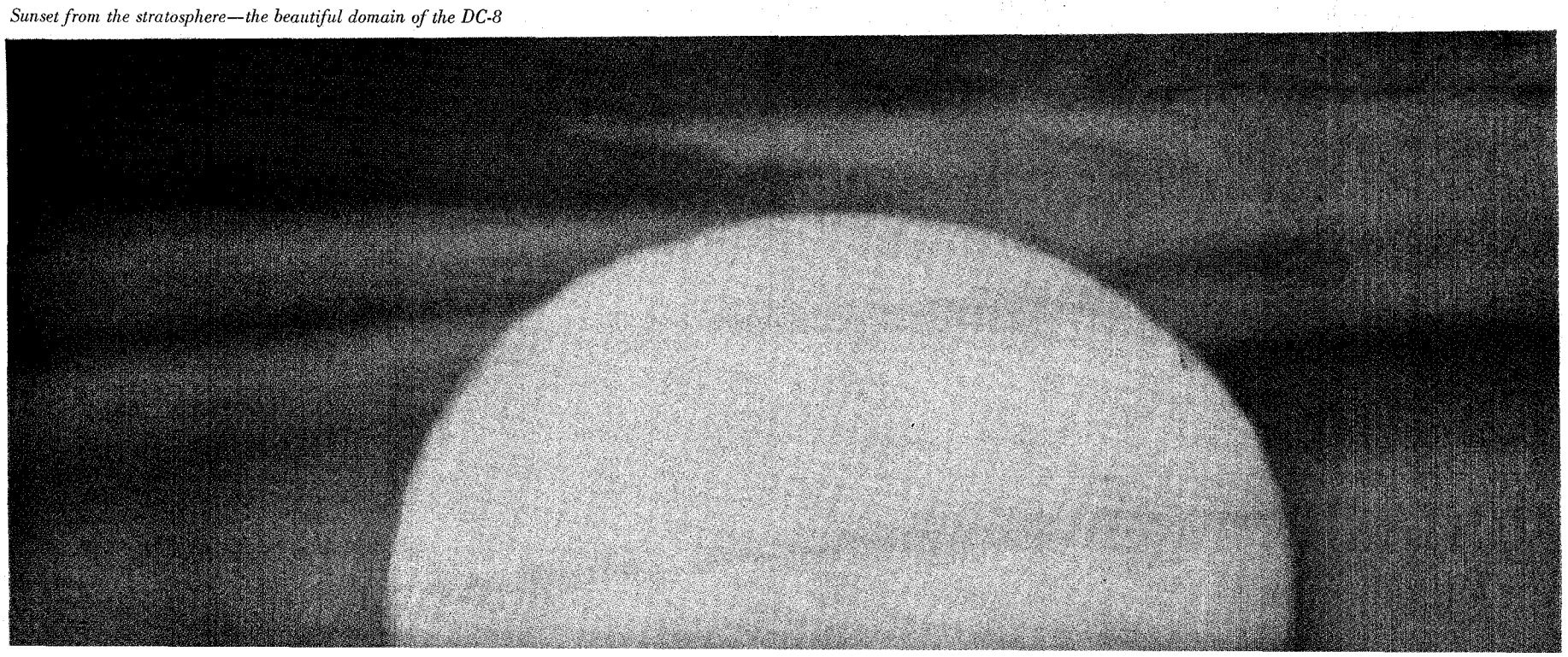

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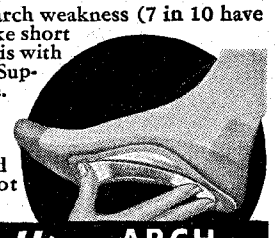

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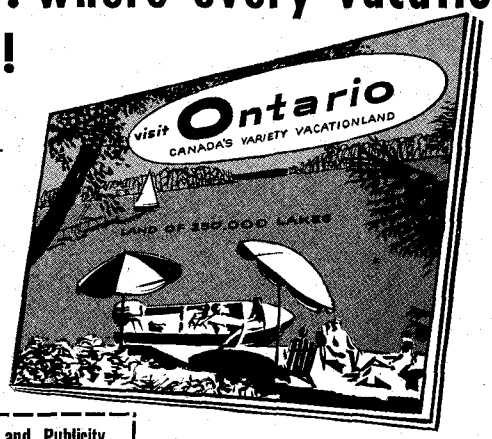

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D Day (Continued from Page 29)

the village and the fight was resumed. By dawn the village seemed to be surrounded. Müller's platoon had no radio. The platoon commander told the sergeant to try to get a patrol through to brigade headquarters and ask for orders. The sergeant picked Müller and a couple of younger men. Soon after dawn they stole out of the village. As they crept along beside a hedge they saw two American soldiers in a meadow.

One of the parachutists had a pinup girl painted on the back of his jacket, and the other had the words SEE YOU IN PARIS on the back of his. Müller, who could speak English, poked his rifle through the hedge and said, "Hullo." The Americans wheeled round. "Hands up," Müller said. He and the sergeant broke through the hedge and saw a third American, lying badly wounded.

"I'm sorry, but we must search you," Müller said.

"O.K., if you say so," the younger of the two Americans answered. "But don't take the picture of my girl."

"I take nothing but your weapons," Müller said.

The collection of stuff which he found in their pockets included chocolate, silk stockings and elegant lingerie. "What's this for?" he demanded.

"That's for the little girls in Paris," the prisoner said. "And the candy's for me. Have some? Say, how far is it to Paris, fella?"

"I don't know, I've never been there," Müller said and accepted the chocolate.

"Don't eat it," one of the young Germans shouted, "it might be poisoned!"

"What does he say?" the American asked. Müller told him.

The American laughed. "It's not poisoned," he said; and their eyes met, and Müller felt a bond of understanding with this self-confident young man. He ate the chocolate and turned his attention to the man who was lying wounded. He was badly hurt, and it was only a minute or two before he died.

The young American knelt beside the dead man and closed his eyes and crossed his arms on his chest. Then he began to say the Lord's Prayer. Müller and the other American joined in. The sergeant and the two young German soldiers, recognizing the rhythm of the words, took up the prayer in German, and the six men in their two languages prayed together, grouped around the man who had died.

Müller and his sergeant got their prisoners back to the village in the end and handed them over to their platoon commander. Müller himself was taken prisoner after a week of wandering, and so, long after D Day, he returned to his wife alive.

Suspended from one of the multitude of parachutes which Müller had seen descending was a farm boy from North Carolina, named James R. Blue. As the ground came up to him he got ready for the bump.

It was not a bump, it was a splash. Expecting the solid earth, he fell into three feet of water. It closed over his head, and in panic—thinking the water was deeper—he lashed out with his arms and legs and came floundering to the surface. Before he found his balance he went under again, weighed down by seventy pounds of equipment.

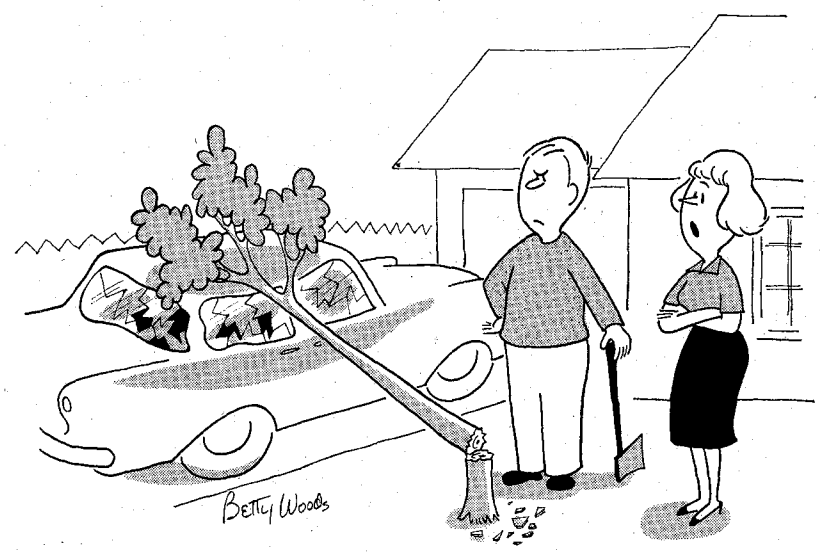
Blue was lucky not to drown, as so many Americans and British drowned that morning. He was trembling from shock when he got clear of his harness and stood up, waist deep in the stinking, soupy water. He peered around at the menacing countryside, feeling desperately lonely. And then he heard angry American curses. "Hi, there!" Blue shouted.

"Is that you, Blue?" It was the voice of a buddy. "I've lost my damn helmet."

The journey from the North Carolina farm to the marsh in Normandy had started when Blue was twenty-one and had taken two years. He had volunteered as a parachutist because Gen. William C. Lee, the outstanding pioneer of American air-borne forces, had been a near neighbor of his family in the town of Dunn, North Carolina. The general had been the hero of his boyhood, and he still was.

Army life suited Blue. He had been brought up to hard work, and he was an amiable, kindhearted, friendly young man who nevertheless enjoyed a good fight from time to time. His three months in England had been a riot of new experience and excitement. He had won in fights and won at cards and won in love, too, and he went to Normandy expecting still to carry all before him.

As soon as Blue heard his friend's voice, his moment of panic ended. The two men waded toward each other. Tracer bullets were flying to the westward, but with rifles full of water neither man was in any condition to fight. So they waded away from the shooting, hoping to find somewhere to dry their equipment. Blue regretted this afterward when he heard that the fight just behind them had been led by Brig. Gen. James M. Gavin, the assistant (*Continued on Page 74*)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I'll bet George Washington never said anything like that."

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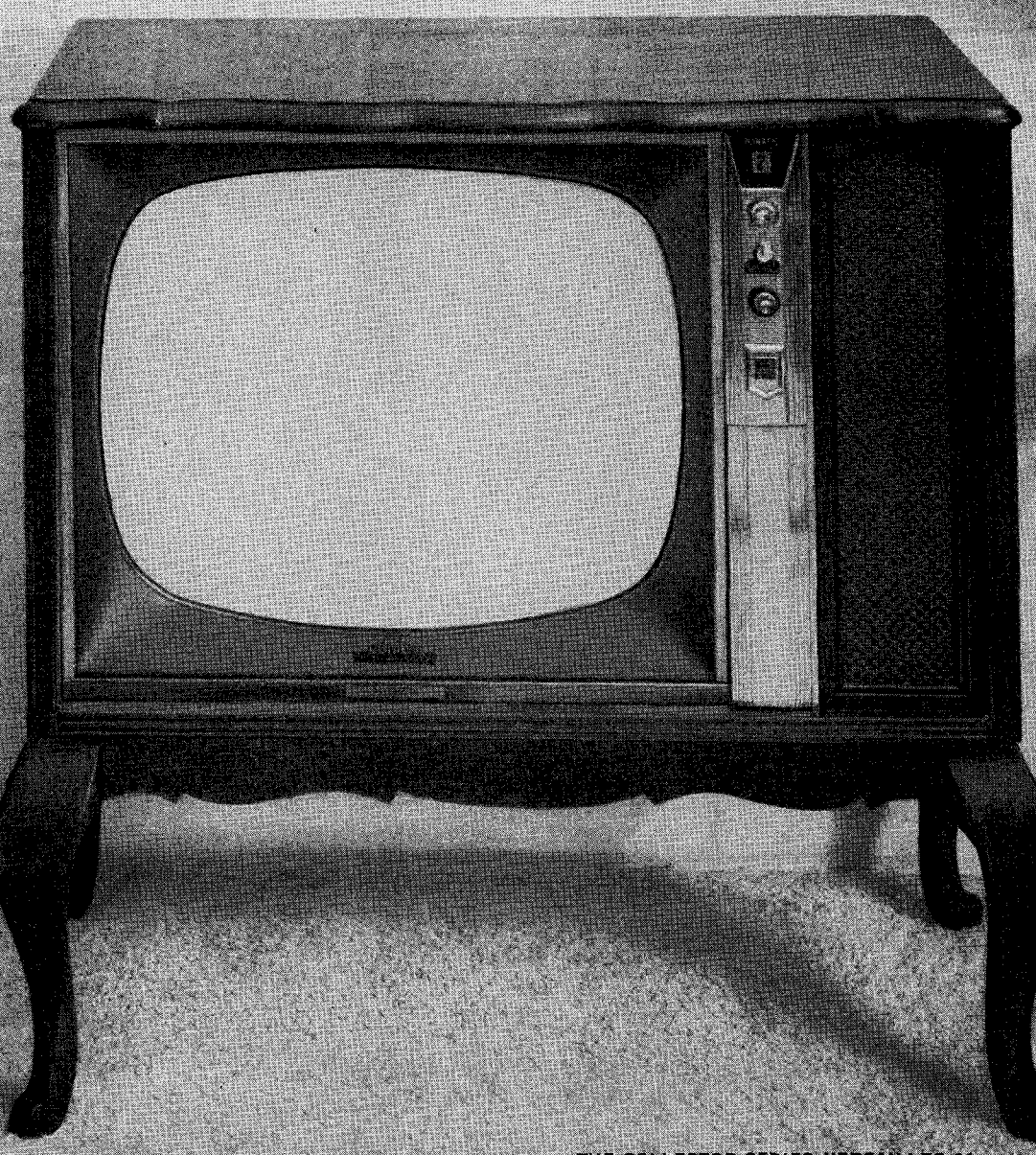

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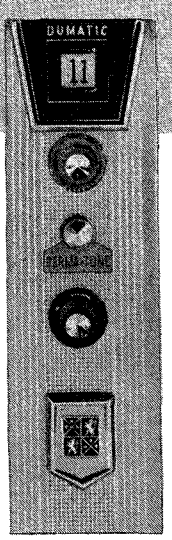

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(*Continued from Page 72*) commander of the 82nd Airborne Division, a man whom Blue admired next only to General Lee.

General Gavin, who at that moment was leading only a few dozen riflemen, was the kind of young, intelligent officer to whom the American Army often entrusts high command. He had jumped with the 82nd Division in Sicily and worked as an air-borne adviser on plans for the Normandy invasion. This must have been a frustrating task, because the plans had often been changed. A final change was caused by the Germans. For a long time two divisions of Germans had garrisoned the countryside of the Cherbourg peninsula. One was Erwin Müller's and the other was also a static division of inferior quality. Then, during May, French railwaymen reported through their underground that a new and better division was moving into the district of Saint-Sauveur-le-Vicomte. This was the area where the 82nd was to drop. In the face of this new opposition, the 82nd might easily have been cut off and tied down in self-defense. So a new plan was devised on May twenty-seventh: to drop both air-borne divisions close to Utah Beach.

The ultimate last-minute plan, like the British plan, was based upon rivers, floods and bridges. Behind the sand dunes on the coast the Germans had flooded a long strip of low-lying meadows, roughly a mile wide. These were crossed by half a dozen causeways which had to be captured to get sea-borne forces off the beach. To the south, about seven miles inland, the Germans had also flooded the valley of the Douve River. The gap between the two belts of floods was pastureland typical of Normandy, a maze of tiny fields and thick hedges. Here the majority of the parachutists were to drop.

The 101st Airborne Division was to capture the inland ends of the causeways which led from Utah Beach, capture or destroy the bridges and a lock on the Douve River—and so protect the southward flank of the area—and form a defensive line toward the north.

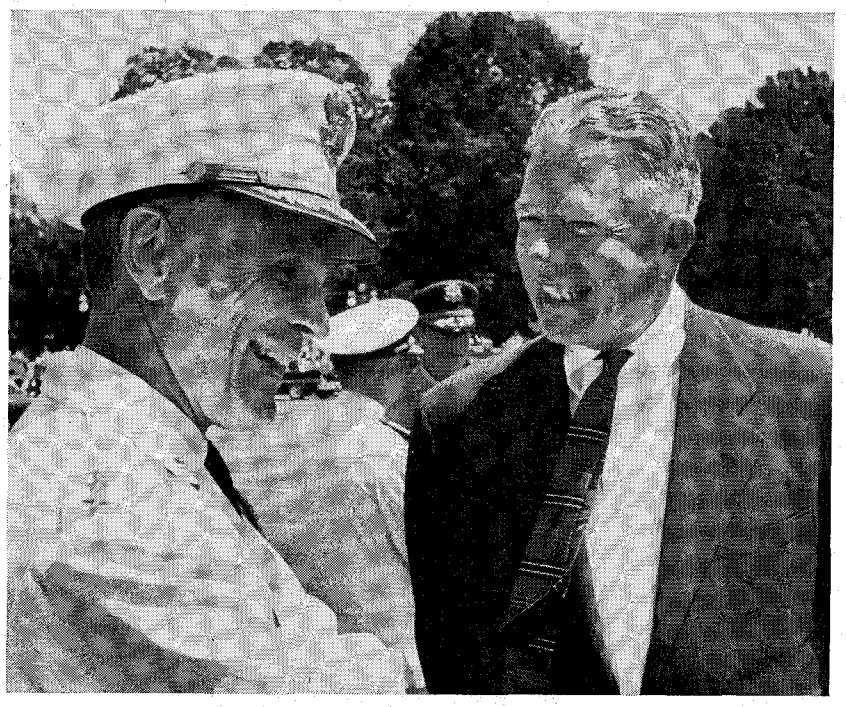
The 82nd Division was to drop on both sides of the Merderet River, a small tributary of the Douve. It was to capture the town of Sainte-Mère-Église and so cut the main road and railway from Carentan to Cherbourg, capture two bridges across the Merderet, and seize a wide area beyond it which sea-borne forces could use in a westward drive to cut the Cherbourg peninsula. It was this latter force of paratroops which General Gavin led across the channel.

Two minutes before he jumped, Gavin had to adjust his mind to another sudden change in plans. Crossing the channel, he had glanced back in the moonlight and seen twenty aircraft flying in formation with his own, and beyond them, as far as the eye could reach, the stream of other formations which carried his 7000 men. All was well.

But suddenly the view was blotted out. One minute beyond the coast the aircraft flew into thick clouds. Gavin thought of the chances of dropping blind, but before he had come to terms with that idea the aircraft was in the clear again. Below the plane he saw with surprise a wide, gleaming sheet of water. By its size he thought it could only be the flooded valley of the Douve, but it seemed to run from north to south, instead of east to west.

He looked astern and saw something worse. The tight formation of planes had disappeared. Two stragglers came out of the cloud bank, and that was all. At that crucial moment he did not know where he was or what had become of his troops. The green light flashed. For three more seconds he searched the ground for a landmark, and seeing none, he jumped.

Maj. Gen. Maxwell D. Taylor, commander of the 101st Airborne in 1944.



Taylor (here with defense chief Neil McElroy) is now the Army's Chief of Staff.

He landed in an orchard full of cows and looked up at a sky which should have been full of parachutes. It was empty. There was nobody to be seen on the ground. He walked eastward to round up the twenty men who had dropped from his plane. The search brought him to the edge of the water he had seen before he jumped.

The water still puzzled him. He sent an officer to investigate a flashing light on the far side of the flood. The officer came back to report that he had waded for an hour, sometimes up to his neck, and had found a railway embankment. The only railway embankment in the district was in the Merderet valley just north of Sainte-Mère-Église. The water must be the Merderet; yet the Merderet had appeared on aerial photographs as a narrow brook.

Gavin was surprised that the ample floods spread before him had never been spotted by air reconnaissance, and this is still one of the minor mysteries of the invasion. The explanation seemed to be that grass and weeds had grown up through the water and lay in a mat on the surface, so that most of the valley looked solid. Whatever the explanation, the important fact was that most of the regiment which should have dropped with Gavin had overshot and fallen, with its equipment, into the water.

During the night 150 men from different units attached themselves to Gavin. Many were soaking wet, some injured, and a few had been wounded in skirmishes with a German patrol. No man had a weapon heavier than a rifle. Gavin placed some along the hedges for defense and set others to search the floodwaters for equipment—especially for any weapon which could be used against a tank. The German patrol closed in and began to attack. For the moment the general was acting as a company commander.

Blue and his friend staggered through the marsh, found the railway embankment and dragged themselves up its side, water pouring out of their pockets. On top they found a dozen men commanded by a lieutenant. Blue had never seen any of them before. At dawn he followed them southward, stumbling across railway ties until they came to dry land and a bridge where the railway was crossed by a lane. This was the road from Sainte-Mère-Église to the river bridge at the hamlet of La Fière; the capture of this bridge was one of the division's aims.

A good many other men had gathered near the road. The lieutenant handed over his dozen to a captain. Then, about forty strong, a party began to advance toward the bridge. Blue went with them. They had one bazooka and one machine gun. Near the bridge the party was shot at from a group of farm buildings, and a sharp fight developed. They fired at the windows with rifles and the machine gun. Soon a white flag appeared, but when a paratroop lieutenant pushed open the door of the farmhouse, he was shot in the ear. He angrily called for the bazooka. Two rounds were fired through the downstairs windows. They exploded inside and set the house on fire. In a minute or two a German officer and fifteen men came out with their hands up.

Blue was so elated with this quick and easy victory that he believed the war was as good as over. But then his high spirits were dashed. Two elderly Frenchmen hobbled out from the back of the burning house, one of them pushing a wheelbarrow; and in the wheelbarrow was a very old woman. She looked, Blue thought, just like an old country woman from North Carolina. He suddenly pictured this happening in a farmhouse at home, and for a moment it made him ashamed. Shouldn't somebody tell the old people they were sorry? Instead, the order came to cross the bridge.

Quite a force of parachutists walked unmolested over the bridge and a causeway 400 yards long which crossed the marsh beyond. Most of them spread out and vanished on the other side, and Blue was left with three or four officers and half a dozen men to look after the bridge. The position did not worry him—like any good private, he expected somebody else to do the worrying. He sat in what little sun there was to get dry.

An armored counterattack caught them with overwhelming strength. Blue saw the German tanks come down the lane, but then his awareness of what was happening shrank to a confused impression of hellish noise and violence and a feeling of utter frustration as he pressed himself into the grass by the side of the lane. He had no weapon to hit back with. The man with the bazooka did some damage, but not enough, and Blue heard an officer shout, "Every man on his own!"

He ran toward the marsh and plunged in, keeping his head down among tall reeds while tanks came roaring along the causeway close behind him. He reached the abutment of the bridge and lay on the steep slope while some of the water drained out of his clothes. Somebody shouted, "Run, soldier!" and he got up and ran like a snipe across the bridge, bullets whipping past him, and fell down gasping on the other side, back where he had started an hour before. The farmhouse was still burning. The three old French people had gone, but Blue never forgot them, any more than he forgot his first victory or his first defeat.

Just about the time when the bridge was lost, General Gavin arrived with his 150 men and began to sort out the situation. Gavin had already fought a long defensive action while half of his men searched the floods for lost equipment. Not a single antitank weapon had been found. Impatient to reach the bridge, Gavin decided to cross the flood and march down the railway, but his men were too late to save the bridge.

The loss of the bridge split Gavin's division in two, leaving parts of two regiments to fight without hope of reinforcements on the other side of the river valley. The bridge had been lost through a misunderstanding. The main body of troops who had crossed it were men who had dropped on the wrong side of the river and crossed over simply to get to the other side, where they belonged. They thought others were following behind them to defend the bridge, but nobody came except the dozen with Blue. Gavin set himself to try to force a second crossing, but without (*Continued on Page 76*)

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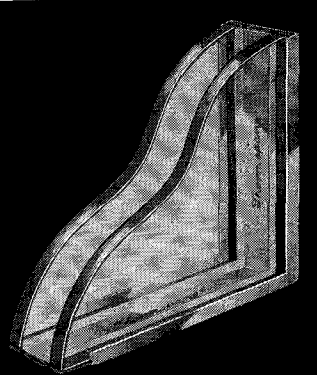

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(*Continued from Page 74*) the support of heavy weapons the parachutists could not dislodge the Germans.

Although they could not take the bridge, they did stop the Germans from crossing it and so held the German tanks away from the invasion beach and away from the town of Sainte-Mère-Église, a mile behind the bridge. There, in the early morning of D Day, another of Gavin's regiments won an unqualified victory.

Sainte-Mère-Église is a little market town of gray stone houses which stand on each side of the main road from Cherbourg to the south. For four years an enormous Swastika flag had flown outside the town hall. Sainte-Mère-Église remembered the early days in 1940, when the German Army, proud and confident, had marched up the road singing "*Wir fahren gegen England*," promising that Britain in three weeks would be kaput. (The town's small boys soon perfected a technique of making seasick and drowning noises which ruined displays of military pomp.)

The delicate task of representing Sainte-Mère-Église in its relations with the Germans had fallen upon the mayor, Alexandre Renaud, who was also proprietor of the town pharmacy. The local infantry commander was a swashbuckler who once threatened the mayor with execution. Renaud was not sorry when the battalion moved away. Then only an antiaircraft unit was left in the town, commanded by an elderly Austrian. It was said that before the war he had been the music critic of a newspaper in Vienna.

The night of the landing began with a house on fire on the square. M. Renaud had just gone to bed, uneasy in his mind, for he had spent the evening watching the flashes and flares of a tremendous air raid off toward the coast. He was roused by somebody banging on his front door—the fire brigade wanted men to carry water. He dressed quickly and crossed the square. The house was blazing, and the flames lighted up the bell tower of the church, where German machine gunners were shooting aimlessly at occasional aircraft passing overhead.

Then the church bell rang and rang—the ancient signal of alarm. M. Renaud looked up and saw what was coming: low over the rooftops and the trees, a host of aircraft sweeping across the town, their wings black against the moon; and then the giant confetti which drifted in their wake.

M. Renaud and the firemen stood amazed. High up, the parachutes were seen in silhouette against the sky; as they fell, machine gunners on the church tower and in the square lowered their guns. The watchers, horrified, saw the convulsion of a man who was shot as he was falling. They saw a man fall into the fire and crash through the burning roof. Sparks spurted out, and the flames blazed up afresh. More squadrons of planes were passing over; the bell was still ringing; shots were cracking through the square. M. Renaud, anxious for his wife and children, hurried home. A German beneath the trees, pointing at the body of a parachutist, shouted to him with satisfaction, "Tommies—all kaput!"

This fatuous optimism may have been shared by other Germans in the square of Sainte-Mère-Église, for the few parachutists who had the bad luck to drop within the firelight were easy targets. But these men were stragglers from a whole regiment which landed between the town and the river in the most accurate drop of any parachute unit that night. About 1000 of its 2200 men assembled at once. Most of the rest came in before daylight. Within an hour the regiment had begun to clear Sainte-Mère-Église and block the road to the north and south.

M. Renaud spent most of the night indoors, trying to interpret the sounds from the streets. Eventually he heard cars and motorcycles in the square and guessed that the antiaircraft battery was retreating. At daybreak he saw that his square was occupied by American troops.

So Sainte-Mère-Église received the honor of being the first town in France which was liberated, an honor which it proudly remembers still, especially at its annual fete on the sixth of June. But the price had still to be paid. During the next two days the Germans shelled the town heavily. Many of M. Renaud's townspeople were killed in the first two days of the freedom for which they had hoped so long.

The capture of the town was the only specific objective the American air-borne troops achieved before dawn. But quick tactical victories were not the only way to success. During the night, far out from such centers as Sainte-Mère-Église and the bridge at La Fière, away in the dark woods and meadows, there began a gigantic and lethal game of hide-and-seek. More than 10,000 Americans were taking part in it and probably at least 5000 Germans. Grim, isolated games were being fought all over an area ten miles square. The Americans knew what was happening, but few of them knew where they were; the Germans knew where they were, but none of them knew what was happening.

At first almost every parachutist was alone, lost in the dark in strange country. Gen. Maxwell Taylor, commander of the 101st Division, spent his first half hour on the battlefield all alone, searching for even a single one of his 7000 men. When at last he did find an equally lonely trooper, they were so relieved that they embraced warmly. The Germans who were out that night, alone or in small patrol groups, had the same need for reassurance. They tried to find other Germans and band together for self-defense. All through the four hours from the drop to the dawn, hundreds and hundreds of little groups and solitary men, American and German, were prowling nervously about the country. Anything which moved or made a noise was liable to be shot at. The cows and horses suffered considerably. No German who ventured out by car or motorcycle succeeded in traveling far; even a German general was ambushed and killed that night.

This curious kind of Indian warfare had never been planned, but for about eight hours it totally paralyzed the Germans. Their garrisons were in small units, connected only by telephone and dispatch riders. The parachutists cut telephone wires whenever they saw them, and dispatch riders, of course, were sitting ducks. When their telephones went dead and their dispatch riders vanished, the German small-unit commanders did not know what to do and were scared to move. The German divisions were more heavily armed than the Americans, but their artillery and tanks, in these early hours, were useless. Ten thousand Americans spread over 100 square miles of country, constantly moving, never offered a target worth a shell.

One of the lost paratroopers was named Schuyler Jackson, who hailed from Washington, D.C. Jackson was playing his part with some relish in the one-man battles which were disrupting the German system of defense. Already he and one other man had come across a German antiaircraft gun whose crew of six were intent on targets overhead. It

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had been easy to creep up to them in the dark and throw grenades among them and kill them all.

With that success behind him, Jackson was ready to try his hand again. All the same, he was worried because he could not find out where he was or get on with his proper job. The 101st Division was to capture the inland ends of the causeways which led through the floods behind Utah Beach. His own battalion was to attack a heavy battery which commanded the beach from a village called Saint-Martin-de-Varreville. But now he had dropped, and Saint-Martin could not be found.

Jackson kept meeting men from his own battalion, all going in different directions, and all as lost as he was. The fact was that the battalion had been neatly dropped together in the wrong place. The leading aircraft had spotted pathfinders' lights on another dropping zone, three miles south of where it should have been, and dropped its passengers there. Twenty-seven other aircraft had blindly followed its example.

The battalion was not only lost; it was leaderless. Its commander, Lt. Col. Steve A. Chappuis, was in one of the very few aircraft which found the right dropping zone. Colonel Chappuis could find only a dozen of his men. With that forlorn force he hurried to the battery to see what he could do—and found it ruined by recent air attacks and deserted.

Corporal Jackson joined up with a friend, and soon they saw another man lying in a field. It was the colonel of their own regiment. He had broken his leg in the drop and had lain where he was for five hours. He told Jackson and his friend to drag him into cover at the side of the field. They had hardly started when they were shot at, and Jackson had a glimpse of a German running behind a hedge.

The two men dropped the colonel and gave chase. Jackson sprayed the hedges with his submachine gun. To his astonishment, screams and groans broke out, and a white handkerchief was poked through the upper branches. "*Kamerad! Kamerad!*" Jackson shouted. He hoped that would do as an order to surrender. It did. A dozen men came from behind the hedge, some with their hands up, some staggering. Jackson was shocked to see the result of his casual finger on the trigger. There were men drenched with blood. There was a boy, who looked fifteen, shot through both wrists; when he tried to put his hands up they hung limp. Other parachutists who had heard his fusillade were coming along the track. Jackson, half ashamed of the hot gun in his hand, let them take the prisoners.

He went back to the colonel, who had a compound fracture and needed treatment. Jackson found someone who told him they were a mile or so from a monastery building which had been designated divisional headquarters, and the colonel told Jackson to take him there. Jackson found a wheelbarrow in a farmyard, hoisted the colonel aboard and trundled him off down the lanes. "It must have hurt him like hell," he said later. "But I'll say he could still bark out his orders."

It was about 2:30 in the morning when General Taylor found the first man of his division. By 2:30 in the afternoon he was still out of touch with most of his command. But during the morning he had witnessed the attack on the first of the causeways which led to Utah Beach.

The general had landed west of the village of Sainte-Marie-du-Mont and four miles southeast of Sainte-Mère-Église. He worked his way toward the coast, picking up an assortment of troops as he went. When dawn broke and the bombing and shelling of the coast began to shake the earth, about eighty men were with him in the meadows. Among them were General McAuliffe, his artillery commander, and at least four colonels. They identified the distinct tower of the church of Sainte-Marie-du-Mont, and knew they were about two miles from the end of the southernmost causeway.

... ...

Please Don't Ask Me for a Loan

My bank account is small
in size—
It's not an overflowing cup;
And so, of course, when
someone tries
To shake me down he
shakes me up.

Richard Wheeler

... ...

None of the officers or men belonged to either of the two battalions which should have been there to attack the causeway; but one officer, Lt. Col. Julian J. Ewell, was commander of a reserve battalion, and about half the men were his. The rest were staff officers, artillerymen without artillery, clerks, military police, the two generals and a war correspondent from Reuters. General Taylor put Ewell in charge of this curious outfit and told him to do what he could at the southern causeway.

Julian Ewell was a professional officer, a graduate of West Point and young, at twenty-eight, to be a colonel. This was his first combat, an important occasion in his career. He would have preferred to fight with his own battalion instead of with a lot of men who did not even know one another's names. But parachutists learn to be resourceful.

As the party skirted Sainte-Marie-du-Mont, it grew like a snowball, collecting wandering men in twos and threes. On the road to the causeway they approached a hamlet called Pouppeville. Rifle fire from its cottages brought Ewell's column to a halt. He deployed his forces and began fighting the Germans from house to house with rifles and hand grenades. As the Germans retreated, the fight began to converge on the village school. A German lieutenant ran out of the schoolhouse toward Ewell, shouting. Ewell shot at him with his pistol and missed, and then realized that the man was trying to surrender. Twenty or thirty Germans came out of the school behind him, and Ewell's first fight was over.

Beyond the school the causeway could be seen—a narrow road with water on either side—and at the far end of it the sand dunes of Utah Beach. There seemed to be nobody on the road. But soon, in the reeds beside the causeway, a few small orange flags appeared. These were the signals of recognition which had been planned for this moment—the first meeting of air-borne and sea-borne forces.

Ewell sent a few men down the road, and they came back escorting an officer, who reported to General Taylor. He was Capt. George Mabry, of the 8th Infantry Regiment. The parachutists looked at him rather like a man from another planet, for he had come by sea.

Editors' Note—Next week the author describes the American landings at Utah Beach, and the decisive battle U. S. troops fought against the Germans there.

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Leave Her Alone!

(Continued from Page 30)

"No. Only about twenty years," he said flatly, not feeling like talking, wishing she would go back to her stool and let him celebrate his birthday without conversation.

She laughed and he thought the sound younger than it had any right to be. "You must be a wonderful artist," she said. "I mean, after so many years."

He mixed a small pile of flesh color and placed it neatly on the palette.

"I'm not an artist," he said.

She looked at him, not understanding.

"I'm an investment counselor," he said. "From eight to ten on Tuesday and Thursday evenings I pretend I'm an artist. But I'm really an investment counselor."

"Oh, I see," she said, not seeing at all. "Well, I'm not really a model either."

"You're not?" he said without interest.

She shook her head. "I'm really an actress."

"That's nice."

"I just take these jobs when things are quiet in the theater," she said. "Things are very quiet during the summer."

He studied the pale blond color of her hair for a moment, then mixed a bit of the same tone on his palette.

"Besides," she confided, "posing is very good experience for an actress. It helps develop muscular control. Muscular control is very important on the stage."

"I guess it is," he said, noting the way her hair darkened at the scalp, then carefully preparing a small pile of this color.

The others began to straggle in then, one at a time, their faces shining with sweat, their breathing quick from the three flights of stairs. Weaver nodded briefly to each as they chose easels and busied themselves with their paints. There were usually eight in the group, but this evening only five showed up. They were ranged about the model's stand in very much the same positions they had been taking every Tuesday and Thursday evening for the past seven, eight, or was it nine years? Weaver was no longer sure exactly how many years it had been since they had first started painting together.

Not that it mattered particularly, he thought. The years had gone fast. The days moved slowly, but the years had gone fast. Happy birthday, Weaver.

One of the men called, "Pose, please!" and the model, who was not a model at all but really an actress, climbed onto the stand and removed her faded pink robe. She held it uncertainly in her hand until someone shoved a chair toward her. Then she smiled gratefully and draped it over the back of the chair.

The group did not have an instructor, so that each month another member was in charge of posing the model and keeping time. Weaver watched disapprovingly as the current monitor placed the girl in a standing position, her weight entirely on one leg, her hand resting lightly on a stool. He thought it a cruel pose to hold for twenty minutes at a time on such a miserably hot night. But he did not say anything, nor did anyone else.

The girl had appeared much thinner with her robe on than she did now. Her breasts were full and her hips firm and well rounded. Weaver noted that her body was far younger than her face.

She was turned toward him, her eyes in shadow, her cheeks drawn and hollow, her lips set in a determined pleasantness. He decided to paint only her face rather than the full pose. He did not know why. He did not think it a particularly attractive face. But he knew this was something he wanted to do.

He worked silently and quickly, his eyes moving from the face before him, to his canvas, then back to the face. He did not glance at what the others were doing, nor did he care what they were doing.

The monitor called, "Rest," and the model slowly broke the pose. She put on her robe and walked about the studio, looking at each canvas, not saying anything, just looking and walking on to the next. Weaver noticed that she was limping slightly. She stopped at his easel.

"But you're painting only my face," she exclaimed, surprised.

He wiped his brushes on a rag, squinting at the picture before him.

"I didn't think there was anything so special about my face," she said.

"It's a nice-enough face," he said vacantly, still not knowing what it was that appealed to him, thinking it was surely not the green mascara, nor the too-bright lipstick, nor the bleached hair.

She studied the broad masses of dark and light that were the beginnings of the portrait. "You're very good," she said slowly. "You're really very good."

"You mean for an investment counselor?"

"No," she said, looking at him strangely. "I mean for an artist."

During the second pose she perspired a great deal. The studio's single window was open, but it faced a brick wall and there was no breeze. Weaver watched the moisture form into beads on her forehead, roll down her cheeks like tears and drop from her chin. Her eyes blinked in the shadows, but she did not move, nor did the pleasantness about her mouth waver for even an instant. And if the leg supporting her full weight was beginning to tremble, this surely was not anything it could have controlled. It was a fine leg and true, but there are things which are beyond even such a leg. It did not intend to be a traitor, yet it was only flesh.

She fell suddenly and heavily to her knees and would have toppled from the stand if Weaver had not leaped forward in time to catch her. He lifted her into a chair and someone quickly covered her with her robe, as though her nakedness had all at once become a thing of shame. Her face was very flushed.

"I'm sorry," she said, bending to rub the leg. "I'm really awfully sorry. I'll be all right in a moment."

"It's a mean pose," Weaver said and everyone agreed this was so.

The monitor, who was really a drug salesman, looked guiltily at her. "Perhaps we should change it to a sitting pose," he suggested.

"Oh, no!" she protested. "Please don't. Not in the middle. It was my fault, but I'm fine now. I'm really fine now."

She got to her feet and walked slowly around the room twice to show just how truly fine she was. Her face was no longer flushed, but was now very pale. Robert Weaver watched her, frowning slightly.

"You see, I'm really an actress," she explained smilingly to the others. "And in the theater we always say that the show must go on."

Weaver felt himself cringe with embarrassment for her and was utterly unable to look anywhere but at his brushes.

She managed somehow to get through the third pose, although the leg now shook so violently it appeared to have a life and a will quite apart from her own. She did not walk at all during the next rest period. She sat very straight in her chair and smilingly assured everyone that she was fine—but absolutely fine.

Five minutes before the final pose was due to end and with the smile still masklike upon her face, she fainted, quietly and undramatically, seeming only to fold in upon herself until she lay in a strangely tiny heap upon the stand.

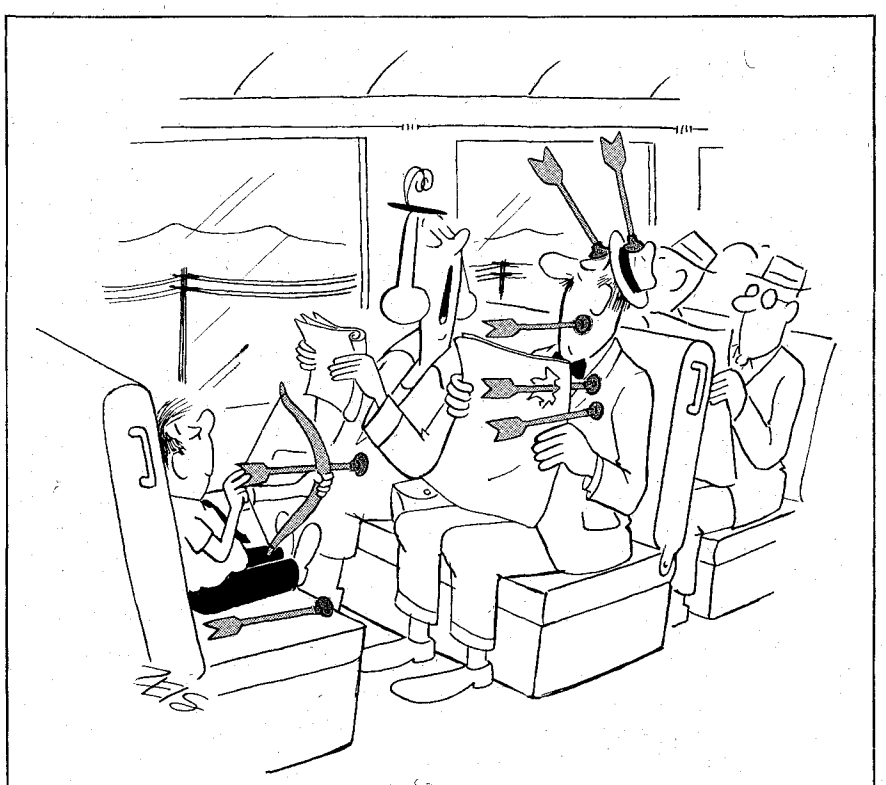
Robert Weaver looked at all that there was left to see and for some reason thought less of himself at that moment than he had at any other time in his life.

He stayed behind with her afterward, telling the others he would see that she got home all right. She was dressed now and sitting with a glass of water clutched tightly in both hands. Every once in a while she would sip from it. Whenever she saw him look at her she smiled.

"How do you feel?" he asked for the fifth time, wishing she would not consider it necessary to smile every time he looked at her.

"Oh, much better," she said. "Really. Much better. Except I feel like such a fool. I don't know what came over me. I'm really very strong. You'd be surprised at how strong I am."

"It was that pose," he said. "It was a mean pose." Then because he felt bad for her, "Besides, it's a very hot night. This must be just about the hottest night we've had so far."



"Let me know if he bothers you."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

For a while they did not say anything and she sipped from her glass of water and smiled at him each time he looked at her. So that finally he was careful not to look at her at all.

"Whenever you feel up to it," he said, "I'll take you home."

"That's very kind of you," she replied. "But you really don't need to bother. I live only a few blocks from here. I can walk it easily enough."

"It's no bother."

"But I hate to keep you."

"Look," he said, suddenly and unreasonably angry. "It's no bother and you're not keeping me. You're not keeping me from a single thing, except maybe an empty apartment, which won't miss me."

"I'm sorry," she said, forgetting entirely to smile at him.

"Besides, it happens to be my birthday," he said, as though this fact had some special significance at that moment. Feeling almost irrational, he walked over to his painting, still on the easel.

"Happy birthday," she said.

He stood in front of the painting, staring. She came over and stood beside him, neither of them speaking.

It was a boldly painted portrait, each brush stroke showing sure and strong. The eyes burned darkly from their deeply shadowed places and the cheeks shone pale and gaunt. The mouth was a full-lipped scarlet smear bent into a fiercely determined smile. It was touched with a strange kind of joy. "Is that the way I look?" she asked, a little bit awed.

"It's the way you look to me," he said.

"It's very exciting," she said hesitantly. "But I don't know for sure if I understand it."

He looked at her with his flat blue eyes, then shrugged. "I'm not sure I understand it either. I'm sure only that there was something here I wanted to paint."

"I'm glad. I mean I'm glad you like the way I look." Her fingers went to her face, touched the places that told of time. "I wish you might have seen me ten years ago," she said gravely. "It was better then. It was very much better then."

Studying her carefully, he considered this something he did not believe at all. Perhaps younger, he thought—but not better. Never better.

Later, when she was able, they walked down the three flights of stairs and out into the warm darkness of the street, quiet with the special quiet of factories and lofts with their day's work done. He was holding the portrait in one hand, carefully away from his body so as not to smear it. He rarely bothered taking his paintings home at all, but was carrying this one while the paint was not yet dry.

They walked slowly, not talking very much, occasionally passing a tenement huddled between factory walls. The tenements had small stoops upon which people sat, also not talking very much, absorbed mostly in just breathing. Weaver looked straight ahead, thinking of nothing. The clanging rhythm of a jukebox sounded ahead from a corner bar.

"I live across the street," she said, pointing to a narrow, wash-hung building.

He looked at her, then at the building with its crowded stoop, then at the painting in his hand, then at the corner bar, then at her face once more.

"Would you stop and have a drink with me?" he asked, not wanting to go home.

She nodded and they continued on toward the bar.

It was noisy and hot and smelled of stale beer, but these were things he did not notice at all. The jukebox screamed a rock-and-roll beat loudly and insistently. They found an empty table and he stood the portrait on a chair beside her. He wanted to be able to see them both at the same time.

(*Continued on Page 82*)

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Picture a machine tool that's told *where* to drill holes, "homes in" so accurately that variances are less than the thickness of this page! It *can* be done, with a guiding hand from Automatic Electric.

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Shelves that put everything in easy reach! Easily adjustable...easily removable, to

Here at last are shelves that have no "hiding places." They swing foods in back out front at touch of your finger. Completely new design does away with awkward, hard-to-clean center an side posts. Reinforced rod-type aluminum construction supports *full capacity* loads. No trouble a all to adjust these shelves up or down—and you can remove them completely for easy cleanin

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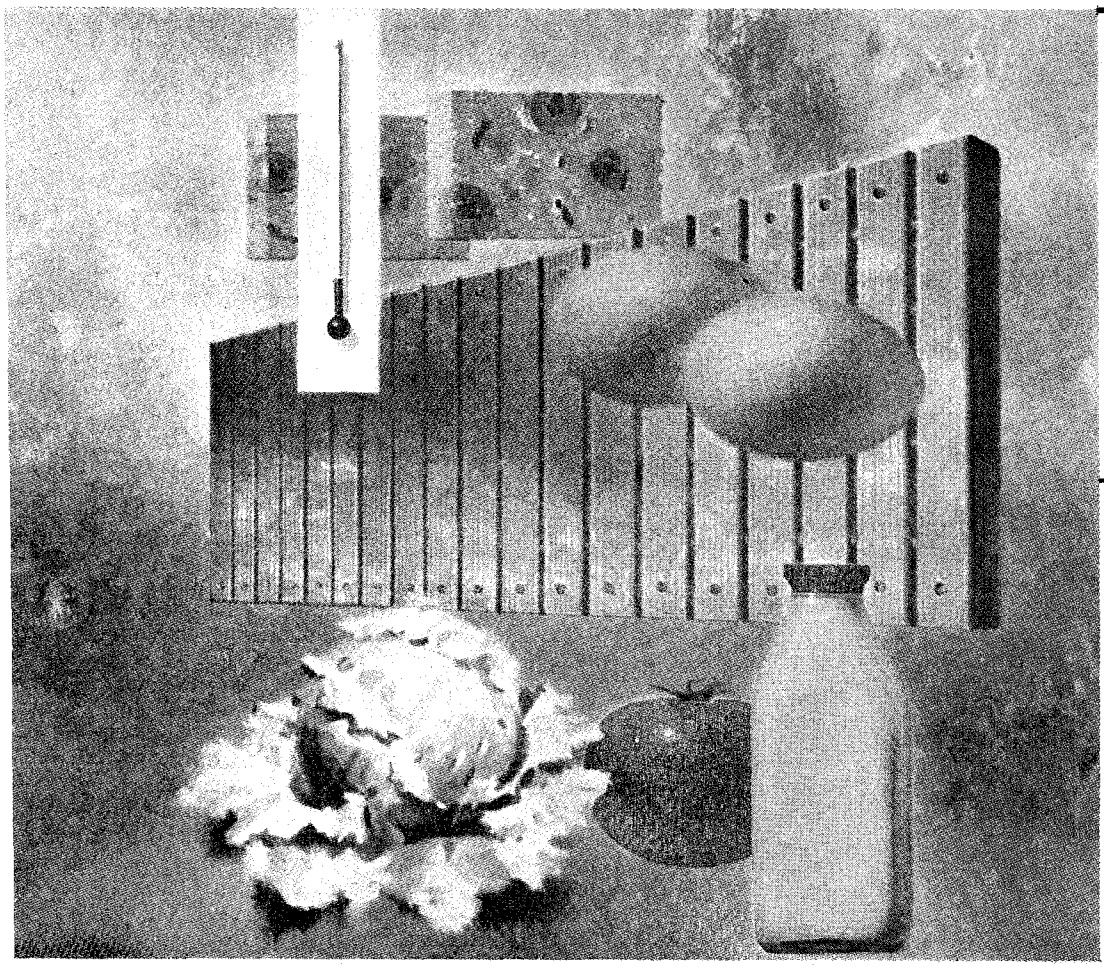
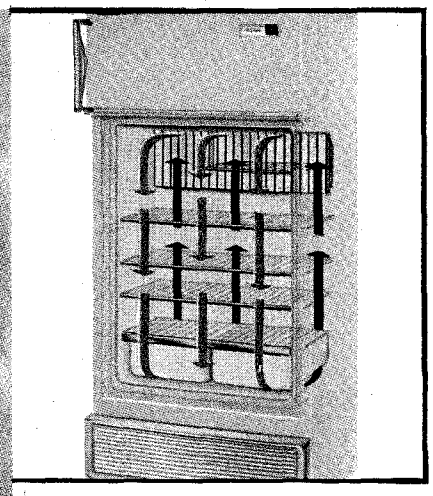
you both these modern advances...

Reserve Coldpower





Cold Amplifier keeps foods fresh up to twice as long!

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plus Frost-Away Automatic Defrosting...

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Roll-out convenience . . . Step on a pedal, and this handsome Hotpoint is on glider wheels. So easy to clean beneath and behind it!

Giant-capacity real freezers . . . More usable space for all kinds of frozen foods. Insulated on all six sides for more even temperatures.

New no-spill ice trays . . . Water-guards help prevent spills on the floor. Extra-long handles give greater leverage for easy cube removal.

Butter bin with spread control . . . Automatically keeps butter at whatever spreading consistency is desired. Giant Cheese Keeper. Egg Rack.

Extra stor-ability . . . Deep shelf in door has ample room for tall bottles—even half-gallon milk containers . . . Two-thirds bushel capacity porcelain vegetable crispers keep your fruits and vegetables fresh.

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Hotpoint

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**Except in those states where specific waiting periods are required by law.*

(*Continued from Page 78*) It was not until two hours later that he asked her what her name was.

She smiled at him over her glass. "My name is Marie Renard," she replied. "It's really only my stage name, but it's how I always think of myself. I mean it's almost as though I never had any other name. When a person's whole life is the stage, then their stage name becomes their real name. Don't you think that's so?"

He watched a big, red-faced man walk over to the jukebox to play the same nerve-jarring tune for at least the tenth time.

"It sounds reasonable," he said, jealously seeing the brightness come into her eyes as she spoke, wondering when she had last been on a stage, thinking it must have been a very long time ago, if ever, but jealous anyway because there was a brightness.

"I knew an artist like you would understand," she said. "One artist can always understand another."

"I understand you, Marie." He spoke slowly and with great care because of the whisky. "But I'm not an artist. I'm an investment counselor. I counsel people on their investments. I advise them on how to make money. I'm told there is an art to making money also, but this does not make me an artist."

"You paint like an artist," she said, her smile fading into a puzzled frown. "I don't know why you keep saying you're not an artist."

He looked across the table at the pale, moist, haggard, but oddly compelling face, hearing the music banging at his brain, feeling the whisky beating in his blood. Leaning toward her he said, "Would you really like to know why? Would you really like to know why I'm not an artist?"

She nodded silently.

"I'm not an artist," he said quietly, "because it takes courage to be an artist, and this is something I don't have. This is something I've never had. The world is full of people who can paint pictures, perhaps very good pictures, but this doesn't make them artists. The thing they need to make them artists is courage—courage to carry them through all the spirit-breaking low places they will surely need to cross. Courage to live. I don't mean just being alive. I mean to live. There's a difference. This kind of courage is a very rare and wonderful thing."

He looked at her face and then at the portrait he had painted of her face. "Of course," he said, "you may not know it's so rare and wonderful a thing. But this is only because you're one of the lucky few who have it." Then as she started to protest, "Oh, you have it, all right. I know you have it. I guess it was why I wanted to paint your face so badly. Although I don't know how I expected this to help me."

He shrugged. "Maybe I thought if I could get some of it on canvas and carry it home like some secretly magical thing, a little bit might rub off on me. I guess it sounds kind of crazy, but frightened people can do crazy things."

The red-faced man put another quarter into the brightly colored box to insure seven and a half minutes more of clanging and screaming.

"You don't look frightened," Marie Renard said. "I would never say you were a frightened man."

"I'm what is known as the secretly frightened type," Weaver said. "No one is supposed to know I'm frightened. Not even I am supposed to know. But I know. I've been running scared for as long as I can remember."

"But of what?" she asked. "Of what are you afraid?"

"Different things at different times," he said. "But always something. Even way back. Whether it was walking to school the long way to avoid a tough kid, or not trying out for ball teams because I might not have made it, or almost being married three separate times but never quite, or running in panic from any feeling deeper than mild approval or disapproval, or spending my entire and single life telling people how to make their capital grow, instead of painting. If I were to write my autobiography tonight I could only title it The Life I Led in Place of the One I Would Have Liked to be Able to Lead."

Weaver's eyes followed the red-faced music lover as he went to the bar for more change, then returned to feed the shining monster. If only he'd pick another tune, he thought tiredly.

... ...

Four-Year-Old Fingers

By Philene Hammer

A shoestring knot's
A hopeless chore
For helpless tots
Who Just-Turned-Four.

But wire the gate
Ingeniously,
Add a padlock,
Hide the key—

And, whoosh!—observe the
dangling lock,
And Four sashaying down
the block.

... ...

"Oh, I'm frightened, all right," he crooned to his glass and to the girl and to the portrait of the girl. "You're looking at a truly frightened man, Miss Renard." He had called her Marie before, but it had felt forced.

"That's a terrible way to be," she scolded. "You should try to fight against it."

"Sure."

"I think people could do anything they wanted," she said grandly, "if only they tried. But I mean really tried."

"That's a lovely thought," he said dryly, staring hard at the face of courage sitting in the chair beside her, its eyes shining and wet and very reproachful. "Did you think of it all by yourself?"

"I don't know," she said, smiling her pleasant smile, taking his words for what they said and not for what they meant, making him feel smaller than before. "I don't suppose so. I'm not that clever. I must have read it somewhere, or maybe heard it. I think it's a lovely thought too."

"And you really believe it?" he asked, keeping his eyes on the portrait, not letting himself look at its model.

"Of course I believe it," she said, sounding very surprised. "Why shouldn't I believe it?"

He looked at her then, but did not say anything.

"Why shouldn't I believe it?" she said again. "Hasn't it worked for me? I mean, the thing I've tried to be more than anything else in this world is an actress. And I m an actress, aren't I?"

"Yes," he said. "You're an actress."

"So you see?" she said triumphantly and conclusively. "Of course, it hasn't always worked easily, but it's worked."

Robert Weaver nodded, drinking moodily, seeing the man at the jukebox fishing in his pocket for another coin. "And you think it would work for me too?" he said patronizingly.

"I know it would," she assured him fiercely. "I absolutely know it would. You've just got to make up your mind to try."

Weaver stared fixedly at the music man.

"If I really tried," he said carefully, "do you think I might persuade him to at least play a different song? I'm getting awfully tired of that song."

"What?" she said, not with him at all.

He said it again.

She looked at the man and the machine, seeming to discover them for the first time. She smiled tolerantly. "Just go over and ask him nicely. You'll see how easily things can be done if only you try. I mean if you want a man to play a different song, why not ask him? Right?"

"Right!" Robert Weaver echoed obediently and a little bit drunkenly.

They sat looking at each other.

"Well?" she said at last.

"Well, what?"

"Aren't you going to ask him?"

He laughed a nervous little laugh. "Don't be silly," he said. "It's his quarter. I guess he can play whatever song he wants."

She stared at him until he turned his head to look at the portrait beside her. But this was no better for him and perhaps even a little bit worse. Then he did not know where to look at all.

She stood up.

"Where are you going?" Weaver said quickly.

"To ask the man to play a different song," Marie Renard said. "To show you how easy it is."

"No, wait," he said.

But she did not wait, and as he sat watching her walk the few steps over to the machine, noticing the straightness of her back and the limp still in her leg, he was able to feel only a great and overpowering self-disgust.

"I beg your pardon," he heard her say politely to the man. "But would you mind very much playing another song?"

The big hand stopped in the middle of a beat. The beefy face looked puzzled. "Huh?"

Her smile carefully in place, she repeated the request. Weaver sat blinking his pale eyes to focus them more clearly, noting the dark, matted hair growing from the man's open shirt collar, the thick lips, the oddly crooked nose.

The big man suddenly grinned. "What'sa matter, honey?" he said, his moist red face thrust very close to the girl's. "Ya don't like my song?"

"It's not that," she smiled, leaning back slightly, but not retreating. "I like it fine. I just wondered if we might hear a different one for a change."

"Sure, honey," he said, draping an arm heavily across her shoulders, his narrow eyes taking a quick, bold inventory, his other hand reaching for her waist. "You jus' tell daddy what ya want." He pulled her against him.

"Please," she said, trying to squirm loose, her smile still there, but sagging at the ends. "You don't understand."

Weaver saw her turn to look helplessly at him and suddenly wanted to cry. He stood up very slowly, feeling the familiar slimy cold in the emptiness of his stomach, wanting only to stay where he was and not move, but knowing this was something he could not do and thanking God for at least this much.

The big man was happily absorbed and did not see him approach.

"Leave her alone," Robert Weaver said, hearing his voice come out tight and strange.

The man looked at him vacantly over the struggling girl's shoulder and did not

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even bother to answer. Several people were watching from the bar, but stayed where they were. The bartender was busy.

"Leave her alone," Weaver said again, feeling ridiculously futile and unheroic, knowing his legs were trembling and hoping only that it did not show.

"Get lost," the man grunted, his eyes hotly on the girl's throat.

Weaver suddenly grabbed for one of the big hands and pulled at it with both of his, able to move it only slightly, but enough to let the girl twist herself partially loose.

"I told you to get lost," the man said, placing the hand almost carelessly against Weaver's chest, yet managing to send him spinning against a wall ten feet away. Then, still grinning, he gave the girl his full attention once more.

Perhaps if Robert Weaver had stopped to think that he had never in his life struck a man with his fist, it might have been different. But he did not stop to think. He did not even hear the hoarse sound that tore from his throat as he leaped forward, his arms flailing wildly, his breathing quick and harsh.

He hit the man twice on the side of the head, once on the jaw and three times on the shoulder, before the brightness exploded someplace inside his head and he was unable to hit anything at all.

When he cautiously opened one eye, the girl was looking at him anxiously. He tried to open the other eye, but for some reason could not. Then his hand touched it and he knew the reason. He was back at the table, slumped in a chair. The bartender and several other people were crowded around.

"Are you all right?" the girl said, leaning over him, her face whiter than he remembered it.

He sat up straighter and felt his head start to spin. "Great," he said, probing thoughtfully at his eye, wincing, but somehow getting a strange satisfaction from the pain. "Just great."

"Ya sure got ya'self a beaut, Mac," the bartender said, and Weaver saw the blackjack in his hand. It was made of worn black leather, with a white piece of cloth wrapped around the heavy end.

"Is that what hit me?" Weaver said curiously.

The barman laughed. "No," he said. "It was nothin' this gentle. It was Mike Gannon's fist hit you. Then I had t'cool Mike." He glanced toward the jukebox and Weaver saw the big man stretched out on the floor. He appeared to be sleeping.

"Mike's not really a bad guy when he's sober," the barman said. "But if ya feel O.K. maybe it would be better ya aren't here when he wakes up. I'd hate t'hafta thump him again. Know what I mean?"

"Sure," Weaver said, getting a trifle unsteadily to his feet, rubbing the back of his neck, feeling a little bit stiff, but otherwise all right. "I know what you mean."

He left the barkeep a greatly oversized tip.

Marie Renard held tightly to his arm as they walked slowly toward the building where she lived. The stoop was deserted now, but there was a stirring on the fire escapes overhead. The heat still rose from the sidewalks.

They sat on the steps for a while without speaking, the portrait leaning against the side railing.

Then she said softly, "I want to thank you for ——" She hesitated, looking embarrassed. "For defending me. No one ever defended me before."

"I'm some hero," he said. "You got yourself some hero."

"You shouldn't talk like that," she said. "You were wonderful. You did everything you could."

He looked at the steps. "I tried, Marie. I did try."

"I know you did."

He placed his hand lightly over hers, but she did not seem aware of it. She was looking at his eye.

"Your poor eye," she clucked gently. "Oh, your poor eye."

He touched it and waited expectantly for the pain to make its move. When it did, he smiled crookedly. Then, still smiling, he touched it again.

"Does it hurt very much?" she asked.

"Yes. Beautifully and truly, yes."

She stared at him, not understanding.

"At least it tells me I'm alive," he said, not knowing how to explain further, feeling something he had not felt before. "At least it lets me know I'm not drying quietly in a cardboard box."

Her eyes were lost in the shadows. "Then you're not too angry with me?"

"Angry with you?" he said. "Why should I be angry with you?"

"Because it was all my fault."

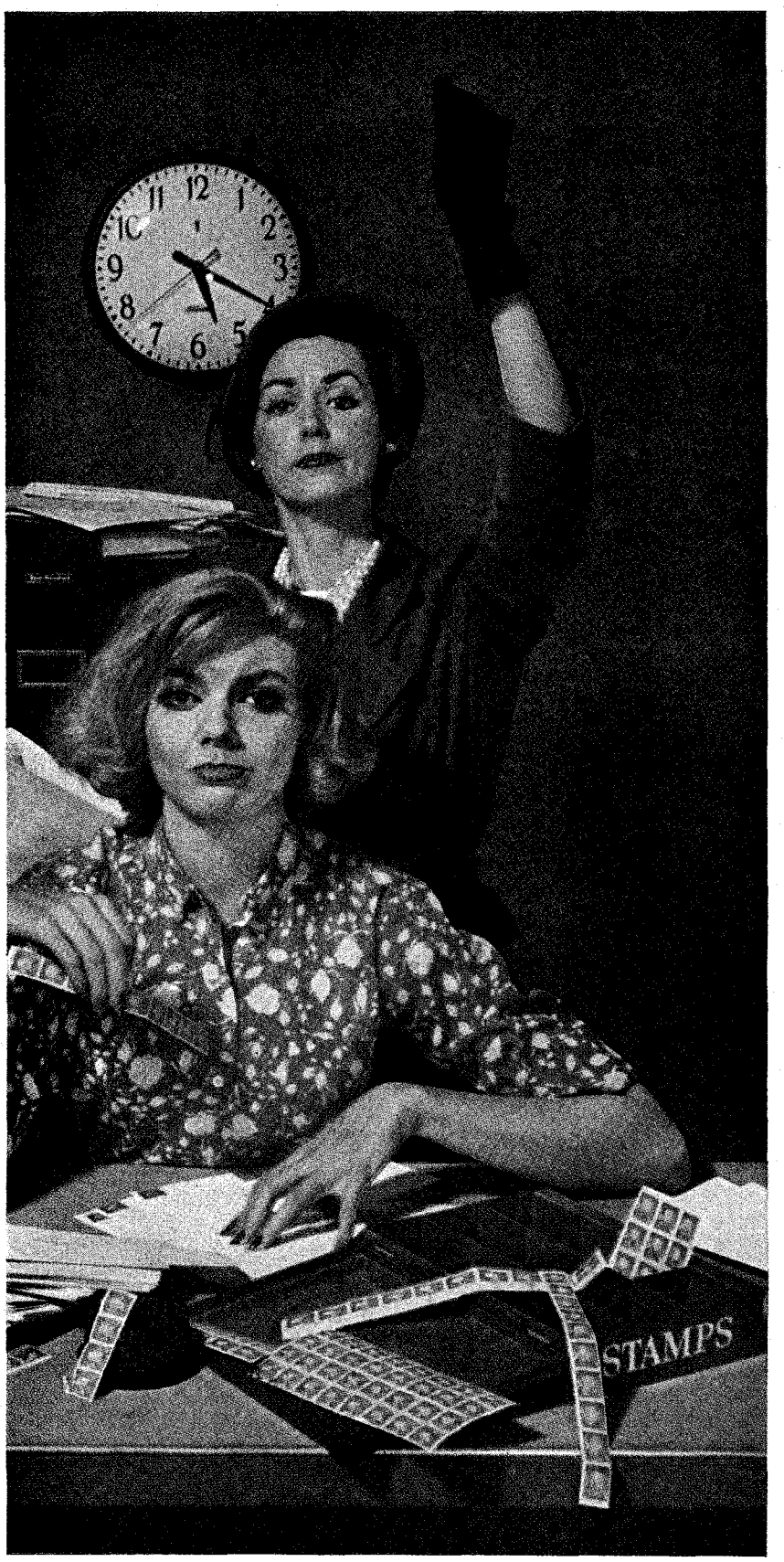
He shook his head.

"Because I was trying to show you how smart I was," she went on. "Because I was trying to show you a person could do anything he wanted if he really tried."

He smiled, and there was a brightness in the single, pale-blue eye that had not been there earlier. "Do you know something, Marie?" He spoke her first name without thinking about it now.

She tilted her head very slightly.

"Do you know that's a lovely thought?" he said, looking partly at the painting as he spoke, but feeling her hand warm and strong in his. "Do you know that's a truly lovely thought?" THE END



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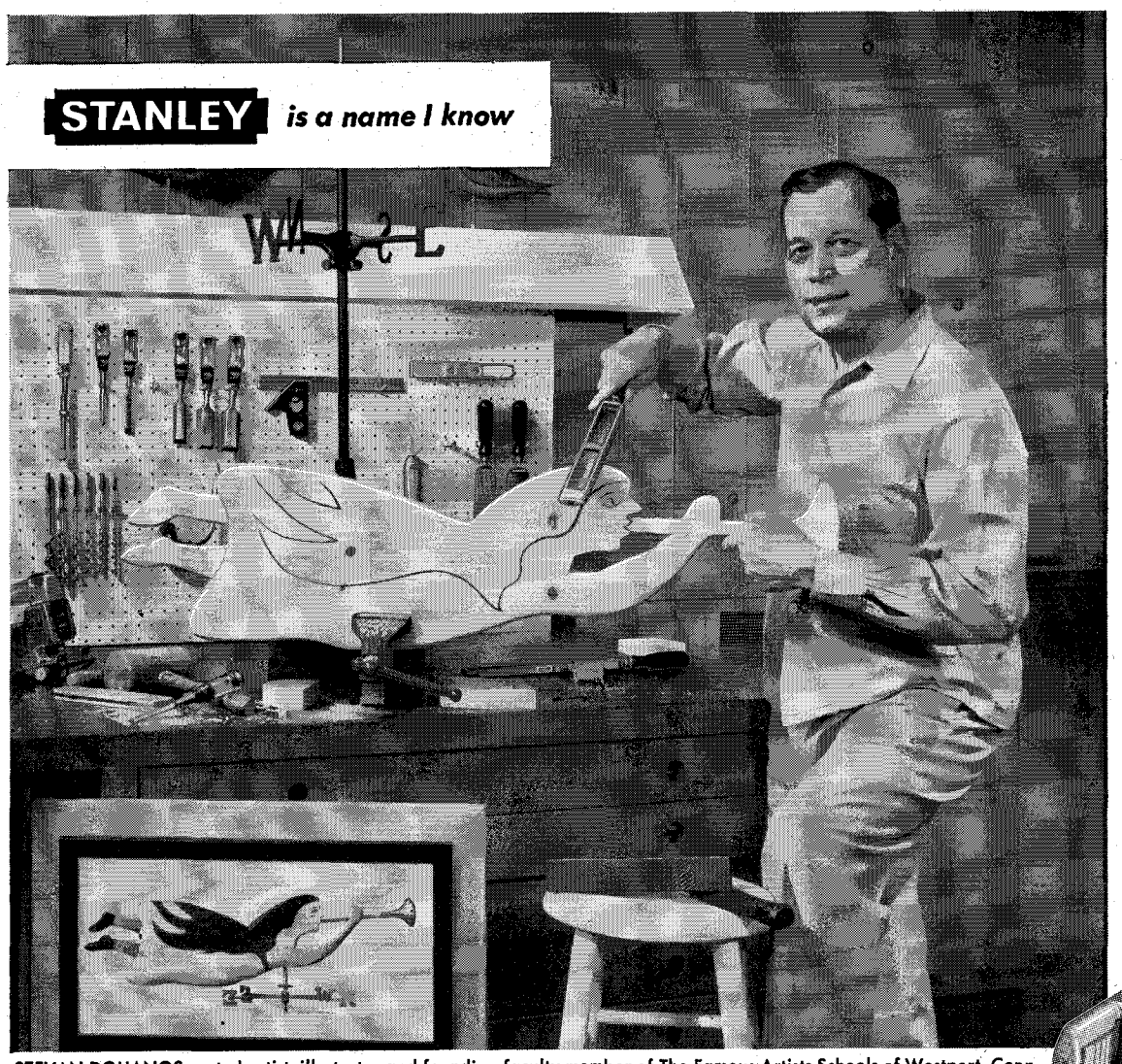

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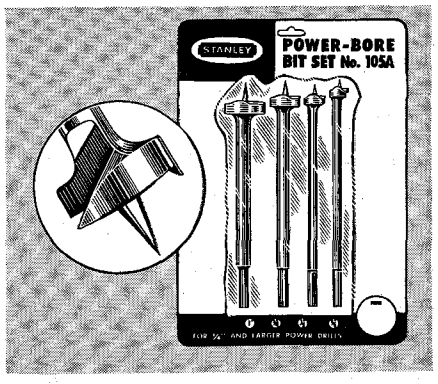

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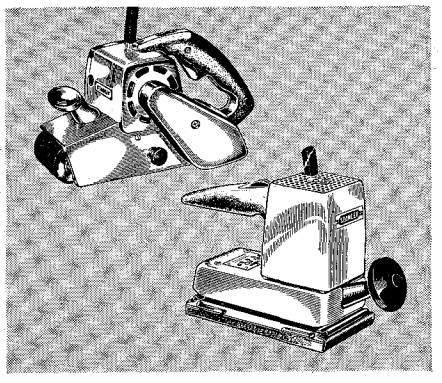

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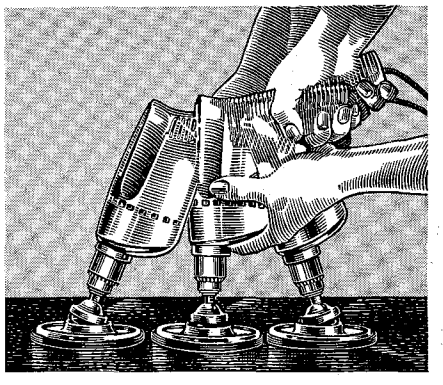

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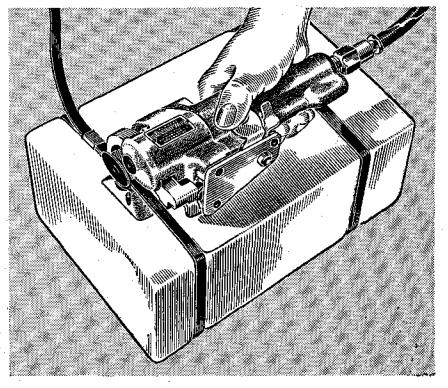

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Let's Get Tough About Foreign Aid

(Continued from Page 31)

just as violently to including the item in the budget at all.

Neither extremist position is likely to be effective in the present Congress. I don't believe the Congress will appropriate more money than our economy can safely afford, and there is no possibility of abandoning this work. The important problem, as I see it, is not the exact size of the program, but rather what should be the objective in our foreign-aid spending.

Let me make my own viewpoint clear: When, at President Eisenhower's request, I resigned as Executive Director of the Hoover Commission to become head of ICA, there was considerable criticism of my appointment in the "liberal" press and from some members of Congress. The assumption was that I had taken over the work in order to do a hatchet job on the agency.

Later, when I defended the President's budget request before congressional committees, many of my old friends declared that I, a lifelong conservative Republican, three-term Congressman and law partner of the late Senator Taft, had become a New Dealer!

Perhaps there was a certain justification for each of those opposing beliefs. Certainly I did my best to effect economies in ICA and to hold the program within strict limits. But I also realized that if we are to play the part in world politics into which, somewhat against our will, we have been thrust by the inexorable march of events, this expensive foreign-aid program must continue into the foreseeable future.

I had one guiding principle in my conduct of ICA affairs. Each proposed project had to be tested by a single standard: "Will the spending of money for this purpose increase the security of the United States?" In the use of taxpayers' money, my sole concern was, and is, the self-interest of this nation.

In my meetings with leaders of countries which were receiving ICA funds, whether in Washington or on my extended travels, I was always perfectly frank in expressing the objectives of the United States in giving the aid. I made it clear that I was negotiating mutually advantageous security arrangements, not purveying gifts. I never noticed any shocked surprise from the generally realistic people with whom I dealt, although there was frequently disappointment because I insisted on this tough approach.

Our situation in Libya is an example of a mutually beneficial agreement. Libya, though twice as large as Texas, has about 1,000,000 people living along the fringe of the Mediterranean. Most of the country is desert. However, Wheelus Field, one of our largest air bases, is located near Tripoli; and the country, furthermore, acts as a buffer zone between Egypt and French North Africa. Libya is a desperately poor country, and her economy would collapse almost immediately without our financial shoring. Thus our money, which Libya badly needs, provides us with a dependable air base in North Africa, which we badly need.

There is, of course, powerful opposition in both Congress and the Administration to this *quid-pro-quo* concept of ICA's purpose. One group, for example, is constantly attempting to divert an increasingly larger percentage of our foreign-aid funds to the improvement of undeveloped parts of the world, regardless of our national interest. Because we are rich and powerful, the proponents of such a policy say, we should continue this program even if the cold war should come to an end. This is an entirely praiseworthy attitude of the majority of Americans in their private lives, but our Administration, in my opinion, was not elected to act as agent for our philanthropies.

Among the allies of this philanthropic school of thought are many important public figures who would radically alter the present ratio of military and economic spending. Today, more than half of ICA's funds go for weapons and training for the armies of our N.A.T.O. allies and friendly nations in the Middle East and Far East. Some members of Congress and the Administration would drastically cut this item of the budget.

A few days after the last ICA appropriation bill had been passed by Congress late last summer, eight leading and influential "liberal" Senators advocated this course in a long letter to the President. The essence of their argument is contained in part of one paragraph:

". . . it is in the political and economic realm that the concepts of freedom are now undergoing a universal trial . . . study has led us to the conclusion that the principal and most costly shortcoming of the Mutual Security Program remains as it has been for some time—the failure to emphasize military aid less and to stress economic aid and technical assistance more. . . ."

Given a total appropriation of about $4,000,000,000, which is about the maximum we should spend at present, this proposed shift of emphasis would seriously undercut the military strength of our allies and, by projection, of ourselves. Many countries have, at our behest, built up their armed forces far beyond the point where they can be supported without our help. To reduce sharply the various amounts they receive not only would shake their confidence in us but also would encourage the Communists to attempt further military adventures.

Admittedly, when the Soviet Union began using economic means to infiltrate the uncommitted nations of the Middle East and Far East, the problem of maintaining a clear-cut relationship between our security requirements and our spending became infinitely more complex. It is clearly self-interest to equip a willing but impoverished fellow soldier on the barricades. The amount and kind of help to give a neutral to keep him from being forced into the enemy's camp is a far knottier question.

An especially tough kind of realism is needed in this area of ICA's activities. The United States does have a real stake in keeping as many uncommitted nations as possible from being drawn into the Communist orbit through too much dependence upon Soviet aid. We cannot permit ourselves, however, to be lured into the fool's game of trying to outbid the Russians everywhere. That way lies bankruptcy.

The basic weakness in the position of both those who would make the ICA a global philanthropic organization and those who would sacrifice military for economic aid is a lack of understanding of the real problems of economic development.

When the Marshall Plan, or Economic Co-operation Administration, was started soon after World War II, we were faced with a partly devastated and completely exhausted Western Europe. Some of the European countries, in their weakened condition, were in danger of falling into the waiting arms of the Communists. Had this happened, our position in the world would have been seriously threatened. Therefore, the spending of our money to re-establish industrial Europe had a direct and obvious relationship to our own security. These were our allies, and they would be of considerably more value to us when they regained economic health.

This is not the place to discuss the unnecessary waste in the administration of the Marshall Plan. We must admit that ECA played a large part in the quick recovery of Europe. Because of this, some members of Congress and the Administration believe that the same kind of precipitate and lavish spending would achieve comparable results in the Far East and Middle East. Understandably, political leaders in those parts of the world, who are anxious to industrialize their countries, endorse this reasoning.

In addition to the fact that the United States cannot again afford such a vast outpouring of its wealth, there is a major flaw in this concept. In Europe we were dealing with nations with excellent transportation and communications systems, skilled technicians, a huge reservoir of trained workers, sound tax laws and stable governments. The rehabilitation of plants and adequate credit were all that was needed to revitalize industry.

The situation in the Middle East and Far East is vastly different. To begin with, there are hundreds of millions of people living in those parts of the world, and even our vast resources are inadequate to affect quickly the economic lot of such masses. But even more important, almost no nation in those parts of the world is, as yet, capable of absorbing massive doses of industrial development. There is no point in increasing production capacity faster than demand can be generated and technological skills can be learned. The road to economic health and success is uphill and arduous.

NEXT WEEK

A LONG LOOK AT CHINA

By Chester Bowles

MY AMBITION IS TO QUIT

By Jackie Jensen of the Boston Red Sox

ADVENTURES OF THE MIND, 24:

WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT PHYSICS

By Sir George Thomson

WHEN A NEGRO MOVES NEXT DOOR

Neighborhood Crisis in Baltimore

GRAND OLD MAN'S NEW CAREER

Comeback of Comedian Ed Wynn at Seventy

A COMPLETE NOVELETTE

THE TALE OF THE FOURTH STRANGER

By Anthony Coburn

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In a conversation in Vietnam not long ago, for example, I was discussing the many problems of that nation with the minister of finance. At one point in our talk he said earnestly, "What I really wish you could send us are a few clerks. Right now we need people who can do simple office work more than anything else."

He then went on to explain that the French colonial government had done almost nothing about educating the native population of Indochina and that, as a result, with the withdrawal of the French, there was only a handful of people in the entire country with even the equivalent of a high-school education. "We have so few who can do even the routine tasks of running a government," he said.

Lack of education and technological experience is endemic in most of the Middle Eastern and Far Eastern nations which are receiving ICA assistance. Therefore, it becomes doubly important for us to scrutinize every proposal we receive in terms of its feasibility and economic advantage to the petitioning nation. A good banker will not make a plant-expansion loan to a company merely because it wants to double production. He will insist on knowing something about the market for the company's products, the ability of the officers and the probabilities of profit from the new facilities. ICA should be no less thorough and analytical in handling taxpayers' money.

The present situation in India is a case in point. India is in the middle of a second five-year plan, a highly ambitious effort with goals which seem unrealistic. About $1,500,000,000 of foreign exchange will be needed to buy materials during the five-year period.

Although we were not consulted about the plan in advance, a number of leading "liberals" in this country are demanding that the United States provide the necessary financing to make it a success. They don't ask whether or not the undertaking is sound. I concur in their desire to keep India a part of the free world, but I regard their advocacy of a massive plan of dubious worth as an advanced case of fiscal irresponsibility. Nor do they ask whether or not private capital could do a large part of the work if only the Indian Government would encourage such activity adequately.

In addition to selecting with care the projects it will support abroad, ICA also has a responsibility, both to this country and to the nation receiving the aid, to make certain that our aid money will not be lost through the incompetence or lack of experience of those who plan, build and operate the projects we finance.

Yugoslavia, for instance, tried for some time to secure financing from ICA for a fertilizer plant. This request precipitated a battle royal in our Administration. One group would give the money to Yugoslavia subject only to the provision that adequate engineering drawings were made. The other side, with which I was in hearty agreement, argued that a single, capable contractor should be employed to do the work under the supervision of a competent engineer and that arrangements be made for the training of operating personnel before we even embark on the project.

Naturally, the Yugoslav minister concerned wanted complete authority over the project, and his supporters in this country said that we should not offend Yugoslav pride by imposing conditions. International amenities, however, must be sacrificed if they interfere with proper use and proper accounting of all our mutual-security funds. By following this course, we may not be liked, but we will be respected, and our money will not be wasted.

This is no isolated instance. Again and again we must deal with technologically undeveloped nations which, understandably enough, are fiercely nationalistic and keenly resentful of any reflection upon their abilities. Yet, if the United States is to use foreign aid properly—that is, to increase our own security—we can't permit this hypersensitivity to be a dominant factor in our decisions.

Occasionally we will lose a battle in the cold war because we will not yield to pressure. Colonel Nasser has taken Egypt at least to the periphery of the Soviet empire because we would not accede to his demands for arms and for Aswan Dam financing. Aside from the fact that giving substantial arms to Nasser would have been politically inadvisable, the two undertakings could not be supported simultaneously by the Egyptian economy. Had we acted upon the theories of the "give-away" group in this country, we would not only have failed in our duty to our national self-interest but also have damaged the recipient as well.

The permanent loss of Egypt to the free world would be serious, but Nasser's present disenchantment with his Russian partner indicates that the defection may prove to be only temporary. The Aswan High Dam is no closer to being built than it ever was. Perhaps Nasser's experience will show some of the other neutrals the truth of the adage, "He who sups with the devil must have a long spoon."

However, those who would convert ICA into an altruistic organization are not the only group which endangers the original purpose of our foreign-aid program. Another influential body of opinion holds that more and more of our foreign-aid money should be given to various United Nations agencies for distribution. We are already allotting about $75,000,000 per year from our ICA funds to various international groups.

Again I must ask the basic question, "Would increasing our appropriation to these international organizations enhance the security of the United States?" My answer is "No." These agencies are controlled by secretariats appointed by the General Assembly of the U.N., where we have but one vote. This means that the expenditure of our money is controlled by nations which contribute negligible amounts and which, in many instances, are themselves beneficiaries of the spending.

In the United Nations technical program, for example, we contribute more than a third of the funds, and yet we have no more to say than any other nation. Not only is our contribution by far the largest but also our dollars can be spent anywhere in the world, whereas some of the other countries, including Russia, give only their own currencies, which usually can be spent only in the issuing nation. Thus, Soviet money hires only Soviet technicians to do U.N. work, whereas our money can be used to pay men from any part of the world.

In addition to following a hard line of self-interest in the use of foreign-aid funds and strictly limiting the amount we give to international organizations, we should take definitive action to lighten the heavy burden on the United States taxpayer and, eventually, to obviate the need for the assistance program entirely.

One of the first steps we can take in this direction is to insist that we, as a Government, will do nothing which private enterprise can do as well or better. Next, ICA and the Development Loan Fund should sharply increase the amount of money now being spent to subsidize plant construction by American private enterprise in undeveloped countries. Third, we must convince these nations that it is to their advantage to welcome these investors and to adopt tax laws and operating regulations which will make it possible for both domestic and foreign capital to work efficiently and at a profit.

All of these objectives are more easily stated than realized. Many Government officials have come to expect the Federal treasury to supply the solution for all of our problems. Private enterprise in the international field is viewed by many of the rank and file of the State Department with suspicion and often outright hostility as a complicating factor. Also, all too often the average United States ambassador, eager for the good will of the country to which he is accredited, is unwilling to fight for the cause of private capital. It is so much easier and more "popular" to offer a grant or loan from some United States agency.

The task of creating a favorable climate for our brand of free enterprise abroad does indeed present formidable difficulties, especially in the Far East. Few of the political leaders have a genuine understanding of our economic system, and the trend toward varying forms of state socialism is strong.

During a recent trip that I made to India, for example, the finance minister told me about some steel mills which his government was building. The nation's future needs for steel, he said, had been determined in the current economic plan, but the private steel companies had refused to embark on an expansion program sufficient to produce the required tonnage. State-owned plants, he explained, were therefore necessary to supplement private production.

I asked him what would happen if the estimates in the plan proved to be too high. Would the government mills close, so that private companies could continue to operate profitably, or would private organizations be forced out of business?

Neither, he said. A price would be fixed for steel, and production would be controlled, and state-owned and privately owned mills would both be able to make a profit. Such a statement is, of course, nonsense. As we know from our own experience in this country, the government's invasion of any field of business forces out private industry. Government officials, good or bad, seldom recognize the actual cost of operating a state-owned business. Free enterprise can't compete.

Despite the major obstacles to be overcome both at home and abroad, the utilization of domestic and foreign private capital to relieve the United States taxpayer is far from a hopeless cause. Congress, in general, has been urging greater use of this powerful force in our aid program. An aroused and insistent public in this country can bring about the necessary change of bureaucratic attitude in Washington. Persuasion, practical demonstrations of the benefits to be derived from private capital and economic leverage exercised by our Government can effect a similar change abroad.

This is a comparatively long-range plan for lightening the burden on our Treasury. However, we could greatly increase our efficiency and effect enormous savings throughout the whole field immediately if we co-ordinated the present efforts of the numerous United States and international agencies which, along with ICA, affect the economies of foreign nations.

It is axiomatic that government is wasteful and inefficient. This condition is inevitable because there is no competition to require efficiency for survival. However, the manner in which we conduct our foreign economic activities seriously aggravates the situation.

Admittedly the size and complexity of the job of operating in some sixty countries should not be underestimated. Lines of communication are often inadequate. Limiting legislation, frequently unreasonable, complicates the problem. In many instances we are working with officials of newly developed countries who are hopelessly unequipped for their position and are often politically motivated or venal, or both.

Working under these handicaps, we obviously have a great need for unity of purpose and action. We should speak with one voice around the world. Unfortunately the tendency in Washington, both in the Administration and Congress, is to fragmentize the aid program.

Let's take a cursory look at the financial jungle which has grown up in the last decade or so. Among the many agencies under international auspices, there is the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development—also known as the World Bank—which, with funds largely supplied by (*Continued on Page 88*)

"I'd sand it down and start over."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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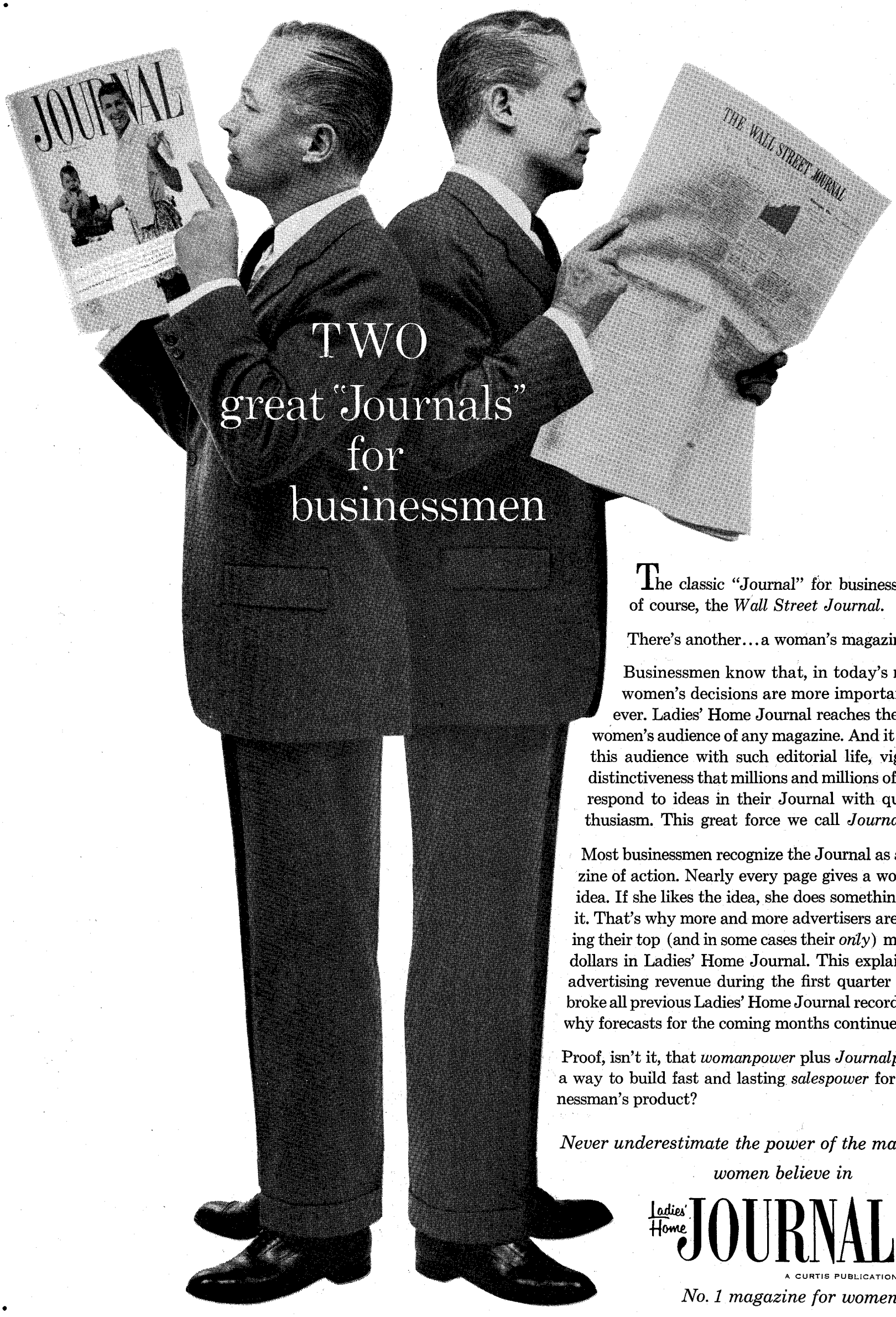

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(*Continued from Page 86*) American investors, makes hard-money loans to other governments. Then there is the International Monetary Fund, to which the United States is by far the largest contributor, which makes short-term loans.

In this country we have the Export-Import Bank, which was started back in the depression to finance American foreign trade. The bank has departed far from this field and is now engaged in budget support and balance-of-payment loans to foreign governments. The Development Loan Fund also makes loans, mostly in soft currencies—that is, not freely exchangeable—for long-term development projects, usually in neutral countries. The fund was originally set up as an integral part of ICA, but now operates almost completely independently.

The Agriculture Department is also part of this tangled scene. Under the surplus-commodity-sales legislation, we sell to foreign countries, for soft currencies, those products which our agricultural price-support program requires us to buy from our farmers. Then we lend the proceeds of the sales abroad to those same countries for development purposes.

Our Defense Department also has a role. It plans military-aid programs for various nations without adequate consideration of the continuing cost to the countries involved in supporting the arms efforts. The Defense Department also makes deals for bases in other countries which involve large expenditures by us and greatly affect the economies of these nations.

Remember that all of these organizations are in addition to ICA, which makes grants and loans, usually in soft currencies, for various types of assistance, chiefly the support of economies of countries with which we have military alliances.

Certainly we don't need any new agencies. We already have too many. Yet the President recently gave his support to the establishment of two new international lending organizations—the International Development Association and the Inter-American Development Bank. Also, there is constant pressure from "give-away" groups to found various international development funds such as SPUR (Special Projects for Underdeveloped Regions) and SUNFED (Special United Nations Fund for Economic Development) plus additional regional lending institutions, all of them to be financed largely by the United States.

If we are to eradicate overlapping, duplication, waste and inefficiency, a contraction—not an expansion—of our present structure of agencies must take place. First, the Development Loan Fund should either be abolished or be placed completely under the direction of ICA. In its present independent status, the fund seriously weakens our over-all control of lending.

Next, the Export-Import Bank should be restricted to its original purpose—financing American foreign trade. Our surplus-commodities-disposal program should be better controlled and more closely co-ordinated with our other activities abroad.

The most important step to be taken, however, is the establishment of close-knit co-operation between all United States groups which affect our foreign-aid program.

It is essential, of course, that the Secretary of State, acting for the President, should set the foreign policy of the United States. The secretary, therefore, must have final authority over our foreign-aid program. However, he is already doing the work of several men, and he has no time to oversee the day-to-day activities in order that we will "speak with one voice."

This authority should be delegated to his Under Secretary of State for Economic Affairs, who should be a czar in this field with full power to act within the limits of existing legislation. Equally important, he should be a tough "no" man. Few United States ambassadors ever think that the countries to which they are accredited receive enough money. No Regional Assistant Secretary of State is ever convinced that his area is getting its share of assistance. And, of course, there is the constant cry of "more," never "less," from each country on our foreign-aid list.

If appropriations for the Mutual Security Program are not to increase steadily and if we are to have an adequate reserve for new and pressing needs for aid which will inevitably arise, we must cut down on some of our existing programs and teach our friends abroad that our assistance is an emergency measure, not a continuing subsidy.

Foreign aid has been a tremendously expensive, but indispensable, weapon in maintaining the security of the United States. There are a few principles which will increase this security greatly. We must spend the money available for foreign aid for the safety of the United States without any "giveaway" aspects. The money should be spent by those with our interests at heart—and not by some international group. Funds should be allocated only where private capital, either local or foreign, cannot do the job under reasonable encouragement. Finally, the program should be closely co-ordinated with all other economic activities of the United States Government. Only by following these principles can the enormous drain on the American taxpayer be justified.

My Road to Crime (Continued from Page 36)

him, is serious. I got ten days' solitary confinement in a strip-down cell.

"It was a cell without lights or bed in an isolated part of the building where you didn't hear a sound all day long. You were not allowed to talk and you couldn't smoke.

"They fed you two slices of bread and some other food at mealtimes, and you just stayed there for ten days. You were in your underclothes, and at night they opened the windows and you froze. It was the most miserable thing I'd ever known. Days just dragged by.

"During that time I built up a hate in me. I became so hateful that I could have chewed on the guy's heart that put me in there. And for ten days I just kept getting more and more rotten. I kept saying to myself, *They're not going to do this to me again. I don't care no more. I'll get even.* But you couldn't talk. If you did, they'd put you in the 'hole,' and that was even worse."

(When Tony got out of the strip-down cell, however, he didn't try to get even. He was no model prisoner, but he turned into a pretty good bricklayer. And there were no more shakedowns for cigarettes. He discovered an easier way to get them; he bought them. Unfortunately this practice—in his second year—led to even more serious punishment than the strip-down cell. He was sentenced to the "hole.")

"I got thirty days for having things in my cell that I wasn't supposed to have. I had a pair of hot shoes, for example. They were robbed by another inmate. I'd bought them from him. I also had coffee and sugar in my cell, and a stove to cook with. It's funny how things float around in jail. You could get just about anything you wanted except whisky.

"We got it from the guards, or hacks, as we called them. If you had a connection with one, he'd bring you stuff like chewing gum and hair lotion and books—things we weren't supposed to have.

"Where did I get the money? Once or twice from my mother. When she came to visit me, I'd have her leave money in the washroom, in the women's toilet. And then an inmate would go in there to clean after the visitors left, pick up the money and give it to me. I'd give the money to the hack. Sometimes my mother would leave me two or three dollars. When I gave it to the hack, he'd bring me one of those paperback books. We always liked books about crime. After I'd read it, I'd rent it out and it'd be making money for me. If someone wanted to read it, it would cost a pack of cigarettes, and he'd have to read it in one night.

> When a woman gets the upper hand in a marriage, it's no longer in a position to be patted.
>
> MILDRED SILVER

"One day they searched my cell, and I had a lot of things in there. And so they gave me the bad place. When you come out of there you're in pretty rough shape.

"The hole was all painted dark blue—floor, ceiling, walls and everything—and there was no window. You never knew what time it was. You might think it was night, but it was really morning. Thirty days in there was like thirty years.

"I used to try to keep time by the changing of the hacks. But they were very quiet because they loved to make the time drag for you. I'd listen, and if I heard one of them whisper to the other, 'I'll see you tomorrow,' I figured it was the night man coming on. If I fell asleep and didn't hear anybody, I was lost. After three or four days, I lost track of everything.

"They gave me a blanket and a mattress, but I had to keep it rolled up until they told me I could lay down on it. All day long I wasn't allowed to sit on it. I had to stand up. If I wanted to sit down, I had to do it on the cold floor. Once I figured I'd stand up for two days and sleep for four on the floor. I felt that would make the time go fast, and that the only time I'd get up would be when they banged on the door with my food. But when I tried it, I had no idea how long I slept. I didn't know whether it was day or night. I'd lost all track of time.

"Once I figured if I acted crazy they'd take me out of there. Maybe if I screamed and hollered ——

"I tried it, and the hack came running. He opened the door and came inside. 'Look,' he said, 'let me tell you something. You pretend you're crazy and we'll take you out of here. But you'll only go to the hospital, and they'll put you in another room just like this one. You're not fooling me. Just do your time and shut up!'

"And so I stopped pretending I was crazy and asked him if he had any aspirin. I had a headache. I'd been banging my head against the wall. 'No,' he said. 'I don't give you guys nothin'. What do you think you're here for—a rest? This is discipline, prison discipline.'

"When the guard left, I swore I'd get even. I swore I'd spend the whole five years in jail, that I'd be the worst inmate in the place. I swore all kinds of oaths. Then I fell asleep and had a dream. I dreamt that my mother, stepfather, sister and I were all in a car. We were riding around and we were all happy, and my mother was laughing and I was free. I had no worries at all. I dreamt that several times. And when I finally got out of the hole, I figured, 'What the hell! I'm out of there now. I'm in my own cell again.' And I forgot all about getting even.

"I got a few letters from home, and when Christmas came my mother sent me a package. It had a white shirt in it, and I was allowed to keep it. I've always liked white shirts."

(Tony served three and a half years of his five-year term. He got the rest off for good behavior. During the last part of his stay at Elmira, he was a co-operative prisoner, chiefly because they put him on the outside brick gang.)

"We built things, things we didn't have to knock down. We built a little mess hall for the farm gangs. It was satisfying to know I was building something *for a reason.* I knew if we built a wall now, it was going to stay up for years. And I knew if we painted the mess hall, I'd be able to look back at it and say, 'I painted that.' It's hard to describe how that made me feel. I had something to look forward to. I wrote home to my mother and said, 'When I come home, things will be different!'"

(Things were different—for a while. Tony was released in May, 1955, and the sudden smell of the warm spring air—the first free air he'd breathed since 1951—intoxicated him. But the feeling lasted only a few weeks. Back home in the slum jungle the pressures came back. He was on parole, and the past still weighed heavily. He owed money to loan sharks from his dope-pushing days which he couldn't pay except by getting back into crime. This he was determined to avoid. He got the first job he could get—washing funeral cars—but the pay wasn't enough to make any dent on his debts. And he didn't have the money to buy a trowel, level and the other tools he needed to start a career in bricklaying.

He started to drink. He drank to forget and, as he put it, "to sleep." He wasn't permitted by his parole officer to go into bars, but he knew of plenty of places where they'd give him a shot if he paid for it. There were many times when Tony was convinced that life was worse outside prison than in. Then suddenly everything changed. The reason? Someone who "wasn't like the rest of them.") (*Continued on Page 90*)

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(*Continued from Page 88*) "I met Maggie in this luncheonette. Since I wasn't allowed to go in bars, I used to hang out in this place because they served whisky in the back. Once in a while, they'd put a record on the jukebox, and the girls used to dance. Maggie wasn't eighteen yet, but she used to come in there. She'd try to be like the rest of them, but it wasn't in her. She didn't wear a lot of lipstick and go crazy over rock 'n' roll, smoking cigarettes, wearing tight skirts and antagonizing everybody. When she tried to dance, she was clumsy. She was just a sweet kid.

"I remember one night I started to drink, but I wasn't in the mood. We started talking. She told me about her family and said, 'How come you drink so much?' I went to the show with her, and then I dropped her. I figured she was too young. I didn't want to do anything stupid.

"But finally one night I was really down. I was so disgusted I was afraid to look in the mirror. It was Christmastime, and when I went into the luncheonette, everybody was drinking and having a good time. Maggie gave me a cross and told me to wear it. She said she'd had it blessed. Then she kissed me on the cheek and wished me a Merry Christmas. I walked out of there and went downtown. Suddenly I felt different. I felt I didn't have to worry any more. I knew she was a good kid and—*there* was something good. I went back and asked her: did she want to marry me?"

(Tony and Maggie were married eventually, but it didn't happen until spring. Meanwhile, as Easter approached, Maggie found she was going to have a baby.)

"When Maggie found out about it, she was scared. She was even afraid to tell me. But she finally did, and we started taking walks and looking at baby clothes and trying to pick out names. We laughed about who it was going to look like, me with my big nose or her with her little one. I guess that was the first time I'd laughed since I'd come out of prison. It felt good.

"I hoped the baby would be a girl. Girls take after their mothers, they say. And I didn't want a boy in that neighborhood. Not yet. I was afraid.

"I went to the church in our neighborhood to see if we could get married. But the priest said the carpet cost thirty dollars, and the lights would be so much, plus the choir and the altar boys and the flowers.

"I knew I couldn't afford that, and I asked him if we could just be married without all that. 'Yes,' he said. 'It'll cost you twenty dollars.' I told him I didn't have twenty dollars. 'Well, then,' he replied, 'you don't want to get married.'

"That made me mad, and I went to another church in another neighborhood. There was a priest there—Father Bob—and he sat me down, winked at me and said, 'Go ahead and hit me with it!' Those were his words. I told him my problem, and he agreed to marry us in the rectory.

"But when Maggie and I went there together, and he was ready to perform the ceremony, he said, 'Look, this is no good.' He put his arm around my waist and said, 'Come on!' Then he led us to the high altar in the church. He called two altar boys and made them put on their white kimonos. He got out the gold candlesticks and the gold tray for the wedding rings. It was Palm Sunday, and the whole church was filled with palms twisted like seaweed. The saints were covered with cloth, and by rights we shouldn't have been married that day at all. But Father Bob was doing it, he said, 'because a child is involved.'

"Then he married us right in the church with all the candles blazing and everything. I was nervous. I didn't know when to kneel and when to stand up, but Father Bob gave me a signal with his hand and winked at me each time. During the benediction, he threw a lot of water on me. I guess he figured I needed a good blessing. When it was all over, I gave him a donation in an envelope, but he wouldn't take it. 'Buy some groceries,' he said. 'And promise me that when the child is born you'll bring it here to be baptized.'"

(Tony and Maggie moved into a cold-water flat in the neighborhood—three bare and dirty rooms. But Tony immediately began fixing them up. His knowledge of painting and plastering came in handy. For the first time in his life he was happy.)

"At first, Maggie and I slept on the floor. We had three big quilted blankets. But soon I made a bed. My mother had an old piece of furniture, and I used it for a backboard, painting it and making it look like a Hollywood bed. I got a box spring and mattress, and we had a real bedroom. We bought a secondhand stove and refrigerator.

"Maggie's mother gave us a set of dishes, and we got some silver. Some of it was marked with the name of a big chain of restaurants. A few times we went there to eat, and the knives and forks looked pretty good. So I figured, what the hell, and put them in my pocket.

"All the dishes got broken soon after that, though. I'd bought some lumber and built a big cabinet and nailed it to the wall. Then one night the plaster gave way and the cabinet came tumbling down. It brought half the wall with it. The mess took two days to clean up, and we didn't nail anything to the wall after that.

"We also fixed up a room for the baby that was coming. I wanted it to be nice. I knew a family in the neighborhood that had a crib and couldn't use it any more, and so I bought it cheap. I painted it and fixed it up. But I wanted a brand-new carriage because everybody would see that, and my kid would be in it. I couldn't fix up a carriage. At least that had to be new. He was coming into the world. He didn't ask to be put there. I had to make him happy.

"I admit I was scared at times. Every once in a while I woke up in the middle of the night and wondered what would happen if a son was born. I wondered if he'd turn out like me and if he'd have to go to jail and I'd see him locked up like an animal.

"But mostly I didn't think of things like that. And whenever Maggie got worried or felt a pain, I'd cheer her up. Or I'd tell her to get out the alcohol and I'd rub her feet.

"Funny thing about Maggie. She wasn't impressed by anything I'd done before. She was impressed by the little things. She was impressed, for example, by that new carriage. She gave me a feeling of confidence. She picked me up, brushed me off, put a clean white shirt on me and said, 'Now go out and show the world you're a man!' I don't know where I'd have been without her. I'd known all kinds of girls—girls that wore bright lipstick and tight skirts and hair painted with streaks of silver. But here was a girl, a little, small pint of a person, with a button for a nose and a few freckles, and she was able to wrap a big bluff like me around her fingers and make me knuckle down. When all those criminologists and psychiatrists and bug doctors —— They tried. They went to college to try and straighten out guys like me and burnt up all kinds of money learning education. And they never did nothing. Maggie had never been to school much, but she sure made me over. She even got me cleaning the windows.

"One day I got a raise. When I came home, Maggie and I went to a movie and celebrated. We felt as if we'd suddenly inherited a thousand dollars. The raise was only five dollars. I remember when I used to make a hundred, and it didn't even move me. If I'd known how I was going to feel now, I could have been happy for ten years instead of eight months. When I went to sleep at night, I went out like a light."

(Shortly after this, Maggie gave birth to a boy. Tony was so anxious to see him that he rushed to the hospital and persuaded the nurse to show him the baby a few minutes after birth. Tony was horrified.)

"I figured this baby of mine was going to come into the world a real prize package, like the babies you see on television and in advertisements, with hair and everything. But to me he looked like a bulldog. His face was all red and rough and creased. I was sick. I rushed out of the hospital and then rushed right back in again. I demanded the doctor and told him I was going to sue the hospital because there were instrument marks on my baby's face. I told him they'd ruined him.

"The doctor told me to calm down, and told the nurse that I never should have been allowed to see the baby before he was cleaned up and made ready. Especially since I was a first-time father. 'Come back later,' he said, 'and you'll see a big change.'

"A little later he did look better, but he still didn't look right. And when I told Maggie about it, she just laughed. 'I can't help it,' I said. 'He's funny-looking. Don't put any bows on him. Not with a face like that. He looks like a little old man that's been out drinking all night.' Before I left, the nurse told me that babies grew before your eyes, and I half believed it. Every night when I came home from work, I'd rush to the hospital to see if he had changed since the day before, and of course he hadn't.

"I couldn't wait for Maggie to get home. I think I must have cleaned the house ten times. I got the crib all fixed up and hung a pair of white boxing gloves over it. When Maggie saw those, she said, 'Boy, you sure bought the right thing for this kid!'

"After a while, Jimmy—that's what we called him—shaped up, but was still kinda funny-looking. At the baptism, there were five other babies. They all looked pretty to me, while this guy of mine still looked in rough shape, especially when the priest, Father Bob, threw water on him. He cried and got all red, but I love him just the same.

"One thing bothered me. We lived in a cold-water flat where there was no heat. And so in the nighttime, I often got up to see if his feet were cold. But I never woke Maggie because she was the worrying type. So I just took his feet and rubbed them a bit, fixed the blankets for him, and—thanked God."

(Life in the cold-water flat with Maggie and Jimmy would have been completely happy if it had not been for one thing: Tony was not free of his past. He still owed money to the racketeers, and this hung like a shadow over the household.)

"To those guys I was a creep, because I didn't function right any more. I didn't have my hands in any shady deals. They didn't like the idea that I'd once been doing business with them—buying and selling junk—and that now I'd just walked out on them. It was like smacking them in the face. They preferred to see me pushing dope to pushing a baby carriage, and they were trying to get me back into dope again. They knew I'd once made money for them—lots of money—and I could do it again.

"They refused to let me alone. They kept hounding me. They knew I wouldn't holler 'cop' or be a stool pigeon, and they just kept calling me up, knocking on the door, or threatening me on the street. I tried to pay, and I paid as I could. But when you're married and you've got furniture bills and hospital bills, it's hard to pay much. So they just kept calling and knocking on my door. I stopped answering the door, and so one night they broke it down."

Next week Tony tells of his futile efforts to shake off the criminals who had once been his friends.—The Editors.

"I thought everyone knew that when you have the Wilsons you don't have the Crawfords."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Panic in the Skies (Continued from Page 22)

in point of service, with Pacific Coast Airlines. He had never even come close to bending a propeller on one of the airplanes which he flew. To a small degree this was, he knew, due to plain and simple luck. But to a very much larger degree, it was due to the fact that he regarded people with suspicion and knew that it was a very definite possibility that a mechanic could have a hang-over and neglect one small detail which could snowball into a crash some black and wind-swept night. He knew how many crashes had been traced to "pilot error," and he did not intend to have that happen.

Although he defended David to others, Jerry Welch had little affection for the man. To him, David was taciturn, a bit too dedicated, and inclined to be so cautious about flying that it seemed to show that the man was afraid. If he had mentioned that fact, David would have said, "You bet I'm afraid. All the fearless guys I ever knew are six feet under."

Jerry also felt that his private life was his own business. He had said as much to David, who had looked at him coldly. "Your private life is the business of every man, woman and child who climbs into your airplane. Who knows how many cases of pilot error could be traced back to the fact that a pilot had a fight with his wife the morning before take-off?"

Jerry shrugged. "I don't have a wife."

"Or maybe a pilot was a hair less alert than he should have been because he was out with some blonde instead of logging some sack time. Or"—and he looked at Jerry pointedly—"maybe he was less concerned with flying an airplane than he was with making love to another man's wife."

"Look, if you're speaking of Jennifer McMillan, you're way off base."

"If I'm way off base, how did you know it was Jennifer I was thinking of?"

"Because everyone's yapping about it, that's why. Personally I wish the woman would drop dead. She's making a pest of herself."

"You should have thought of that in the beginning."

Jerry shrugged. "Sure, sure. So Pete McMillan is ten years older than she is. So she flew up to San Francisco three months ago. So we went out on the town. What's wrong with that? We hit a few Dixieland joints—we went out to the beach—we had a few laughs. So what?"

"Don't kid me, Jerry. You've met her in San Francisco four times, all told."

"Three times."

"All right, three times," David said. "Just one more time, Jerry, and you don't fly in my airplane any more. You can fly, Jerry, technically, but I don't want anyone in the right-hand seat who gets himself loused up with a married woman. Sooner or later there'll be trouble."

Jerry looked at David broodingly. "O.K.," he said. "I haven't seen her for a week anyway."

"Good thing," David said. "Pete McMillan had a few too many up in the Skyroom the other night. Jim Peterson heard him muttering about getting himself a fly-boy Romeo. That'd be you, Jerry. You know these quiet guys. When they blow a stack, they blow it clear up into the stratosphere."

"The guy doesn't worry me."

"Maybe not," David said, "but he worries me."

Now their plane was at the loading ramp, and Karen Johnson stood just inside the open door of the aircraft and greeted the passengers as they came aboard.

Karen was a blonde, as perfectly groomed as a millionaire's shrubbery, and as fresh and as dewy in appearance as a golf course at dawn. She had been a stewardess for six years and was now twenty-seven years old. The novelty and glamour of her job had long since been rubbed away. Now she performed her duties with calm efficiency and waited, not eagerly, but hopefully, for the young doctor, the successful attorney, the brilliant young businessman.

She did not think of Eric Erlandson—or rather she tried not to think of Eric, who was presumably at this moment at sea somewhere, working at his trade—first mate on the cargo-type ship, the SS James Stoddard. Whenever she thought of Eric, she received several messages. The visual one showed her Eric's blond, crew-cut hair, streaked by the sun and wind, his incredibly blue eyes, his weathered skin and his teeth that slashed whitely across his mouth when he smiled. The audio portion of the message came with his low, measured speech and the hint of a chuckle when he teased her. The physical portion of the message would have her feeling his powerful arms around her and his clean, hard mouth against hers when he kissed her. But that was over. That was in the past and buried.

Karen did wish that the time would soon come when she would stop comparing every man she met with Eric. She had long since given up the thought of marrying a pilot, having learned that most of them were married to beautiful young creatures who drove sports cars. The others, like Jerry Welch, had too much fun playing the field and wanted marriage the way they wanted an aching molar.

Two young couples came up the ramp, arguing good-naturedly. Karen was forced to smile more than professionally. The women were handsome, long-legged, young and sleek. One was a blonde, with a wind-swept haircut. The other had hair the color of well-rubbed walnut, eyes that seemed as large as cherries, dark brown in color, with tiny golden flecks.

Their husbands were dressed almost alike. Gray flannels, cashmere jackets, fine shoes, knitted ties. Both carried lightweight raincoats. One was a black-haired, black-eyed young man with a scar across his chin. The other was tall, raw-boned, looking much like a professional baseball player, except for his prematurely gray hair which stood up straight and was cut short. He could be, Karen guessed, any age from twenty-nine to thirty-nine.

"Oh, no, you don't, Dick Charlton," the blond girl said. "You sat by the window coming down."

"You said yourself that heights make you dizzy," her husband, the black-haired young man, said.

"It isn't altitude," the gray-haired young man said, grinning. "It's those stingers she had, plus the fact that she was born dizzy."

"Ha!" the girl said. "Listen to old bones. Sue, I leave it to you. How many stingers did I have?"

"Who counts?" the brown-haired girl said. "It isn't polite, Ellie."

Ellie Charlton pushed her husband aside and sat by the window. Dick Charlton dropped into the seat beside her. Sue and Philip White sat across from them.

"I'm hungry," Phil White said.

"Fasten your seat belt," Sue said, "and you won't notice it."

Phil fastened his seat belt. "I'm still hungry."

"I've often wondered," Sue said, "about these seat belts. What's the idea of them?"

"Keeps people from chasing the stewardess up and down the aisles."

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"I'm serious, smarty." Sue turned to Dick and Ellie. "Dick, why do they have seat belts?"

Dick grinned. "Keeps people from chasing the stewardess up and down the aisles."

"Oh, honestly!" Ellie said. "You two stick together like glue. Another thing, Dick; what happens if one of the engines stops working?"

"They can't stop working. These airplanes are maintained by mechanics so well trained and their maintenance system is so good that they just don't have engine failure. Besides, these planes are designed to fly on one engine."

"Oh." Ellie sucked a finger thoughtfully. "Then if an engine can't stop, why did they fix it so the plane can fly on one engine?"

"Oh, no!" Dick moaned. "You aren't going to start that feminine-logic routine, are you?"

"I know why," Sue said.

"Why?" Dick said.

"Keeps people from chasing the stewardess up and down the aisles."

"That does it!" Phil said. "Dick, you want to sit in one of the rear seats with me? We can spread out a magazine and play gin rummy."

"Best idea you've had in months," Dick said. He and Phil unfastened their seat belts and went to seats in the rear, got a magazine bound with hard covers, put it on their laps. Phil took some cards out of his pocket and they started to play.

The two women got out of their seats after a short conference, came to the rear and sat across the aisle from their husbands. "We aren't going to sit up there as if we haven't any husbands."

"Can't imagine why not," Phil said. . . . "Can you, Dick?"

Dick Charlton shook his head. "No one would try to pick up a couple of old married women."

"Oh, you think not?" Ellie said.

"We're living dolls," Sue said, "and you characters know it."

"Modest, too," Phil said.

"And quiet," Dick said. "Hardly ever say anything, either of them." He dropped a card, face down, in the discards. "I'll knock with three."

A tall, rugged-appearing man in his middle thirties boarded next. His hair was brown, his mouth was wide and thin-lipped. There were marks of trouble on his countenance, and his eyes, under heavy brows, seemed to look out upon the world as if he had seen a great deal of it and was unimpressed. His name was Blair Hanover, and at nineteen he had enlisted in the Army, volunteered as a paratrooper and had been assigned to the 82nd Airborne Division. He had been wounded in Holland and, before he got back into action, the war was over. He was one of four survivors out of his original platoon. He had stayed out of the service four years, and then a fast-talking marine sergeant had caught him in a weak moment, and he found himself, somewhat to his surprise, a marine, assigned to the Fifth Marines. Korea put a few more deep lines in his face, took away part of a rib and gave him another Purple Heart. Now he was a staff sergeant—a drill instructor—and was on leave. He had four hundred and fifty dollars in his pocket and he was headed for San Mateo, for no other reason than the sound one of having nowhere else to go. His boyhood had been spent in San Mateo, and he supposed that he wanted to return, as anyone else would go home. Blair Hanover had no home worthy of the name. He went quickly to a seat over the wings, sat down, fastened his seat belt and closed his eyes.

Behind Blair Hanover came a couple who were so obviously newly wedded that they seemed wrapped in cellophane. The girl was wide-eyed, young and very pretty, with a generous red mouth and a little cleft in her chin. She was wearing a suit, a hat and an orchid corsage.

Her husband was equally young, wearing a new gabardine suit, moccasins, a striped tie and a white shirt with a button-down collar. He was a tall young man and looked like any kid who just a few years ago was mowing lawns to buy gasoline for his hopped-up V-Eight.

They got settled in a seat, the boy helped his bride fasten her seat belt, then she turned to him and sighed, "Gee, Roger, can you believe it? Mr. and Mrs. Roger Simpson!"

"Boy!" he said.

"And here we are, on our way to San Francisco for our honeymoon."

"Yep. Here we are."

"Wasn't it just dreamy of dad and mother to give us airplane tickets?"

"Yeah, and I got something else to show you." Roger reached in his inside coat pocket and brought out a thin leather billfold. He opened it slightly and said, "Look."

His bride, Jill, peered, and then said, "Rog! A hundred-dollar bill!"

"Uh-huh. Dad gave it to me at the reception. Said to spend it foolishly." He put the billfold back in his pocket and patted it. "How about that?"

"Let's save it," Jill said. "I mean buy a bond or something. Or put it in a safe-deposit box or something."

"We'll see."

"Oh, Rog, I'm so happy. I'll never be this happy again."

He took hold of her hand and smiled at her. "Yes, you will, honey. This is only the beginning. You'll always remember your wedding day, but there'll be happier times, believe me."

"When? Tell me."

"Well, first of all ——" he began.

Karen Johnson watched the newlyweds strap themselves in and smiled inwardly, and then suddenly she felt unaccountably lonely. For some fool reason she felt that tears were coming to her eyes, and she told herself to stop being sentimental. *Lately*, she chided herself, *you've been coming unglued every time you see newlyweds, a baby, or a man kissing his wife. Next thing you'll start collecting dolls.* She stopped the oncoming tears and turned toward the opened doorway.

A slender, blond young man wearing slacks, tweed jacket and desert boots came bounding up the ramp. He grinned at Karen. "This Flight One-eight-one?" He stopped in the doorway and peered carefully at Karen. "You the stewardess?"

Karen was so glad to see Eric Erlandson that she very nearly threw her arms around his neck, and this realization so annoyed her that she snapped, "No, Mr. Erlandson. I'm the pilot."

"'*Mister* Erlandson.' Hey, aren't we formal?"

Karen sighed, then said, "Eric, what are you doing here?"

"Me? Why, I'm going to fly from Los Angeles to San Francisco."

"Obviously, but that isn't what I meant."

"All right, Karen. I took the coastwise loop off my ship while she goes up to Seattle and back. I have three weeks' vacation, and I'm going to spend every bit of it flying Pacific Coast Airlines aircraft, provided the stewardess is a gal I'm in love with. O.K.?"

"It won't do any good, Eric. I told you that."

"I know. But somehow you just didn't sound convincing."

Behind Eric, a man was coming up the ramp, and Karen said, "Here's another passenger, Eric. I can't talk about us now. You'd better take your seat."

Eric grinned. "Yes, ma'am." He walked to a seat and settled into it.

The man who was coming up the ramp behind Eric said, "Hello, Miss Johnson."

It was Pete McMillan, who was in charge of one of the maintenance docks for Pacific Coast Airlines. He was a gaunt-faced man with thinning hair, a long nose and brown eyes deeply set. Right now the eyes seemed to be sunken deeper than usual into his head. There were dark spots running from the inside of the eyes down to his cheekbones. He was carrying his hat, and his hair, in the wind which swept the airport, looked dull, lifeless and unkempt. What was the strangest thing of all to Karen was that the man was wearing a raincoat. Los Angeles had had no rain for three weeks, and was not likely to have any for another three weeks.

"Why, Mr. McMillan," Karen said. "Nice to see you. How's Mrs. McMillan?"

"She's—she's fine." Then he stood there looking at her for a few moments as if he were trying to come to some decision. He half turned away, as if to go back down the ramp, looked behind him, then abruptly turned and entered the airplane. He went directly to a forward seat and dropped into it, still wearing his raincoat.

Karen frowned and wondered whether she should report Pete McMillan's arrival to David. Why, she wasn't sure, except that she had heard the talk about Jennifer McMillan and Jerry Welch. Maybe Pete wanted to have a talk with Jerry in San Francisco. Maybe he was on airline business. Certainly, whatever he was doing, she decided, was none of her business.

An airline employee came up the ramp and handed Karen the manifest.

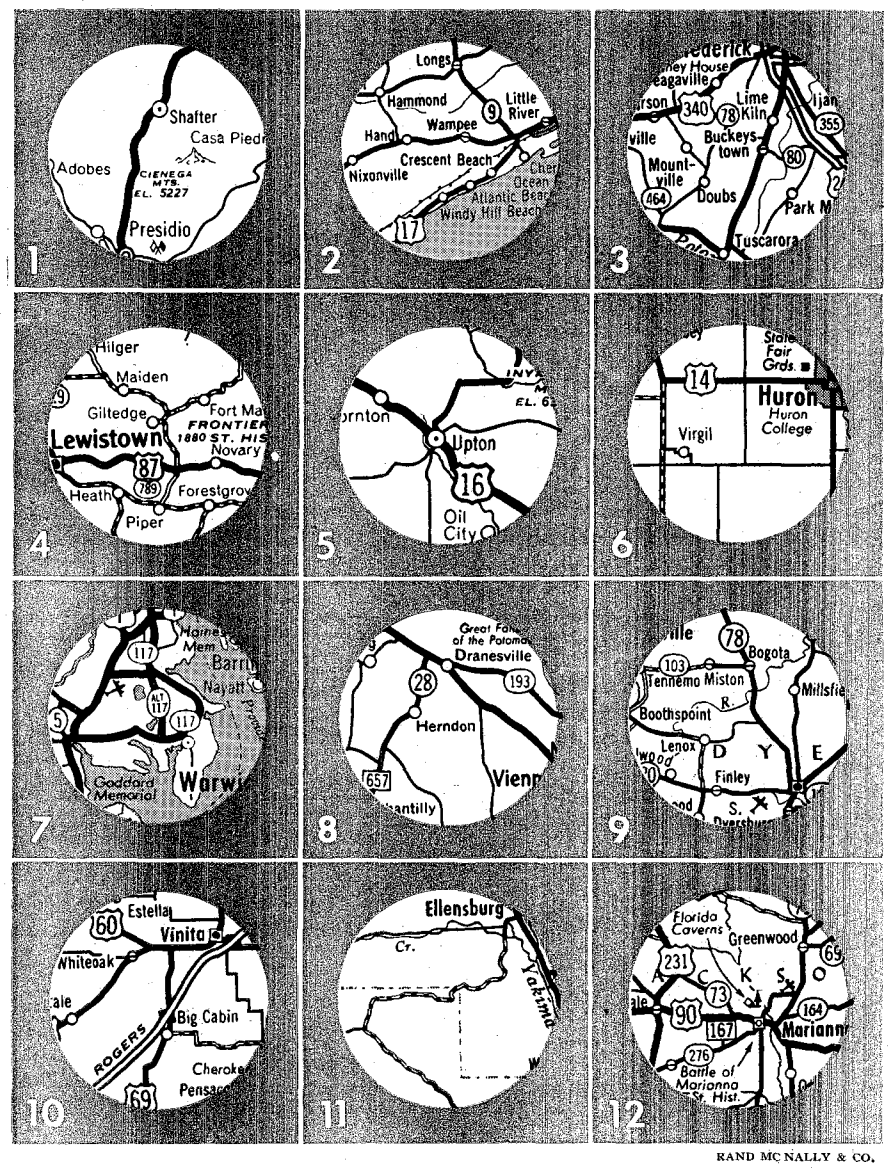
"That's it," he said. "Good trip."

"Thanks, and good-by," Karen said.

Up front, David and Jerry had just finished going through the printed check list. They did this solemnly and thoroughly, and although each one knew the list by heart, they still read off each item.

"O.K., we're in business," David said. He peered out the window. A man stood by with a fire bottle. He made a circular movement with one hand. David and Jerry's hands worked in unison. The propeller on the Number Two engine turned once, twice, three times, and then the engine burst into life. Then Jerry left his seat, went to the cabin and activated the switch which lifted the stairs hydraulically into the airplane. Then he went back to the front end, and they started Number One. Life was breathed into the airplane with the rumble of both engines, and Jerry picked up the microphone.

"Tower from One-eight-one. Ready to taxi." (*Continued on Page 94*)



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Harley P. Cook

(*Answers on Page 94*)

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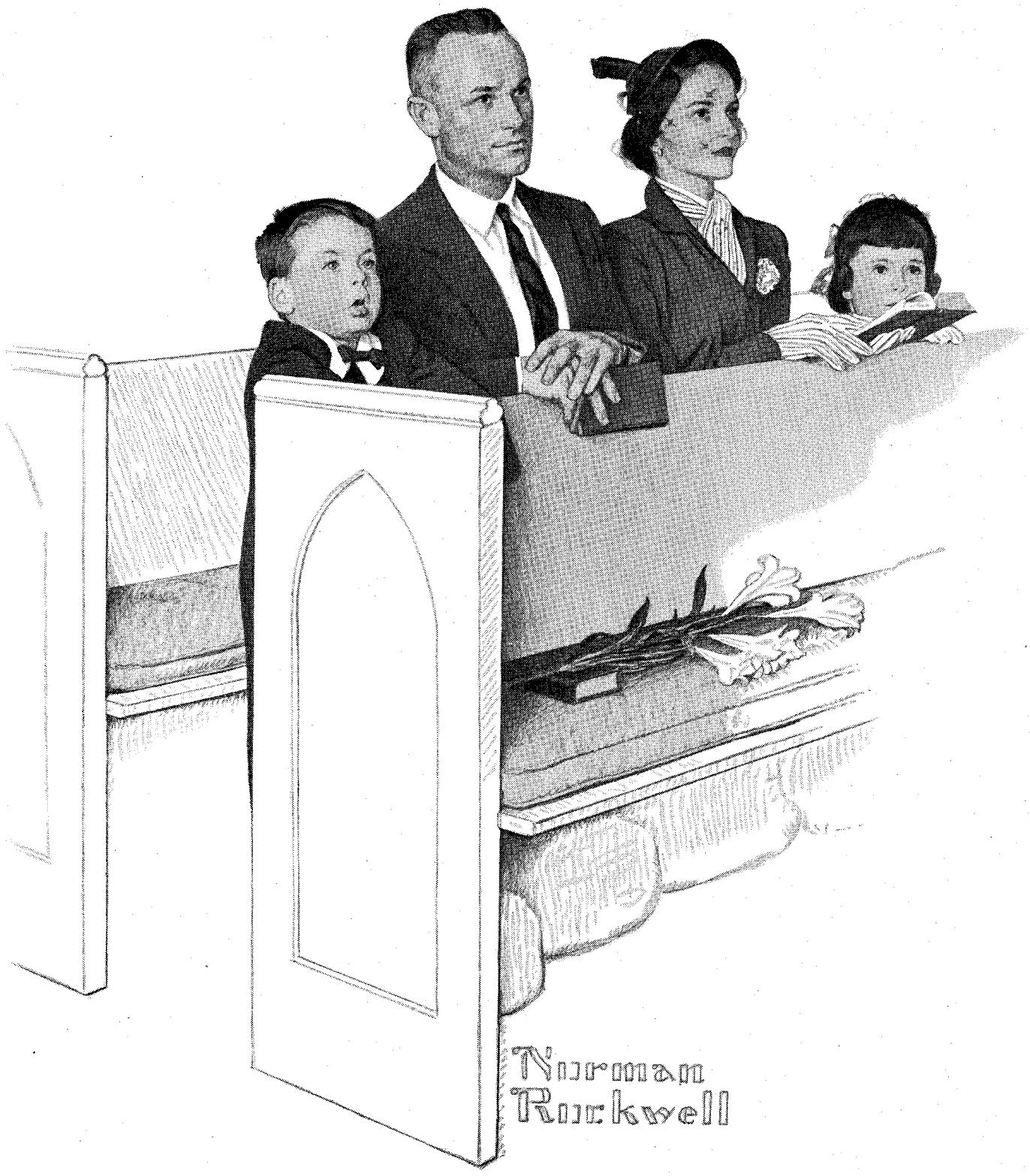

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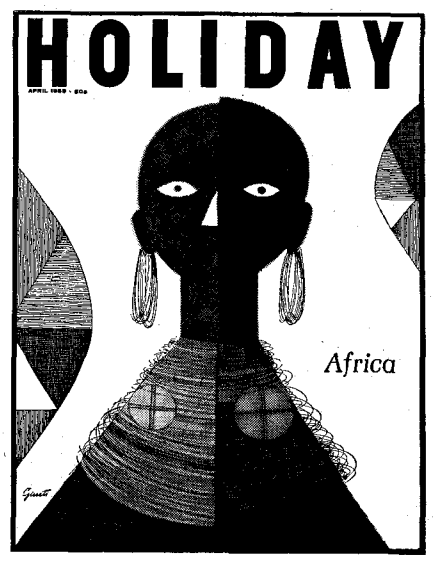

AFRICA

April Holiday focuses exclusively on Africa—the world's most dramatic region and probably the least understood. To illumine and explain the enigma of the "Dark Continent," Holiday has chosen a galaxy of famous writers, all of whom have a long, intimate knowledge of the land and its people, and four of the world's great photographers.

We open the issue with a keenly perceptive **PORTRAIT OF A CONTINENT** by noted African author and explorer, Laurens van der Post. He reveals the magnificent variety of Africa's geography and animal life, and portrays the character of its people.

Journalist John Gunther goes far into the past to trace the course of **AFRICA'S HISTORY.** Native novelist Peter Abrahams puts the **BLACK AFRICAN** in sharp close-up.

An understanding picture of Arab-dominated **MEDITERRANEAN AFRICA** is drawn by Paul Bowles. And prize-winning novelist Romain Gary compares the dinner-jacketed **COLONIAL AFRICAN** and his modern successor who dreams of new dams, new roads and new politics.

The explosive policy of **APARTHEID** is explored with deep and delicate understanding by Nadine Gordimer.

Rounding out our panorama on Africa is a view of the **AFRICAN PRESS** by Tom Hopkinson, editor of the Johannesburg Drum; a guide to **SWAHILI,** language of ten million Africans, by linguist Mario Pei; a visit to the **ZIMBABWE RUINS** by Dan Jacobson; and a personal report from James Ramsey Ullman on **THE MAN WHO LOVED HYENAS.** Plus: ten pages of exciting tours and practical travel tips by Charles R. Joy in **HANDBOOK OF AFRICAN TRAVEL.**

The issue gains depth through some notable photography: a portfolio of native leaders by Arnold Newman; pictures of colonial high life by Slim Aarons; an aerial view of the continent by Lawrence Lowry; and Mediterranean Africa as seen by Tom Hollyman.

The Editors

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A CURTIS MAGAZINE

(*Continued from Page 92*) The tower cleared them, and the airplane shuddered rhythmically as David advanced the throttles and drove the plane around to the end of the runway.

In the cabin, Karen had checked all the seat belts. She had to remind Pete McMillan twice to fasten his. Then she slid into a seat and fastened her own belt. They reached the end of the runway and the engines idled for a few minutes. Karen knew that David and Jerry were going through their check list once more, and then the aircraft shuddered as they ran each engine separately.

The passengers inside the cabin were quiet, all of them sensing that they were about to take off. Karen knew that they would not start to take off until David Brickley was as certain as any human could be that each engine would put out what was required of it, that this aircraft, so complicated in certain ways, was ready to fly.

Then the engines started thundering, David released his brakes and the plane started moving slowly. Then, as the throttles were advanced, the runway unwound under the belly of the airplane. David pulled back slightly on the yoke and they were air-borne. He lifted his hand, palm up, and Jerry sucked up the wheels.

Karen released her seat belt and got out of her seat. She moved to the rear of the airplane and stopped beside the two women who had first boarded with their husbands. "May I have your tickets, please?" Karen said.

"Dick," Ellie Charlton said. "Tickets."

"Oh, yes. Sure." Dick Charlton reached for the tickets, tilted the magazine on his knees and the playing cards spilled on the floor of the airplane.

"Oh, fine!" Phil White said. . . . "I'm one card away from gin, and this character tips over the table. Look at this!" He showed his hand to Karen.

Karen looked at it and smiled. "Any nine, the deuce or six of hearts, any ten or queen. Quite a hand."

"Tell you what," Phil said. "Let this joker take care of the passengers and you and I will play gin rummy."

Sue White said, "Pay no attention to him. Someone once told him that he looks like Jeff Chandler. Actually, if you sat beside him, he'd be terrified."

"Ha!" Phil said to his wife. "Don't forget that I was at one time known as the wolf of Marin County."

"Uh-huh," Sue said, "but time marches on."

Phil took his tickets out of his pocket and handed them to Karen. He shrugged. "She does that all the time. I wish she'd stop reminding me."

Karen smiled and looked at the ticket. MR. AND MRS. PHILIP WHITE. She tore off the original and handed the duplicate back to Phil. "Mr. White, I believe you. I'm absolutely terrified."

"See!" Phil said triumphantly. "There's a girl who knows a wolf when she sees one."

"There's a girl," Dick Charlton said, "who could give the State Department lessons in diplomacy." He handed Karen his tickets.

"I'll bring some coffee before long," Karen said. She moved down the aisle. Real people, all of them, having fun in a nice way. Karen always had favorites among the passengers. She decided that this trip the Charltons and the Whites were her favorites.

She stopped beside the newlyweds. "May I have your tickets?"

"Oh, sure." Roger Simpson had them ready and handed them to her.

She took the ticket and read: MR. AND MRS. ROGER SIMPSON. DESTINATION: SAN FRANCISCO. "Hope you have fun," she said.

"I'll bet you can tell," Jill said.

Karen looked at the girl and smiled. "Yes," she said. "Yes, I can tell. So can everyone else, but don't let it worry you. Everyone loves a honeymoon."

"I guess that's right," Jill said. "I wonder why?"

"I suppose because everyone hopes that some of that delirious happiness will rub off on him. I think it's wonderful, anyway. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Simpson."

"Thanks a million," Roger said.

Her next passenger was the marine, Blair Hanover, who was sound asleep. Karen shook him gently. He opened his eyes, looked at her, nodded and reached in his pocket for his ticket. He handed it to her, she looked at it, tore off the original and handed him his copy. He put it in his pocket, closed his eyes and went back to sleep.

Karen smiled inwardly, wondering a bit about this man. He had flown a great deal, that was certain. Obviously an airplane trip was about as eventful as a taxi ride across town. He had the look of an old-pro jet pilot, Karen decided, and for a moment conjured up fanciful and desperate battles with MIG's at forty thousand feet. *Don't be silly, Johnson—he's probably a shoe salesman.* She moved down the aisle.

Then she felt a tug on her arm. She looked down into Eric's grinning face.

Karen dropped into the seat beside him. "Honestly, Eric! You got my radiogram, didn't you?"

He nodded. "I was standing a bridge watch off the coast of Brazil when Sparks brought me your tender little communiqué."

"And the follow-up letter?"

"Got that in Rio."

"Well, then?"

"Holy Hannah, Karen! When I last saw you, we were engaged. Now you look at me as if I just crawled out of a hole in the ground. What happened?"

"Nothing, really. I thought things over and they didn't add up."

He peered at her. "You didn't go to that head shrinker again, did you? The one that told you I was your father image? What a crackpot!"

"No, I didn't go to that psychiatrist again."

"That was the craziest thing you ever did. I suppose it's fashionable for stewardesses to be psychoanalyzed? You need that the way I need three shoes."

Karen grinned. "It was kind of silly, wasn't it? Edie Markham talked me into it. I think she had a case on him."

"Look, Karen, it isn't anyone else?"

"No, I'd have told you. It's just ——"

"Just my job, isn't that it?"

She nodded. "You want to go to sea. I don't want to be an absentee wife. When I marry, I don't intend spending my nights alone while my husband is standing a bridge watch somewhere off the coast of Brazil."

Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

Page 92

1. Texas	2. S.C.	3. Md.
4. Mont.	5. Wyo.	6. S.D.
7. R.I.	8. Va.	9. Tenn.
10. Okla.	11. Wash.	12. Fla.

"We went all through that. My father was a sea captain, my grandfather was ——"

"I know. A sea captain. So was your great-grandfather. So go ahead and be a sea captain, but don't expect me to be on some widow's walk, watching the ocean."

"Sure. You'd like me in some sweatshop punching a time clock, so I'd be right home promptly at five-thirty."

"I don't want a part-time marriage."

Eric sighed. "You gals have built up too precious an opinion of yourselves. Now you want to run things and make the decisions, even if history shows you aren't capable of deciding anything more important than whether to have rice pudding or apple pie for dessert."

"Really, Eric, you are least attractive when you get on your soapbox."

"It'll be a great day for America when every wife is chained to a trolley that allows her to move from the bedroom to the kitchen, with slack enough in the chain so that she can reach the television set and change channels." He grinned at her. "I think I'll run for Congress on a ticket promising the emancipation of men."

"You do that," she said. "In the meantime, I have work to do. I suppose you'll want coffee?"

"Uh-huh. Make mine good and black. Us boxheads like our coffee strong and our women weak."

Karen turned away. Directly across the aisle from Eric sat Pete McMillan, staring gloomily out the window. Karen touched him on the shoulder. "Mr. McMillan, may I have your ticket?"

He stared at her for a moment as if he were trying to remember where he was. "Oh, yes, my ticket." He fumbled in his pockets, finally brought out his envelope.

"May I take your coat?" Karen said.

"No," he said sharply, "I'm quite comfortable."

"Would you like coffee later?"

"Coffee? Oh, I suppose so. It doesn't really matter."

Karen peered at the man. He seemed physically ill, but unless he asked for help, there was really nothing much that she could do. Still —— "An aspirin, perhaps, Mr. McMillan?"

"Aspirin? For what?"

"I thought you might have a headache."

"I'm perfectly all right."

She left Mr. McMillan and went into the small galley between the cabin and the cockpit and commenced setting out the coffee. She wondered whether she should tell Captain Brickley that Pete McMillan was aboard, acting strange. There was really nothing that anyone could do. David would probably say "So what?" Passengers, to Captain Brickley, were just something to haul around. Karen knew that. He was one pilot who refused to go back into the cabin while in the air. "My job is to sit here and get 'em where they're going, not to be back in the cabin chewing the rag."

She felt the airplane level off and heard the beat of the engines change. She knew that they had reached their assigned altitude, that Captain Brickley had exceeded that altitude a few hundred feet, dropped down and was now "on the step." She also knew that he had probably engaged the automatic pilot and would want coffee.

She opened the door leading to the cockpit and stopped just behind and between the two pilots. Although she was allowed, by regulations, to stay up in the "office" for only three minutes, she always liked being there. The quiet and professional manner of the pilots, the whine of the hydraulic system, the maze

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of instruments and controls, all fascinated her because all of it was such a direct contrast to the studied luxury of the cabin.

Here the airplane was completely functional, and the men flying the airplane were in a world of their own. Only when she was with them up here did she understand a little the fascination that flying had for them. On the ground, a man could be talkative and uninhibited, and in the air a taciturn perfectionist. On the ground, she had had passes made at her by young copilots who, in the air, looked at her as if she were just another gauge to help him in flight. Only when she was up front could she understand this.

"Coffee, anyone?" she said.

They both turned and looked at her, pleased with the intrusion. Once they were on autopilot, boredom set in until it was time to start their letdown.

"An angel!" Jerry Welch said. "A living, breathing angel."

Even David smiled at her. "Make mine black."

"Make mine one and one," Jerry said, "and do you have a date in San Francisco?"

It was standard conversation, meant to be taken lightly. "Go out and get a reputation, Junior," Karen said, "and then ask me."

David chuckled. "There's a girl with brains."

Jerry snorted. "Who needs brains?"

Karen smiled sweetly. "Why, very few, I guess. You seem to be doing well."

David guffawed, and Jerry waved a hand at the insult. Karen left the cockpit and, as she poured coffee for the crew, remembered that she had said nothing about Pete McMillan being aboard. She decided that she'd mention Pete to them when she took in the coffee.

She put two paper cups on a tray, added sugar and cream to one, poured coffee into both of them, then opened the door to the flight deck and stepped inside. She handed David his coffee, then gave Jerry Welch a cup. David sipped his and nodded a silent thanks. Jerry grinned at her. "You know, Johnson, I don't know how you resist me."

"It isn't easy, Mr. Welch," she said. "I have to work at it all the time."

Jerry sighed and sipped his coffee. "Story of my life."

"Captain Brickley," Karen said, "I think you should know that Pete McMillan is aboard."

"What of it?"

"He seems sick, or something. He acts ——"

Then behind her she heard a voice. "No, Miss Johnson, I'm not sick."

She turned swiftly and saw Pete McMillan standing behind her. He was still wearing his raincoat, and his right hand was in his pocket. "Mr. McMillan," she said, "you know you aren't allowed to be up here."

He looked at her moodily and as if he were trying to remember who she was. Then he turned his head and looked at Jerry Welch. "Hello, Jerry," he said.

"Hello, Pete," Jerry said.

"Pete," David said, "you aren't allowed up here on the flight deck. Get out of here."

The man turned his head slowly and looked at David. "Certainly, captain. In just a few moments."

Pete's right hand came out of his coat pocket. In the hand was an automatic pistol. Karen dropped her tray and sucked in her breath. There were no sounds in the cockpit other than those of the aircraft in flight. After Karen dropped the tray, the four of them might have been wax figures; there was so little movement. Jerry held his coffee cup halfway to his mouth. David leaned toward Pete, the hand holding the cup reaching out, as if to offer the man coffee. Pete slowly brought the weapon around until it pointed at Jerry Welch.

"Pete," David said softly, "put that thing away and go back to your seat. You don't really want to do this thing, now do you, Pete?"

Pete never took his eyes off Jerry Welch. "No, I don't, David. But I'm going to. Good-by, Romeo." He pulled the trigger.

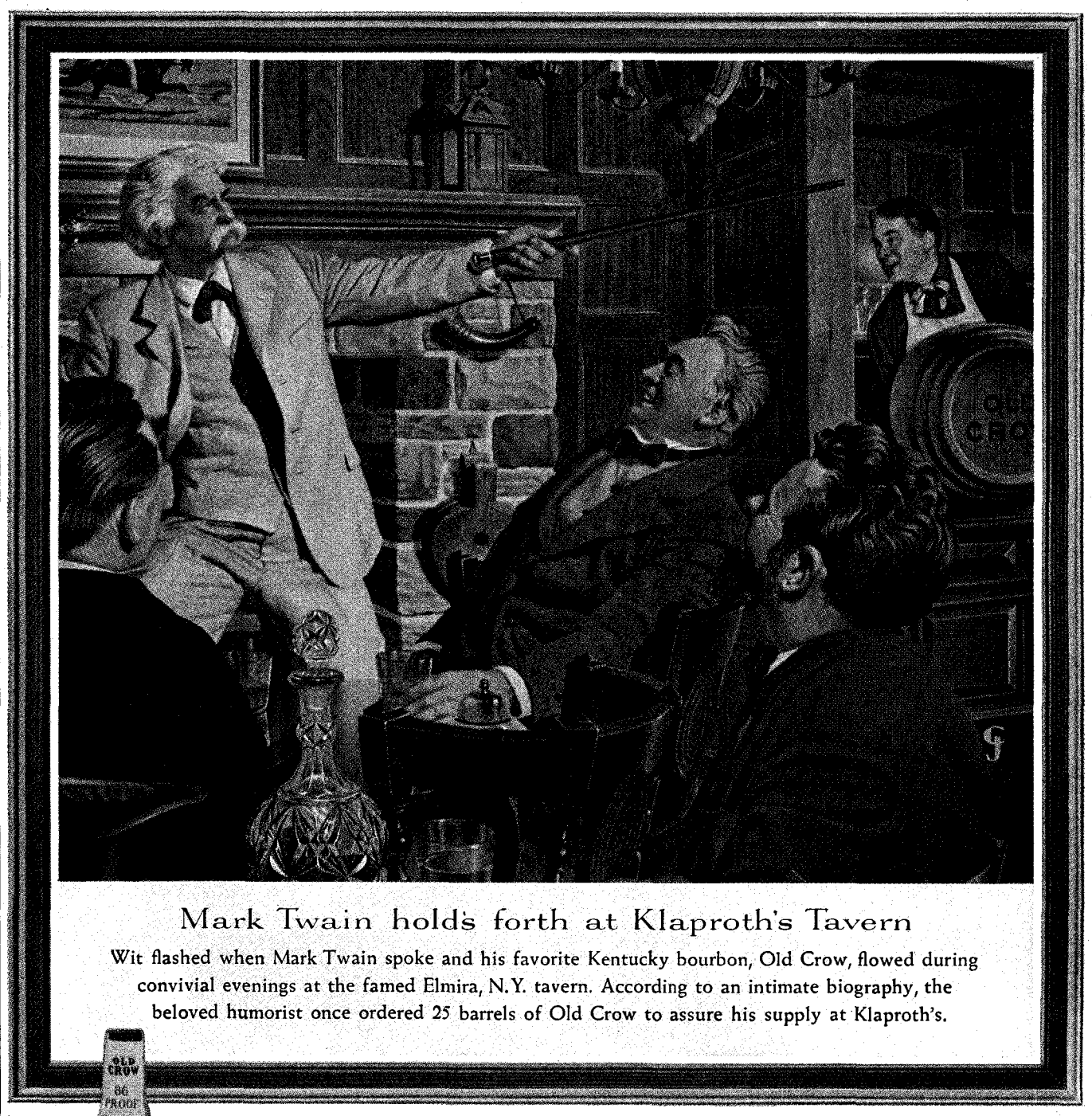
The heavy slug slammed Jerry backward. He stared at Pete for a moment, his eyes wide with shock. He said, "Oh, no! You didn't ——" Then his eyes glazed and he slumped forward, dead.

"You maniac!" David said.

Pete turned. "Maniac? Yes, I believe that's quite right, David." The weapon, as Pete turned, was centered on the pilot.

No one in the cockpit knew whether Pete intended pulling the trigger, and David did not intend to wait. The hand holding the coffee cup moved swiftly, and the hot coffee was sloshed into Pete's face. David followed the motion of his hand, lunging for Pete McMillan's right hand. He didn't make it. Pete pulled the trigger, David was slammed back into his seat, and then crumpled.

Pete McMillan looked at Karen. "I'm sorry, Miss Johnson. I'm sorry about Captain Brickley. I didn't intend to shoot him. Don't worry. I wouldn't have killed you. I have no reason. I was going to kill myself, but now I don't have to. This airplane will do the job nicely." Dropping the automatic, he brushed by Karen, opened the door leading to the cabin and was gone. (*Continued on Page 97*)



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(*Continued from Page 95*) Karen stood where she was and fought sickness. *I must not be sick. I must not be sick, and I must not faint. Jerry is surely dead, but not both of them, please God, not both of them.* She fought panic that threatened to send her screaming out of the cockpit. Finally her training and her innate courage brushed away the sickness and the unbelievable mental picture of what had just happened.

She forced herself to bend over Jerry. She felt for his pulse. There was none. Then she turned away and felt David's pulse. It was still going—rapidly and weakly. Hope brushed terror aside. She lifted him into a sitting position and looked for the wound.

He had taken off his uniform blouse, as was his habit, and was wearing only his shirt. She unfastened his tie, unbuttoned his shirt and bared his chest. There was a round, blue hole high on his chest on the left side. The wound oozed blood and she knew that there would be a great deal of external bleeding at the point where the bullet emerged—if it had—and probably fatal internal bleeding if it had not. She had to get the first-aid kit and morphine, and she would need help. She stood up and found that she was breathing heavily and perspiring freely.

And it was then that she realized the airplane was on its assigned heading and altitude, flying steadily along, not caring that the copilot was dead and the pilot so severely wounded that his hands would not touch the controls of any airplane for a long time.

TO BE CONCLUDED

The Charms of Monique (Continued from Page 34)

Five hundred miles of Atlantic Ocean was an inconsiderable barrier to Alicia Bryant. To use an expression he had been forced into in the Air Corps, Foster could hear his mother five-by-five.

"Is that you, Buzz?"

That name again, thought Foster furiously. When would she realize that he was not in knee pants any longer?

"Yes, mother," he said as politely as possible. "What on earth are you doing on the Queen Elizabeth?"

"What do you think I'm doing, you idiot? I'm coming to Paris. Are my rooms ready?"

"Of course they are. You know perfectly well that they always are."

"Good. We get in tomorrow, but there's no need to send a car to Cherbourg; I've already got my ticket on the boat train. And don't come to Saint Lazare. I'll see you at the apartment."

"Don't be silly," Foster shouted; "of course I'll come."

"Don't," Alicia responded firmly; "I don't want you. I'll tell you why when I see you. But be at the apartment when I arrive. I want to talk to you. And see that there's some mimosa in my sitting room. Good-by, darling."

"Good-by, Alicia," Foster said, quite uselessly, because the telephone on the Queen Elizabeth had already been hung up and Alicia was on her way back to the Veranda Grill.

For some moments her son sat in his library with his hands folded in his lap, staring glumly at the bowl of raspberries, which seemed to have lost a good deal of their earlier appeal. It was not that Foster regretted the arrangement whereby there were always two rooms held at his mother's disposition. He was extremely fond of Alicia and, after all, she had put up the cash which enabled him to buy the apartment without dipping into capital, on the simple provision that until the loan was repaid there should be available to her when she chose to come to Paris a sitting room, bedroom and bath. In the seven years Foster had had the apartment she had been in Paris exactly three times, and then never for longer than a week, so it can hardly be said that she had driven a hard bargain.

Foster's only regrets were that he never knew what might happen during his mother's visits. Thinking of his appointment book, he sighed. He was quite sure that after he had seen Alicia tomorrow there would be a good many things to be changed. Then, reflecting that the evening was shot in any case, he wandered off to make sure that his boast that the rooms were always ready was true. There had to be special soap and cologne in the bathroom, for one thing. But mimosa in the sitting room! Didn't Alicia realize that the season for mimosa had been over for a month?

Not being a fool, Foster made no attempt to disobey his mother's orders about meeting her, but he did spend a good part of Monday wondering why she had so emphatically forbidden him to come. It wasn't like Alicia. Normally she would have wanted not only her son but a large car, chauffeur, and porter standing ready. However, thought Foster, *Ours not to reason why;* and he contented himself with checking on the hour of arrival of the boat train, learning to his considerable relief that it didn't get in until six in the evening. There was thus plenty of time for him to get home from the office well before she could possibly arrive.

At the household conference he had called in the morning to give instructions on what must be done, André's eyebrows had gone up noticeably at the mention of mimosa, but Foster was delighted to see that he had actually found some. It was splendidly arranged in a small green vase on a Biedermeier table that sat, improbably, in the dead center of Alicia's sitting room. (The French have a peculiar penchant for placing small, round tables in locations where, at best, they serve no purpose and, at worst, can provoke catastrophe.) Cheerfully he broke off a spray of the fragile yellow flowers and put it in his buttonhole, thinking that it would provide a splendid opening gambit for telling Alicia something of the difficulties of finding mimosa in May.

His mother was in splendid form. It seemed to Foster that she looked younger, lovelier, and more full of energy than ever. Tall and straight, impeccably tailored in pale blue tweed, with her silvery, upswept hair set off by the simplest of hats, she carried with her an air of freshness and vitality which made her son reflect ruefully that she seemed far more at home in the twentieth century than he, though he well knew that she had been astride her first pony in Texas on the day the century dawned.

She held one hand lightly against his cheek—Alicia loathed emotional greetings, especially of one's relatives—and said affectionately, "Buzz, darling, you're looking wonderful. Handsomer than ever—and not a single gray hair at thirty-five. Marvelous." She glanced round the entrance hall and into the beautiful living room. "All this must agree with you, though heaven knows I can't see why. But then, I'm no judge. I don't understand Boston yet, and I've been living there the better part of forty years."

"You're looking splendid yourself, Alicia," Foster said gravely. "You must have had a good trip."

"Delightful, absolutely delightful. Charming people everywhere. But where is my darling Françoise? I've brought a whole suitcaseful of things for her. Scads of nylons and some wonderful gadgets. A mixer and an electric frying pan."

"We have a mixer, mother," Foster said, "and I doubt sincerely that Françoise would ever look at an electric frying pan."

"Well, well, we shall see about that." She plucked at the sprig of mimosa in his lapel. "I see you found the mimosa. Impossible, of course, in May, but I knew you would."

So much for the opening gambit. Foster sighed. "I've asked Françoise to fix dinner, since I didn't think you would want to go out tonight."

"Perfect. Exactly what I wanted. I have a million things to talk with you about. I'll run and take off my hat and be back in a minute. Mix me a martini—and mix it yourself; don't ask that odious man to do it."

Foster stiffened. "André makes wonderful martinis, Alicia."

"I wasn't questioning his martinis," Alicia responded firmly; "I simply said he was an odious man. Mix it yourself."

Obediently Foster went over to the Louis XV sideboard that served as a bar, reflecting grimly that though he might have lost the mimosa and martini rounds, he was not going to lose the one on the subject of Buzz. He was staring into the fireplace wondering how he could bring the conversation around to the subject when Alicia returned, and her very first remark drove the matter completely out of his mind.

Seating herself comfortably in his favorite chair and smiling at him over the rim of her glass, Alicia said cheerfully, "Well now, darling, what about our dinner party?"

> When a woman is really too tired for words she's asleep.
>
> PAUL CARRUTH

Foster knew his mother far too well to betray himself completely, but something of his astonishment must have registered since, without waiting for a reply, Alicia went on innocently, "Well, you were planning on having a dinner for me, weren't you?"

"Why, yes, I suppose so—that is, of course I was, but ——"

"There," Alicia said cheerfully, "I knew you would, so I took the liberty of inviting two perfectly delightful people from the ship for Saturday evening. I thought that would be a good day for everyone, and far enough in advance so that we could be sure of getting some really interesting people. I particularly want to get some attractive and eligible males for Monique."

Foster knew when he was beaten. He sat down quietly. "And who is Monique?" he inquired politely.

"Monique? Oh—Monique de St. Côme. A French girl I met on the ship. Absolutely delightful. Not only chic and lovely but tremendously intelligent. She's been teaching French literature at Bryn Mawr for the past year and has a book coming out here soon on some French poet or other. You'll adore her, I know."

Foster nodded. He thought he was beginning to see the light. "Are you matchmaking again?" he asked bluntly.

Alicia laughed. "For you? Heavens, no—I gave that up long ago. But I did think I might dabble in it a bit for Monique. The girl is really too charming to go to waste on teaching. That's why I hoped you might have a few personable characters on hand who could take her out of it a bit. Preferably the outdoor type. You know ——" She waved a hand in a gesture that took in everything from skiers to skin divers.

"Well, we'll see if we can't scare up something. Am I supposed to warn the victim or just let him walk into the trap unprepared?"

"Oh, really, Buzz."

Ah, thought Foster, this was it. She wanted him to do something for her and he would do it, even at the risk of exposing his friends to heaven knew what; but she would have to pay for it. He leaned forward in his chair, and said firmly, "Alicia, this is a matter which I have meant to discuss with you many times before, and this seems to be the opportunity. I must insist that you stop calling me Buzz. It was all very well when I was a child, but I am now a man of thirty-five in a responsible position and it hardly fits."

For an instant Alicia was tempted to reply, "You're also something of a pompous ass," but she restrained herself and simply said with assumed meekness, "You can hardly expect me to call you Farnsworth, can you?"

"My friends call me Foster."

"Well, that's a step in the right direction, though hardly a very long one." She held out an empty glass in a mute gesture of command, and while his back was to her, a mischievous smile passed across her lips. "I'll make a bargain with you though. I'll stop calling you Buzz, if you stop calling me Alicia."

Foster turned to her in surprise. "But why on earth? It's your name, isn't it?"

"Completely aside from the fact that your brother Greg usually calls me mother, Alicia is not and never has been my name. That was the doing of your father's family—just as Farnsworth Foster was." She couldn't help laughing at the memory. "They accepted Texas, though I'm sure most of them didn't know quite where it was, but just plain Alice was too much—she had to go. I became Alicia even before our engagement was announced. And believe me, I've never lived it down in Texas."

Foster handed her the martini and smiled down at her. "All right," he said, "it's a bargain. You call me Foster and I'll call you Alice." Then, in a gesture that surprised even himself, he bent over and kissed her lightly on the cheek and almost whispered, "I might even get around to calling you mother."

In the course of the days that followed, Foster learned once again that one never knew what might happen during Alice's visits. For one thing, his secretary was not faced with canceling a single appointment, because he almost never saw his mother. She seemed to be far too busy with other things to give much thought to her son, and if he did sometimes hear her key in the lock and her firm tread down the hall, quite late in the evening, it can

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scarcely be said to have been Alice's fault. Foster was lying awake, listening.

He did manage, though, to clear up two points that had been troubling him. The first was the reason for Alice's insistence that he should not come to meet her, and the second was the identity of the other unknown person who was going to appear for dinner on Saturday. Having acquired the answers to both these questions, Foster felt that he was now in possession of all the information he could hope to obtain. He knew from experience that there was no point in trying to exact too much from Alice at one time.

She had not wanted him to come to Saint Lazare simply because she had decided he was not to meet her new friends until they arrived at his apartment. "I thought it would be more fun that way," she said. "Sort of a surprise for you."

Foster admitted gravely that it would indeed be a surprise and went on to inquire about Monique's companion.

"Oh, he's not Monique's escort," Alice had said, as if amazed that he could be so stupid. "Good heavens, no. That's why I wanted your young friends. Charles is for me."

Aware that his mouth was unaccountably open, Foster pretended that this was so he could murmur, "Charles?"

"Yes. Charles Pennyworth. A charming man. I met him at a dance in Houston the year before you were born, but I hadn't seen him in ages until we bumped into each other on the ship. Pennyworth! Ha! He owns half of Texas."

And that had been almost the total extent of their conversation until the guests began to arrive on Saturday evening.

Alice's standards on the subject of what constituted an eligible young man for Monique had been extremely rigid, with the result that Foster had been able to provide only two who measured up. But the instant he laid eyes on Monique he reflected desperately that these were too eligible by far, and wished them firmly back on the other side of the ocean.

It must be admitted that for any young man who enjoyed surrounding himself with beautiful things, the vision of Monique was fairly breathtaking. She would have made a notable addition to any collection. Not perhaps to Rubens' taste, but Renoir would have loved her. All of his colors were there—the coppery glint of her hair, the dusty-blue of the eyes and the not-too-pink little-girl's mouth—and they were set in a frame of a completely simple, completely perfect, pale blue chiffon which any couturier in his right mind would have offered to her on bended knee just for the advertising.

Foster cast a look of bitter reproach at his mother and managed to mutter, unheard by the others, "Chic, lovely and intelligent! You idiot—she's the most beautiful creature I've ever seen."

"Oh, do you think so?" Alice said brightly. "I'm glad. I told you you would like her," and went off to be sure that Monique was properly introduced to Randy Burton; an action which contributed nothing whatever to her son's peace of mind.

It had all been organized so perfectly—much, much too perfectly. Randy Burton's partner was Foster's secretary, and she had had to be dragooned into putting in an appearance, since it was well known to everyone that she was madly in love with an Italian count. As for Chuck Bentley, he was escorting his sister, and this had seemed safe enough even to Alice. The field had been left very clear for Monique. Unfortunately, it had also been left very clear for both Randy Burton and Chuck Bentley.

And then, to his horror, Foster discovered that he had yet another foe. On first being introduced to Mr. Pennyworth, he had instinctively liked him and was delighted that his mother had found such a charming companion. Seeing him now, in animated conversation with Monique in a virtually unassailable corner, he realized he couldn't stand the man.

He was on the point of committing an act he would normally have considered an unforgivable breach of manners, when André announced that dinner was served and he realized that he was saved.

By grace of the gods Protocol and Etiquette, Monique was seated on Foster's right—and for the first time in his life he wished that there might have been twenty at dinner. Eighteen other guests around the table would have almost insured his having Monique to himself. But even with only six he would be in a position to put up a good fight. He found his jaw setting in a manner unknown to him since he had climbed out of his last P-51.

Dinner, however, did not start off on the most felicitous of notes. Having disposed of the seating with little more ado than was required by common courtesy, Foster took his own place and turned what he considered to be his brightest smile toward Monique. To his surprise he found her regarding him gravely, a questioning look in her eyes.

"What on earth is the matter?" he said involuntarily. "You look so puzzled."

She nodded slightly. "I am. I have been ever since Alice introduced us. You see I have a very good memory, or at least I have always thought I had, and I could have sworn that on the ship she told me your name was Buzz."

Somehow Foster managed to smile across the table at his mother, hoping that his look contained the right degree of affectionate tolerance for the little foibles of a loved one.

"Oh, that," he said indulgently. "Mother always used to call me Buzz when I was a child. Thank heaven she's gotten over it."

"Because your name is Foster?"

"Well—Foster is really my middle name." He didn't know why he should be stumbling so; the name had never bothered him before. "My first name is Farnsworth."

This time there was understanding in Monique's little nod. "I think," she said, "that I understand Alice's point of view."

Although things could not be said to have gone too well up to this point, they now took a decided turn for the worse, because Monique smiled at him and thereby left him completely devoid of intelligence. "Do you know what my pupils at Bryn Mawr used to call me?"

"Of course. Gorgeous."

"Don't be juvenile. Monkey. They always called me Monkey."

He should, of course, have known better, but a reflex is a reflex. He shuddered. "The little horrors. They probably couldn't say Monique."

Her back, he could see, was straight as a plumb line. "They most certainly could. They were extremely intelligent girls, and very charming ones. And you are a dreadful snob."

Well, that did it. Things couldn't go on like this. Something must be done. Desperate measures. Caution thrown to the winds. The bull taken by the horns. That sort of thing. He leaned across the table and put his hand on the hand in which she was holding a knife that trembled slightly.

"Look," he said, "let's not fight. Let's not ever fight. It's only because I'm so dazzled by you that I'm being so foolish. I'm not that way really. I give you my word I'm not, and I hope you'll give me a chance to prove it. Will you let me take you home tonight? And to dinner tomorrow, and the day after, and the day after that?"

Although it couldn't quite be said that the slight flush of pink was gone from her cheeks, there was very definitely a hint of a smile on the little-girl mouth.

"Well, about tomorrow and tomorrow we shall see. But it would be most kind of you to drive me home tonight."

He sat, or rather, slumped, back in his chair and for the first time in several minutes became aware of the fact that dinner was being served and that there were six other people at his table.

"Mother tells me you've written a book on Paul Valéry," he said brightly. And for the rest of the evening he was a perfect host.

Unaccountably, when Foster rang for his breakfast the following morning, André arrived empty-handed, with a distinctly disapproving look on his face. André disliked changes in the routine more than Foster himself.

"Madame is having breakfast on the terrace," he said, "and asked if monsieur would join her there."

In spite of himself Foster couldn't help grinning. Good old Alice. She hadn't missed a trick at dinner and now she wanted to know all the details on what she had missed later. Well, she should have them.

"A word to the wise is sufficient . . . adjust!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

A few minutes later, freshly shaved and attired in his best dressing gown, he sat down opposite his mother at the breakfast table. She regarded him suspiciously, but not until André had left did she open the attack.

"And just what," she demanded, "were you doing until four o'clock in the morning?"

"How did you know it was four o'clock in the morning?"

"I could scarcely have avoided knowing. The din was indescribable."

"I knocked the T'ang bronze out of the niche in the bathroom wall."

"And how on earth did you manage that?"

"Very simply. I was dancing."

Alice sat back in her chair and regarded her son as though she harbored grave suspicions as to his sanity. "Dancing," she said thoughtfully. "In the bathroom. At four in the morning."

"Yes. And as a matter of fact that answers your earlier question about what I was doing until four o'clock. I was dancing. With Monique. At the Rose Noir."

"You've told me a dozen times that the Rose Noir was nothing but a tourist trap."

Foster nodded cheerfully. "It is. But Monique wanted to go there. She said they had the best cha-cha-cha orchestra in Paris. You know she's a beautiful dancer."

Alice's patience was wearing thin. "Of course I know she's a beautiful dancer. Everyone on the ship knew she was a beautiful dancer. What I didn't know was that you were a beautiful dancer."

If she had thought to puncture her son's serenity she failed. He shook his head as cheerfully as he had nodded a moment before. "I'm not. At least not with the cha-cha-cha. That's why I was practicing in the bathroom."

"Perhaps Monique would give you lessons if you asked her."

"That's precisely what I intend to do tonight."

Alice opened her mouth, then closed it again and after a moment's hesitation said, "You're seeing her again tonight?"

"Yes. I'm taking her out to dinner." He toyed with his fork and then said, quite casually, as though it were a matter of little importance, "You know, I thought it might please you if we were married in Texas."

He had deliberately underplayed the line and was as pleased with the reaction as any actor who knows that he has left his audience completely stunned. For the first time in his memory his mother was speechless, and he pressed his advantage.

"It seems," he went on, "that Monique has always wanted to see Texas, and she said that you had invited her to visit you at home. So what could be simpler than for me to come home and she could join us there and we'll be married in Texas. I can easily get a leave of absence. It all works out perfectly."

Alice swallowed half a glass of the ice water which André had grudgingly provided, placed her elbows firmly on the table and surveyed her son as if she were seeing him for the first time.

"I see," she said. "And have you informed Monique of this perfectly worked-out plan?"

"No, not yet; but I shall. Possibly tonight, if the moment seems right." He shook his head solemnly. "But not in the Rose Noir. I doubt if she could hear me."

"And if she finds some fault in the plan?"

Foster regarded his mother slyly. "I don't think she will. You see she already adores her future mother-in-law, so I'm off to a flying start."

(*Continued on Page 100*)

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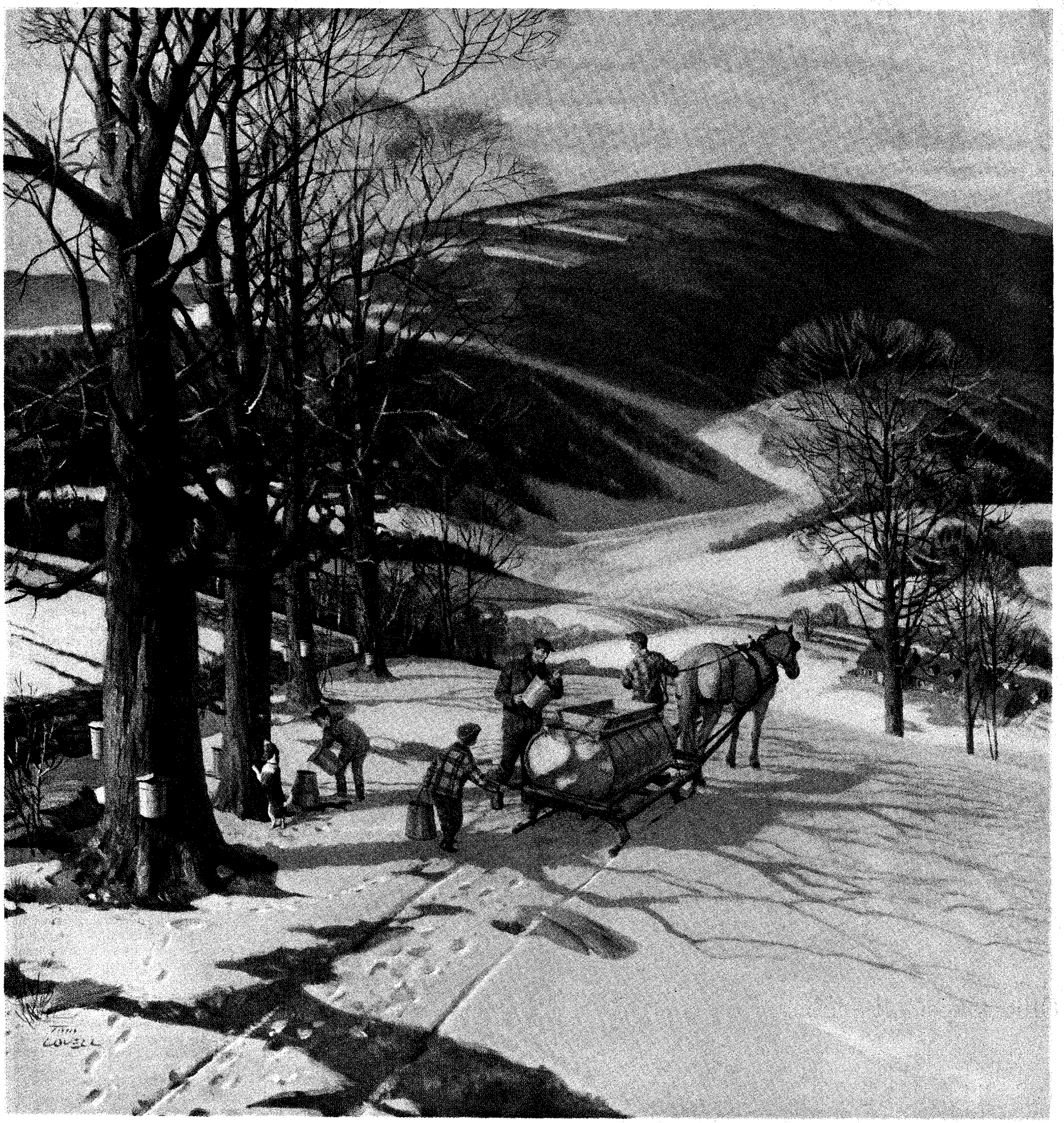

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(*Continued from Page 98*)

"Well," Alice said deliberately, "since you seem to have the whole matter so well organized, I suppose there is nothing left for me to do but offer you my congratulations and my blessings."

It was just at this moment that Françoise entered, bearing a square-shaped, silvery object with a heavy black handle, which she had set, rather incongruously, on a large silver tray. Foster stared at her in astonishment.

"What on earth," he demanded, "is that?"

"This," Françoise announced triumphantly, "is an electric frying pan which madame brought to me. It is a wonderful *gazhette*." She beamed proudly at Alice, and Alice nodded approval.

"It contains ham and eggs for me. Françoise has told me that you never take anything but fruit and *croissants* for breakfast, but in Texas I am accustomed to something heartier and I see no reason why I should not have it in Paris."

For some time after Françoise had left, Foster simply stared at his mother with unconcealed admiration, but Alice was too busy with her breakfast to notice.

"I should have known," he said, at last.

"What should you have known, Buzz?"

"That you would have the last word in one way or another. You always do, don't you?"

"Not always; but often enough to keep me happy. You see, I have never been a demanding person."

Foster walked over to his mother's side and, putting one arm around her shoulder, leaned down to kiss her, not on the forehead this time, but full on the mouth.

"How on earth could it have happened," he said wonderingly, "that I didn't get to know you sooner?"

Alice looked quickly down at her plate. "I'm sure I don't know," she answered. "I've always been here. Perhaps you just weren't looking."

Her son took her face in the palm of his hand and lifted it so that she had to look at him, grinned when he saw her eyes and kissed her again. "Well, I'm glad that I've found you now," he said.

"That," Alice said firmly, "will be enough of that. If you will excuse me I must go and get ready for luncheon. We're driving to the country, so I doubt that I shall be back before you leave. Give my love to Monique."

A few minutes later, in the security of her own rooms, she sat down at her desk, lit a cigarette, smiled happily at the ceiling and then dialed the number of the Hotel Ritz and asked for Mr. Pennyworth.

"Charles," she said gleefully, "it's almost too good to be true. The boy is in an absolute tizzy. They were out dancing all night and this morning he announced categorically that he was going to marry her—and in Texas, if you please. What's more, he's taking her out to dinner tonight. You don't know what that means, but I do. He never goes out on Sunday; but then, I doubt that he knows it's Sunday. . . . What? Oh, darling, you were magnificent, and thank heaven you were here. Those two boys he dug up were too dreadful. I should never have let Monique have anything to do with either of them, even if she had been interested, which is highly unlikely. . . . Don't be silly; of course she'll say yes. After all, he is fifty per cent me. . . . Oh, that has nothing to do with it. You never even put up a fight. . . . No, I do not want you to pick me up here. I shall meet you in the bar at the Ritz at one, just as we arranged. . . . No, we are not going to change anything. I have told you a dozen times that I will not be married again anywhere except at home in Texas. Now hang up and let me get dressed."

The Emperor's Island (Continued from Page 25)

more than 100 tourists a month, at a time when travel was always slow and often hazardous. The Taj Mahal could have done no better.

The simple Elban peasants were less deceived by Napoleon's pious pretensions than were his exalted conquerors, so soon to be gulled into unwatchfulness and to let him slip through their fingers. They quickly sensed, too, the sham of the imperial status conferred upon Napoleon. For all of its jewellike beauty, Elba, with only 140 square miles of almost wholly mountainous terrain, was obviously, for a man of Napoleon's importance, no empire at all, but a jail with a view.

It was and is, though, an exciting view, and for the visitor it begins as the ferry from the mainland nears the island's chief city, Portoferraio. Standing forth like the rock of Gibraltar loom the most fantastically towering fortifications to be seen outside the covers of children's romantic storybooks. As history goes on Elba, which has been overrun for the last 2500 years by more invaders than can be counted, the fortifications are of recent origin. They go back only as far as Cosimo I de' Medici, the young Duke of Florence, lover of beauty and stanch exponent of decapitation as a form of political discipline.

In 1548, seeking to bring all of Elba into the Florentine orbit, Cosimo began by founding on the site of a rotted-away Roman village a city which he called Cosmopoli. His fortifications enabled Cosmopoli, in 1552, to repulse the pirate Dragut of Tripoli. That convinced Cosimo—wrongly, as things turned out—that the rest of Elba would drop in his lap. It bounded in and out of a dozen laps in the next three centuries, and meanwhile some literal-minded person changed the name of the city to Portoferraio, to express its function as exporter of Elba's iron ore.

But Cosimo built well, and today his soaring fortifications, though long outmoded, look defiantly into skies that are often crisscrossed by symbols of a later kind of war—the white, ribbonlike contrails of American jets running practice missions from our Mediterranean bases. The escarpments are intact except for some blotchy wounds in the exterior masonry. These were accidentally inflicted during the German occupation of World War II when British and American bombers, in demolishing some smelters about a mile away from Portoferraio, dropped a few sticks off target.

Portoferraio is a city of about 14,000 inhabitants, all of whom, to the stranger's casual eye, seem to be curiously happy about something. From the quayside, where the town elders sit in the sun, discussing with animated gestures everything from the glories of Napoleonic days to yesterday's commercial fishing catch, entrance into Portoferraio proper is by way of a pair of Florentine archways cut in the defensive wall by Cosimo four centuries ago. They lead directly into the cosmopolitan atmosphere of the Piazza Cavour, a wide cobblestoned street with spacious flagged sidewalks, shops of various kinds and outdoor cafés.

The Piazza Cavour is Elba's nerve center, and residents of other parts of the

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island who come to Portoferraio to do their daily marketing always wind up there for lunch or a drink under the brightly hued umbrellas. Here they catch up on the latest island gossip. But before observing this rite and after perhaps getting a prescription filled at the Farmacia Centrale—whose proprietor bears the disquieting name of Borgia—they do their marketing in the neighboring Piazza della Repubblica. Here, amid a lively Latin clatter, are rows of open stalls and push-carts brimming with such diverse goods as fish—on a cart decorated with silvery bells and fresh flowers—tiny purple-tinged artichokes—artistically grouped in floral bunches with leaves cascading downward, cheeses and meats of many varieties, and denim peasant workshirts of blue, coral and yellow.

Back in the Piazza Cavour the gossip is supplied by dozens of eager Portoferraian men, whose chief activities in life seem to be sipping vermouth or *caffé espresso* and passing out the news. Their own womenfolk rarely get a taste of Piazza Cavour life, being kept busy cuffing their young into life and performing other household chores in the dwellings that march high up the hill in the background.

A typical day's news budget may include such urgent items as (a) that fisherman's wife at Porto Azzurro, the one who was so long overdue as to worry every true Elbano grievously, has been successfully delivered of glorious twin boys, and that her husband, who fainted, has recovered; (b) that the Contessa X, of Elba's "gold coast," will be leaving on the late-afternoon ferry for the mainland, and that she will be taking the small car, not the big one, and (c) that the curvesome young lady from Ohio, staying with her parents at the Hotel Z, the one who was implored by the city authorities not to come to town again wearing shorts, has graciously settled for tight-fitting toreador pants and has just left the Bar Roma, where she had a *cappuccino*.

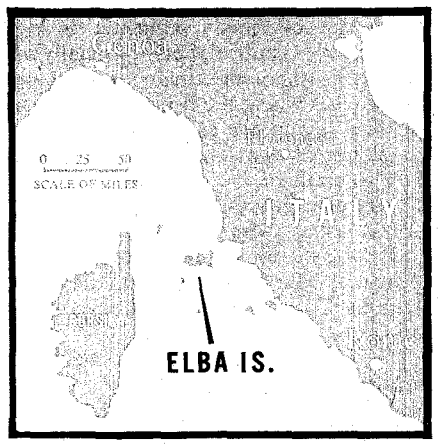
The headwaiter at the Bar Roma is a kind of animated bulletin board of people's whereabouts in Portoferraio at any given moment. Asked if he has seen Signor K this morning, he will reply with accuracy that Signor K was on his way to the office of the weekly Corriere Elbano a few minutes ago to place a classified ad for a wet-nurse dog to supply milk for a litter of puppies whose mother has died, but that he would first drop off at the telegraph office.

The headwaiter also serves an important social function. Anyone planning a cocktail party can be assured that, if the guest list is left with him forty-eight hours in advance, the guests will all turn up. The rapidity with which the news travels has long mystified outsiders who have studied the phenomenon. "Everything that occurs on Elba is immediately known in every portion of it," a puzzled English traveler wrote in a book about the island. The book's publication date, which was 1855, automatically eliminates from the suspicious list such devices as the telephone, which is scarcely known on Elba anyway, as well as the automobile, the motorcycle and the motor scooter, all of which have a small foothold.

The best guess is that the Elbani, who are enthusiastic shouters, have a spoken code based upon syllabic stress and duration of stress and upon shifts between falsetto and ordinary voice tones; and that they make full use of the acoustical freaks common to mountain areas. In clear weather they may augment transmission with a semaphore system based upon the position of the sender's arms. A direct question about the methods used sends an Elbano into delighted laughter, but the question is left unanswered.

Being both mountaineers and islanders, the Elbani are a doubly stubborn people, and Napoleon himself was unable to extract from them the self-abasement he had become accustomed to receiving elsewhere. He treated them with kingly contempt, and they paid back with little jokes uttered within range of his hearing about his girth, which increased steadily during his exile, and about his physical stature, which didn't.

But, as Napoleon often complained about the French, the Elbani can be fickle. There is a tendency now to look back with a certain astonished pride at their own little imperial era. A marble plaque over the main entrance of Portoferraio's town hall celebrates it as the beginning of "national independence," with no mention of its brevity. At the top of the surrounding hill, nestled against the fortifications, stands Napoleon's "palace," a kind of two-story French country house of pale pink stucco and washed-green shutters. After decades of neglect, this building has been restored and so has its modest formal garden. It is a popular visiting spot of the tourists. The color scheme of the emperor's bedroom, dressing room and library runs to pale blue, gold and pink.



Elba, the last remnant of Napoleon's empire, lies between Corsica, the island of his birth, and Italy, the scene of his early triumphs.

Always a restless man, Napoleon got away from the palace whenever he could, and of the half dozen retreats he had around the island he was fondest of a villa which lay a short distance up San Martino mountain, three miles from Portoferraio. He was clever at redesigning unpromising buildings—his palace was a made-over barracks—and the villa, formerly a warehouse for storing grapes, was one of his masterpieces.

But the irony which dogged Napoleon in life dogged him after his death. Travelers have a hard time finding the villa. It is considerably obscured by a pretentious building of Greek design, which was erected by a rich and sincere admirer, Anatoli Demidoff, a Russian prince who was married to a niece of Napoleon. Seeking only to perpetuate the memory of Napoleon in a rock-and-marble museum, Prince Anatoli filled it with his great private collection of Napoleonana—paintings, sculptures, books, prints, Sèvres porcelain vases, autographs and snuff-boxes. The mystery of how the museum got mislocated has never been explained.

On Prince Anatoli's death, the establishments went to his nephew, Prince Paul Demidoff. Prince Paul had a common physical failing. Every time he sailed through the narrow and rough Strait of Piombino he became seasick. In 1880 he had the Napoleonic mementos brought to Florence and auctioned off. This cured the prince's seasickness, but left the museum a resounding shell and the villa empty, except for Napoleon's bed, his bedside table and his marble bath, all of which are still there.

The Elbani, who number around 30,000 all told, subsist fairly well when their economy is in full operation, but it hasn't been since World War II. The commercial fishing was all but destroyed by the German garrison, who, as troops everywhere will do when rations are short, fished with dynamite. The tuna and sardines, which are the mainstays of Elba's fishing industry, didn't return in great numbers until ten years later, and the industry has never fully recovered.

There remain in normal operation general farming; the raising of olives, figs and other fruits; the tending of vineyards and its corollary, wine making; a small-scale quarrying of marble and granite, and the production of cement. The biggest missing ingredient is the smelting of Elba's fabled iron ore, described in Virgil's Aeneid as "inexhaustible."

The ore, or at least some of it, is still there, and Elban labor mines it. But the war-demolished smelters remain in ruins, the owners having built new smelters in Piombino, six or seven miles away on the mainland of Italy. The new plant, in addition to processing the Elba ore, through new techniques profitably extracts iron from the slag piles left on Elba by the Romans several centuries before the birth of Christ. Elba has its history, but Piombino has the smeltering payroll.

The Elbani, who rarely permit crass economics to interfere with their sense of the aesthetic, take the loss philosophically, and even with a note of triumph, giving thanks for their deliverance from the sooty smeltering fumes. "Piccolo (little) Pittsburgh," they say, gesturing toward Piombino.

On Elba the seasons melt into one another like the paints on a busy palette. Spring blankets the hills with poppies, yellow genista flowers and a cactus with magenta blooms. The weather then is cool and soothing. As it warms up gradually, it brings a profusion of wild roses, white lilies, wisteria, marguerites and tiny orchids in shades of brown, white and lavender, placing them against a background of pine, almond, chestnut and cypress trees. By mid-September the feeling of autumn is in the air, but often it is possible to swim comfortably as late as October. Then comes the colder weather and with it some snow on the mountaintops. For a time erratic and gusty winds pester the island, and as long as they continue, eccentric behavior and irascibility are common among the natives. The victims of the winds are held to be under their evil influence and are forgiven.

One of the most festive of the seasonal scenes comes toward the end of September when the grapes ripen. Everything else being forgotten, the Elbani converge on their terraced vineyards and pluck the white and purple grapes. While the wine is being made—and barefoot tramping of the grapes is the popular method of squeezing out the juices—everybody relaxes and samples the product. The wine has no preservative, and it develops an acidlike flavor if held more than seven or eight months. Each farmer estimates the number of casks his household will need and turns over the rest of his grapes to a communal winery, which squeezes them mechanically and markets the wine on the mainland. The farmer is paid in part for his grapes on delivery; the rest of his reward is held up until the price of wine on the mainland is determined.

It was in the brief season of the maddening winds that Napoleon pulled one of the most eccentric and infelicitous stunts of his imperial stretch on Elba. He had deserted comparatively low-lying San Martino for the cooler atmosphere of

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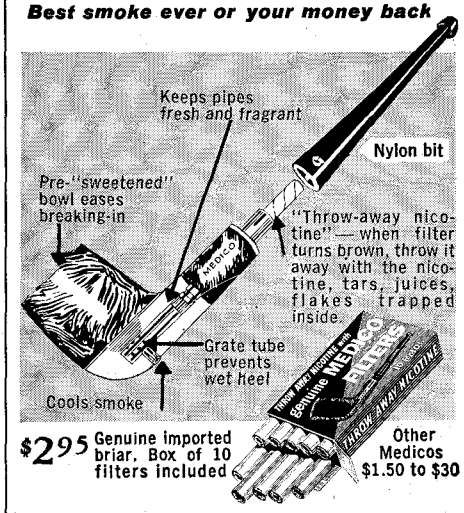
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a deserted hermitage next to the chapel of *La Madonna del Monte*, 2500 feet up Mount Capanne. In contrast to the lushly growing vineyard area down below, the landscape around the hermitage was spare and hard. Black granite dominated it. Some scraggly chestnut trees had caught on; there were patches of heather, and a few tough little aromatic shrubs pinched their way between boulders.

Napoleon's wife, Princess Marie Louise of Austria, not only had declined to share his exile but had become interested in another man. This not only had wounded his vanity but also had lowered his prestige on Elba. One day he spread word, by the island grapevine, that Marie Louise, having reconsidered, would arrive at Portoferraio on a certain date to join him at the hermitage. In the evening of the appointed date a ship arrived and unloaded a young woman. On every window sill in Portoferraio a candle burned in honor of the distinguished visitor.

She was hustled into a carriage. Behind it trotted a riderless horse, which she would have to mount when the going got too steep for the carriage. It was equipped for sidesaddle riding, and the stirrup was covered with red leather as had been the stirrup of Marie Louise's sidesaddle in the days when she and Napoleon rode the paths of the Petit Trianon. (This one was an imitation which Napoleon had had trumped up in Leghorn a week or so earlier.)

Long before the young woman and her escort arrived at the hermitage that night the word got to Portoferraio that she was not Marie Louise at all, and the welcoming candles were indignantly snuffed out.

The new arrival was a blond Polish countess named Marie Walewska, whom Napoleon had met in Warsaw when she was twenty and the wife of an elderly Polish nobleman. She had become Napoleon's mistress and had borne him a son now four years old, whose paternity the emperor acknowledged.

After two nights at the hermitage the Countess Walewska quit Elba, leaving a trail of mystery. The mystery lay not in the purpose of her visit, but in Napoleon's elaborate hoax. As he was familiar with the efficiency of the Elban grapevine, how could he have imagined that his deception had a chance of succeeding?

The only monument to the big romance is to be found on the grounds of a resort hotel that stands a bit down-mountain from the hermitage. It consists of two recently built cottages which, in the lofty spirit of tourism, were named *Cassetta Napoleone* and *Cassetta Walewska*. They have become very popular with the summer visitors.

Napoleon, dead so many years, also serves Elba's economy at the nearby Fonte Napoleone, a gushing mountain spring. When the restless emperor happened to be in the neighborhood, he always drank heavily of the water, saying that it was good for his rheumatism. A bottling plant there ships the Fonte Napoleone water all over Europe. It is supposed to relieve a great many other miserable ailments, thus enabling Elba, if it so wished, to lay claim to being in the forefront of psychosomatic medicine.

Corpulent as he was at the time, Napoleon must have had a tough time riding horseback up to the hermitage. It lay some distance beyond the walled town of Marciana Alta. Even today, with new roads and a small, hardy automobile, the ride to Marciana Alta is something of an adventure. It begins at the colorful fishing village of Marciana Marina, preferably with a lunch of freshly netted fish, *pastorella* cheese, rough peasant bread and native white wine. The engine labors as the ascent gets steeper and steeper; life gets to be one switchback after another. The road—which will be enlarged for the 1959 tourists—is wide enough for only one car, and there are only a few stretches of it that have retaining walls. If your car meets another car coming from above, your driver must coast backward to the nearest pull-out in order to let the descending car pass.

The reward, Marciana Alta, is another of Elba's many walled towns. The altitude is 1230 feet, and the town seems to exist close to the clouds. Out in front of the gates is a row of large boulders, which, as in the Middle Ages, are poised in readiness for pushing down on top of any ascending invader. But the atmosphere is one of friendliness. The village padre in black cassock and some old men wearing denim caps watch smilingly as children scramble around a candy vendor's truck from out of the world below.

The visitor goes inside the gate and, as in all walled towns, ascends a narrow, inclined street, which spirals between rows of dwellings with louvered blinds. From behind the blinds, women dressed in black bashfully peer out until the stranger gets within a few yards; then the blinds are rattled shut. A handful of playing children stop their games to appraise the stranger, who is busy at the time watching a couple of small lizards scuttle off the narrow street into cracks between huddled houses.

On the driver's word that the climb on foot up to the hermitage is a killer, the passenger agrees to his suggestion that the next port of call be Poggio, which, at 1148 feet, is the next highest settlement on Elba. It is dimly visible on another mountain.

The car, after dipping down a few hundred feet, turns sharply into another series of switchbacks and labors to the heights again. It runs through scattered clouds of mist and pulls up finally onto a grassy terrace in front of Poggio, where two old men stand conversing on the edge of the terrace, within a foot or two of the edge of a precipitous cliff. They don't even turn around to look at the car and its occupants.

The fog is now closing in fast, and the driver is impatient. It is no emotional strain at all to abandon Poggio and start down the mountain around sundown, passing by women with wicker baskets of wash—from a communal trough—balanced on their heads, yokes of oxen waiting to be unhitched and fed, and men in colored peasant clothing, well sweated, carrying scythes.

Marciana Marina is generally rated Elba's prettiest village. Its harbor is guarded by a tower of rock, a pleasant anachronism that hasn't fired a gun in centuries. Here begins the "gold coast," the almost exclusive preserve of the nobility from such cities as Rome, Milan, Florence, Bologna and Genoa. It extends toward Portoferraio for several miles, rimming the lovely Gulf of Procchio as far as the village of Procchio. At Bagno the ruins of a Roman bath are visible. Nearby is a tiny fiord. At the base of the fiord is a miniature sandy beach about seventy feet wide. During the emperor's tenure it was the private beach of Napoleon's sister, Pauline, a cheerful extrovert who acted as his palace hostess and threw fine, loud parties that relaxed his imperial tensions.

The "gold coast" villas, which are done in soft tones of white, pink, cream, green and yellow, seem to be pasted to the coastal cliff. Beyond their sandy beaches spreads the blue Mediterranean. Behind them stand the mountains, their sides lush with winding rows of terraced vineyards and orchards.

The rest of Elba's perimeter is less dramatically beautiful, but—especially on the south—there are many quiet bays and beaches where the fishing, swimming and skin-diving are excellent, and there are plenty of pensions available. There are also summer tent colonies in mountainous pine groves. The summer vacationists using these low-priced facilities tend to clot in national groups, the French at Marina di Campo, the Germans at Lacona, the Scandinavians at San Giovanni, and so on.

The Elbani take the whole business cheerfully, which is surprising in view of the racial amalgam they represent—of European blood mixed with Saracen, Turkish, Arabian, Greek, Carthaginian and Etruscan. They have an innate dignity, which is untouched by an occasional snub from some vacationer.

Elba has no crime at all. It is customary among both natives and villa residents, when going out in the evening, to leave the key in the front door as a signal to callers of the family's absence.

In only one locality, the walled city of Capoliveri, is there to be found a defensive hostility. It was peopled several centuries before Christ by Roman slaves who, for some special service to their emperor, were given the status of freedmen. Over the millenniums there was some mixing of invaders' blood with their own, but not enough to dilute it appreciably.

In the early days of his imperial regime, Napoleon found how tough the residents of Capoliveri could be. Short of funds, he sent out men to collect taxes from those who were in arrears for the eight months which had preceded his arrival. All of Elba protested formally, but the residents of Capoliveri assaulted the emperor's taxgatherer and ran him out of town. The emperor then dispatched twenty-two gendarmes to the scene with instructions to lodge themselves in the homes of the ringleaders until payment was forthcoming. Led by the parish priest, the Capoliverians tossed the gendarmes out.

The emperor, after a lecture on the virtue of courage, sent the gendarmes back with an escort of 200 soldiers. This turned the trick and, after much palavering, a promise to pay the tax was extorted. But the display of brute power against Capoliveri was making Napoleon's regime unpopular, and the Capoliverians stalled so expertly in the bargaining for terms that the cost of putting down the revolt almost matched the amount of arrearage collected. The tourist of today who drives through the city gates out of curiosity somehow gathers a quick impression that he is no more wanted than was Napoleon's tax collector. Usually he retreats, in an orderly fashion, if he can manage it.

The rest of Elba is pleasant and friendly and the vacation trade from America has grown considerably in recent years. The first Americans to take up permanent residence were a New York couple, Paul and Peggy West, who came for a brief visit five years ago in the course of a wandering vacation trip and stayed. West, a former advertising man who served as a colonel with the OSS in Greece and the Balkans, is master of a 200-year-old brick farmhouse and thirty acres on Mount Orello, near Portoferraio, which he has remodeled into a villa. A German 88 shell had removed one upstairs room. West ingeniously converted it into a spacious terrace.

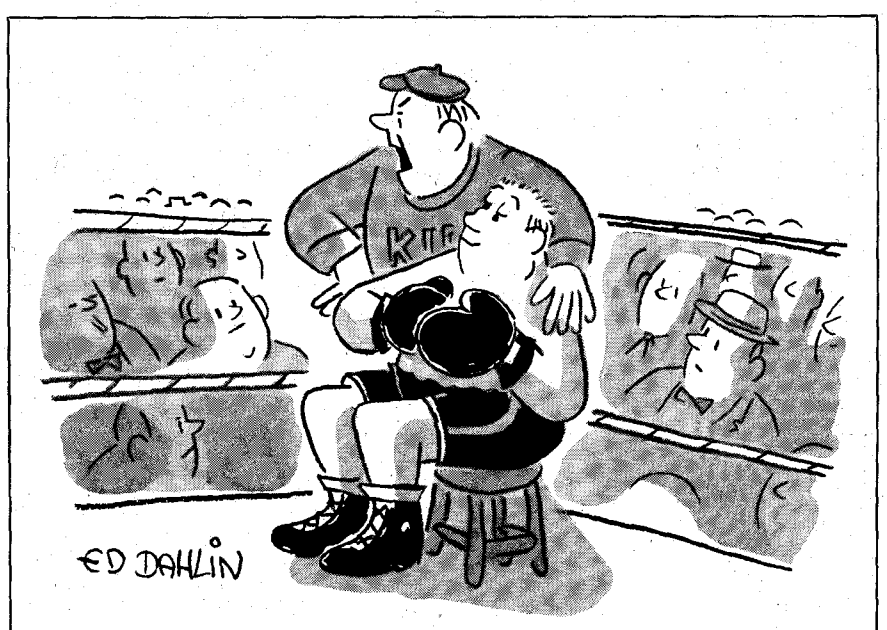
Higher up on Mount Orello another American, Miss Mathilde Sinclaire, has become the owner of a farmhouse which she is remodeling to her own taste during her weekends and vacations. Miss Sinclaire is an attaché of the United States Embassy in Rome and has three years to go before retirement. When that day arrives she intends to hurry to Elba and stay there.

The view from West's terrace, where he often has breakfast, is magnificent. To the north it takes in most of the harbor of Portoferraio. To the south, across a fertile valley and atop the next mountain, stands a gaunt moated fortress with a battlemented tower that gives it the appearance of a cathedral. It was built in the eleventh century by the Pisans, who were then in the days of their ascendancy, and when a swirling morning fog alternately conceals and unveils it, the effect is one of high drama.

A couple of years ago a visiting nightclub impresario from Rome, accompanied by a local real-estate man, spotted the fortress. His eyes bulged, and he began running a fever. He envisioned the fortress remodeled into a dine-and-dance establishment, with the customers ferried up the peak by a funicular railroad and a big neon sign atop the structure spelling out CLUB PISANO.

"What do you think of it?" he asked.

The real-estate man, with true Elban disregard for money when aesthetic values were at stake, replied icily, "Keep your hands off of our damn mountain." The drive back to the impresario's hotel was made in silence. THE END



"There's Arthur Murray sitting out there—
I'll bet he's awfully proud of you tonight"

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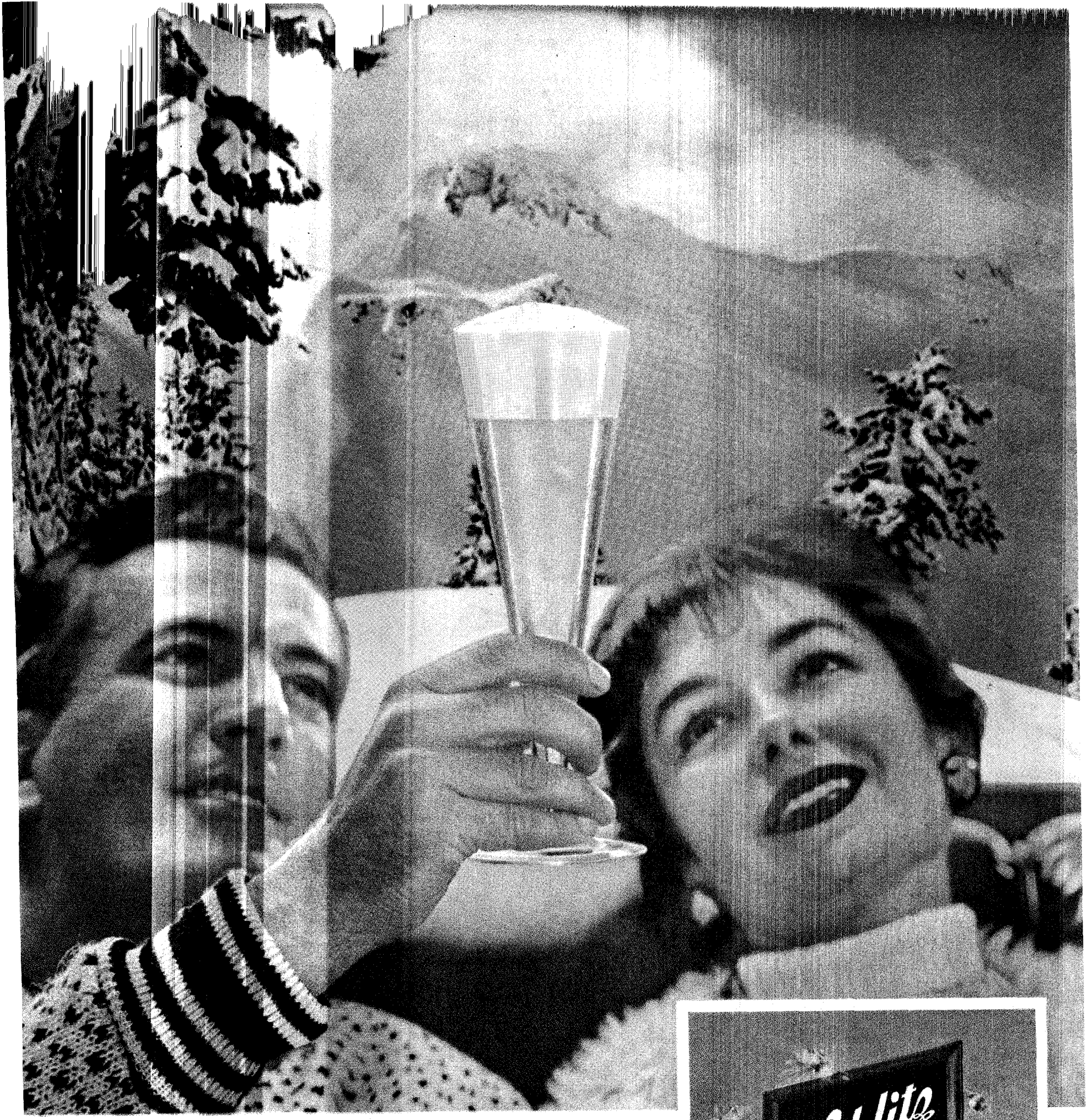

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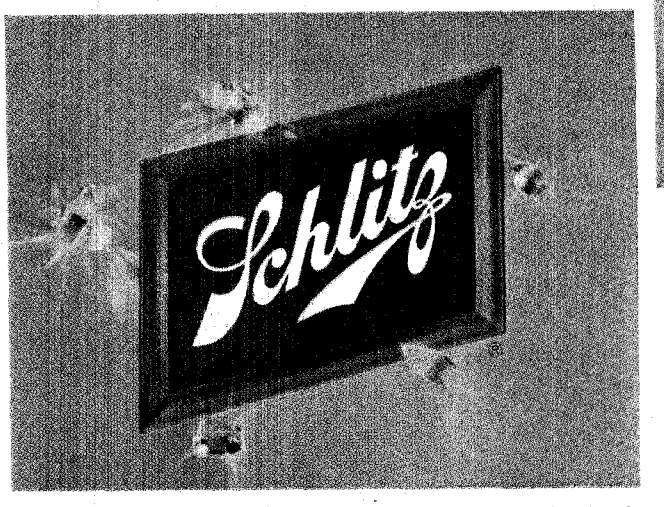

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Who Will be the Democrats' Candidate?

(Continued from Page 21)

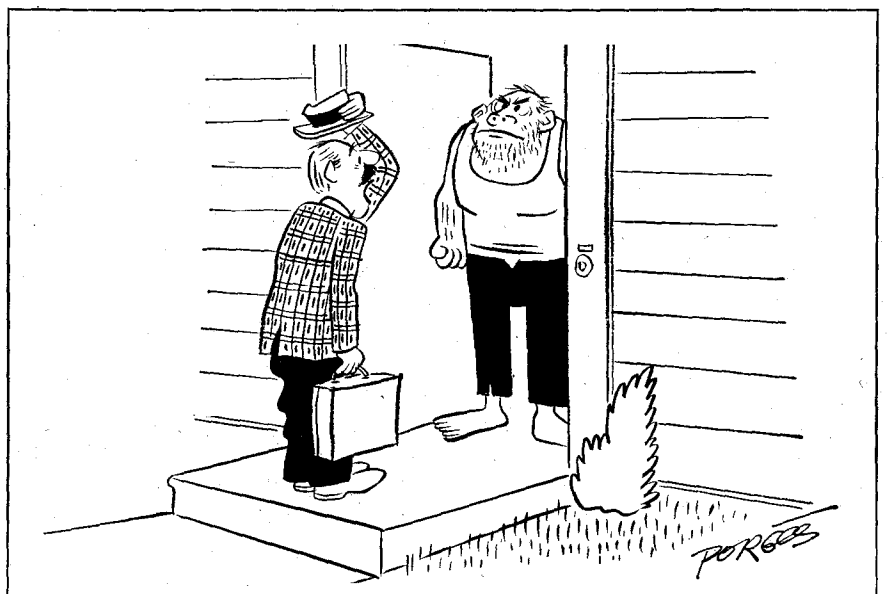
depends on a heavy Catholic vote, is going to turn down Kennedy, the first serious Catholic candidate since Al Smith's day, and then turn right around and nominate a candidate who has left the church.

Here let us pause for breath in our game of ninepins and make two observations. One is that the religious issue, thanks to the Kennedy candidacy, is absolutely certain to play a bigger part in this election than at any time since 1928. Maybe this ought not to be so. But it is so, and every professional politician in the country, Catholic and non-Catholic, is quite aware that it is so.

The other observation is that a quite unprecedented situation has developed as regards the Democrats and 1960. It is an old rule of American politics that "governors get it, and senators don't." In modern times, no sitting senator has been nominated for the Presidency by either party—except Warren Gamaliel Harding, and he was a sport or mutation. Each party has nominated any number of governors. Yet, already we have brashly knocked out three governors in a row, leaving four senators plus only one ex-governor, the wraithlike Adlai Stevenson.

Perhaps we have been too brash, and the old rule will still hold in 1960. But the fact is—and it is an interesting and significant fact—that the Senate has for the first time in our history become a better breeding ground for presidential candidates than the statehouses. Always before, the governors have had one great advantage over the senators—senators have to vote and governors don't. Thus senators, unlike governors, have to take stands on the national issues, and so alienate very large numbers of voters who disagree with them on those issues.

But nowadays, with the basic postulates of the New Deal tacitly accepted even by a Republican Administration, there is only one genuinely domestic issue which really riles and roils the emotions of very large numbers of voters—the issue of civil rights. On other issues the differences among Democrats who could conceivably be nominated for the Presidency are mere differences of tone and emphasis. Other than civil rights, the great issues nowadays are the life-and-death issues of foreign and defense policy.



"Is the female of your species in?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

A mere governor—a Williams or a Brown or a Meyner—has no real chance to establish a reputation in the foreign and defense fields unless, like Nelson Rockefeller or Adlai Stevenson, he has a reputation ready made. But a senator does have an opportunity to establish such a reputation. And all four of the leading senatorial candidates are exploiting that opportunity to the top of their bent.

Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson, for example, immediately after the launching of the first Soviet Sputniks, deftly seized outer space itself as his own limitless empire. With his customary brilliance he will do everything that can be done to associate the conquest of space with the name of Lyndon Johnson in the public mind. He will also do everything that can be done—and he can do a lot—to make himself "available" for the nomination. In a secret vote of the Senate and the Capitol Hill press corps, moreover, Johnson would probably score high man as the ablest politician the Democrats have to offer.

One of Johnson's colleagues, himself a leading presidential candidate, recently paid Johnson as high a compliment as one politician can pay another. "You have a serious chance," Johnson's colleague was told, "of becoming President of the United States in 1960. Doesn't that thought sometimes give you nightmares?"

"Well," he replied, "of course I've thought about it a lot, and of course I know a lot of chickens are coming home to roost in 1960. But I know all the other candidates pretty well, and I frankly think I'm as able to handle the Presidency as any of them, or abler—all except Lyndon, and he hasn't got a chance."

The reasons why Lyndon Johnson "hasn't got a chance" have been examined at some length in a previous report in The Saturday Evening Post [LYNDON JOHNSON: HOW DOES HE DO IT? by Stewart Alsop, Jan. 24]. Here it is enough to ask only one question. Johnson comes from Texas. Neither party has nominated a presidential candidate from below Mason and Dixon's line since before the Civil War. Is that rule going to be broken now, when feelings on the racial issue are more passionate than at any time since the Civil War, and the Negro vote larger? The question answers itself.

So now we come to the serious candidates, the candidates on whom a shrewd gambler, given sufficient odds, would be willing to risk some folding money. They are: Senators Hubert Humphrey, Stuart Symington, Jack Kennedy and, of course, the perennial Adlai Stevenson. These are the four little Indians who are really left

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ahangin' on the wall, once you realize how feeble are the handholds of the other four.

Of the surviving four, Hubert Humphrey probably has at the moment the feeblest hold. He comes from Minnesota, a comparatively small state from the standpoint of population and a helluva place from which to run for President—as Harold Stassen discovered. Humphrey first made his national reputation by forcing Southern states to bolt the party, on the civil rights issue, in 1948. Although many southerners, including Lyndon Johnson, like him and respect him for his remarkable energy and intelligence, the big southern bloc at the convention will be solidly and fiercely against him.

But Humphrey's greatest drawback, as he himself is well aware, is the reputation he built for himself in his early years as a windy radical from the windy West. He, too, in short, presently lacks the true presidential smell. He means to do his best to acquire it by cultivating a sober and steadfast mien. "Maybe it would help if Hubert learned to smoke a pipe," one of his admirers has remarked. But changing his public face is not easy for any man, even as able and adaptable a man as Humphrey.

Even so, Humphrey must be listed among the top four contenders. A lot of people think he owes that enviable position to his marathon chat with Nikita Khrushchev. But the well-publicized Khrushchev interview was only the icing on the cake. The cake itself was the defeat of Averell Harriman in the New York election, and the poor showing of Soapy Williams in Michigan. When Harriman was defeated, and Williams ran far behind his ticket, that left Humphrey as the only active candidate who could be supported with real enthusiam by the northern liberal-labor group.

This ill-defined and amorphous group, which includes the old New Dealers, the more politically minded labor leaders, the A.D.A. intellectuals, and the like, is not as all-powerful as it once was. But it is powerful still, with something close to a veto power at Democratic Conventions. Old Alben Barkley was cruelly counted out by a liberal-labor veto in 1952. The great liberal patroness is that marvelously matriarchal figure, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, who has attributed to Humphrey a "spark of genius," and all but endorsed him.

In private, Adlai Stevenson has also been smiling rather pallidly on the Humphrey candidacy. He has told well-heeled friends, like former Sen. William Benton, that he is himself not an "active" candidate, and that he will "understand" if they decide to "help Hubert." As a result, Humphrey has for the first time the promise of serious financial support, hitherto wholly lacking. In this sense Stevenson's rather tentative support is an important Humphrey asset. But Stevenson is at the same time a millstone round Humphrey's neck. For Stevenson is the liberals' one true love. The liberal attitude toward Humphrey is suggested by a paraphrase of Lovelace: "We would not love thee, Hubert, so much, loved we not Adlai more." As long as Stevenson still exists as a possible nominee, in however wraithlike a form, the Humphrey candidacy will lack the fierce and fanatical drive which an outsider needs to go over the top.

Other than the classic Sherman statement from Stevenson—which is not at all likely to be forthcoming—the best thing that could happen to Humphrey is another southern walkout. A southern walkout would drain delegates from both Kennedy and Symington, and it would make Humphrey the logical man to test a theory long held by northern liberals—that the Democratic Party would be better off without the South. But Humphrey will do nothing himself to force the southerners out—to do so would strengthen the public's mental picture of Humphrey as a wild-eyed extremist. And, of course, even a southern walkout would by no means assure the nomination of Humphrey—the convention would be more likely to turn to a "moderate" to save what could be saved from the wreckage of the party. Humphrey was asked recently whether he thought it would be fair to say that the odds against his nomination were about eight to one. He allowed that that was about right.

Here let us pause again for breath and for another observation. All the little Indians we have examined so far have a large, invisible X across their faces—there are excellent reasons for the convention to turn each one of them down. That is also true, as we shall see, of Jack Kennedy and Adlai Stevenson. There is only one candidate without the X. He is Sen. Stuart Symington of Missouri.

If politics were a logical business—which it markedly is not—one could confidently predict the nomination of Symington by a simple process of elimination. Symington's big plus is his lack of big minuses. Nobody hates him. He has quietly voted the straight liberal line on all issues, including civil rights, so that the liberals have no logical reason to veto him. But the southerners don't really dislike him either—Symington comes from a distinguished Maryland family, and he has never, unlike Humphrey, made ferocious civil-rights noises.

Many conservative businessmen also like Symington, who has been a successful businessman himself—perhaps the businessmen feel instinctively, as do the southerners, that Symington's heart is to the right of his voting record. Symington also has had what Humphrey and Kennedy lack—experience in the executive branch, as Secretary of the Air Force and in other important posts.

Symington has a first-class political brain truster in Clark Clifford, former special counsel to ex-President Harry Truman. Clifford's old boss is expected to come out for Symington, in his usual flat-footed way, whenever the time is ripe. So are other powerful figures, like Speaker of the House Sam Rayburn. So are a number of the big-city professionals, like Jack Arvey of Chicago. Both Carmine De Sapio of New York's Tammany Hall, and Pennsylvania's governor and Democratic boss, David Lawrence, have been privately making tentative Symington noises. Both men are Catholics, but like a number of Catholic politicians, they fear that nomination of Jack Kennedy might stir up slumbering religious prejudices.

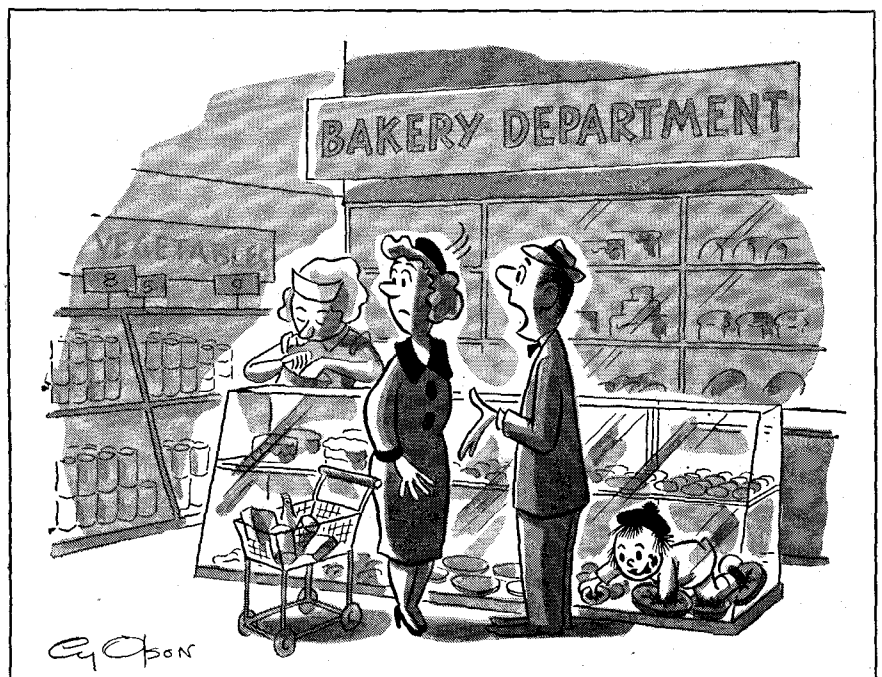
Symington's national reputation rests on his strong stand on the defense issue, on which events have increasingly proved him a prophet with honor in his own country. Yet being identified with a single issue can be dangerous to a candidate, even when he is right. When Symington holds a press conference or appears on a television show, the same thing always happens. When he tries to talk about domestic or foreign policy issues, his questioners always revert to defense.

"Maybe Big Bomber Stu would make a fine Secretary of Defense," one of his rivals has remarked, "but that doesn't qualify a man for the Presidency." This suggests one line that will be used against him. "Stu is a nice guy and everybody likes him," the same rival continued, "but being liked by everybody doesn't qualifiy a man for the Presidency either." This suggests another anti-Symington line. During the next year Symington must persuade the voters that he is an expert on fields other than defense, and he must persuade a lot of powerful Democrats that he is a two-fisted fighter in the political arena. If he does so, he might be the man to beat, come July, 1960. But at the moment the man to beat is clearly Kennedy of Massachusetts, who has a healthy head start on all the other candidates.

One reason he has a head start is the simple fact that he started earlier. Kennedy has been running for President ever since he lost, by a whisker, his 1956 bid for the Vice Presidential nomination. Since then, he has visited all forty-nine states to make speeches and consort with the party faithful. He now knows the key men in the Democracy in just about every state, on a first-name basis—a major asset. He has other assets.

He has great personal charm—the effects of his handsomely boyish face on the lady voters of Massachusetts have been devastating—and he has just about the most beautiful wife in American political history. Behind the handsome face there is a brain. His best-selling book Profiles in Courage is not a masterpiece, but it is respectable and literately written popular history, and the widespread rumors that it was ghosted are not true.

Kennedy also has a lot of money. Having a lot of money has become, oddly enough, an important political asset

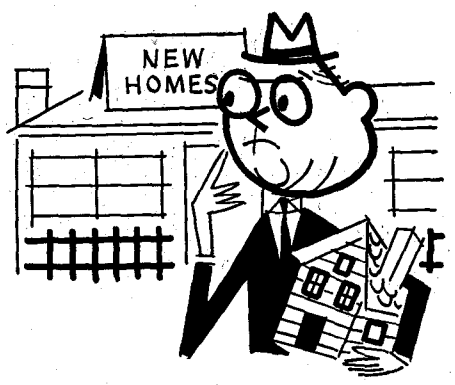


"She was right here a moment ago."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

IN THE APRIL AMERICAN HOME

Should You Trade in Your Home for a New Model?



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these days—the voters apparently reason that a rich politician will not be tempted by oil leases or vicuña coats. But money is not the asset to Kennedy that it is to Rockefeller, for instance. His father, former ambassador to Britain Joseph Kennedy, is the fountainhead of the Kennedy millions. The wartime isolationism of the older Kennedy and his bitter feud with Franklin Roosevelt have left a lingering bad taste in a lot of important Democratic mouths. "Old Joe's trying to buy the White House as a present for young Jack," Kennedy's enemies whisper, snickering.

Nothing makes young Kennedy more furious. He hotly denies that his father has spent a cent in his behalf. Even so, the whispers hurt. But Kennedy's money must be counted on the plus side of the ledger, if only because without it he could not afford the expensive campaigning he has been doing ever since 1956. Does Kennedy have that other asset, the greatest asset of all—the presidential smell?

The answer seems to be that it depends a lot on who is doing the smelling. "Sure, Jack has charm," the chief strategist of one of his leading rivals remarked recently. "But a lot of Princeton undergraduates have charm, and that's what Jack Kennedy looks like. The voters aren't going to send a Princeton undergraduate to deal with Nikita Khrushchev." However, Kennedy will be forty-three in 1960, and a man of forty-three is hardly in the first blush and bloom of youth. Like Hubert Humphrey, Kennedy also is making an effort, whether consciously or unconsciously, to change his public face. He has taken to wearing a vest, and his public manner is increasingly weighted in favor of seriousness and sobriety, and away from boyish charm.

In any event, to judge from the polls, in which he consistently runs neck-and-neck with Adlai Stevenson and easily tops all other Democratic candidates, Kennedy has plenty of presidential smell to a lot of voters. His standing in the polls also suggests the nature of his political strategy, which is to go to the convention as the people's choice, and then challenge the convention, in effect, to turn down the man the people want.

The polls are a vital element of this strategy, but the polls will not be enough to make the strategy work. The logic of his strategy clearly suggests that Kennedy must boldly challenge Symington and Humphrey to primary contests in the key states. If the polls are right, Kennedy could be expected to beat them both handily, if they accepted the challenge, and there would then be two fewer little Indians ahangin' on the wall. Precisely for this reason both Symington and Humphrey are expected to duck any primary challenge from Kennedy. In this case, of course, Kennedy's claim to the title of people's choice will be reinforced, and he will painlessly pick up a useful number of primary delegates.

The people's-choice strategy is not a new one, of course—nor is it an infallible route to the nomination, as Estes Kefauver discovered. Even so, it is going to be extremely difficult for the Democratic Convention to turn Kennedy down if, in July, 1960, the polls and the primaries have both shown him to be the most popular candidate. For a lot of Catholics would suspect that Kennedy was turned down because he was a Catholic—a suspicion which could doom the Democratic candidate to almost certain defeat.

The Convention could, to be sure, take the curse off turning down Kennedy for first place by the simple expedient of nominating him for second place. And this suggests why Kennedy must at all costs convince the delegates and the world at large that he will not take the Vice Presidential nomination—otherwise, the Vice Presidential nomination is all he is likely to get. Accordingly, Kennedy is flatly telling all and sundry that he would far rather be the senator from Massachusetts than the Vice President—which may well, of course, be the simple truth.

It will be very dangerous for the Democrats to turn down Kennedy if he is still front runner in 1960, and if he makes his rejection of the Vice Presidential nomination stick. Even so, there are influential Democrats, probably proportionately small in numbers but highly articulate, who will fight to the death to prevent his nomination. Although both Joseph McCarthy and the curious political phenomenon to which he gave his name are dead, among many liberal-intellectual Democrats McCarthyism remains the ruling issue, as civil rights is the ruling issue among southerners. Among these people, there is a favorite anti-Kennedy crack—that toward McCarthy the author of Profiles in Courage should have shown less profile and more courage.

Kennedy's two chief Democratic rivals in the Senate both voted to censure McCarthy, but neither was among the first or most passionate paladins of the anti-McCarthy movement. Kennedy was ill when the censure vote was taken, but he has since said that "based on the evidence presented and Senator McCarthy's transgressions of the rules of the Senate, I thought the censure was a reasonable action." But this is by no means enough for the really passionate anti-McCarthyites.

Among those who attack Kennedy for his record on McCarthyism there are certainly those who are in fact obliquely attacking Kennedy's Catholicism. There are also those who sincerely believe that Kennedy's pallid stand on McCarthy, whom he never criticized in his campaigns, rules him out of consideration for the Presidency. Their symbol and leader is that formidable lady, Mrs. F. D. Roosevelt, whose mildly worded remarks about Kennedy and McCarthy in The Saturday Evening Post of March 8, 1958, were as politically painful to the young senator as a shiv in the back. The liberal-intellectual forces which oppose Kennedy are not as powerful as they once were, but they are articulate and determined, and they constitute a high hurdle between Kennedy and the nomination.

The Kennedy candidacy raises the obvious question: Is it an asset or a drawback these days for a Presidential candidate to be a Catholic?

Kennedy has had a number of studies made which show the Catholic voters favoring him heavily, while the number of non-Catholic voters who oppose him on religious grounds is proportionately much smaller. Recent elections, especially the 1958 Democratic landslide, in which a record number of Catholics were elected to the Senate and to governorships, tend to bear out the theory that Catholicism is now a net political asset. Kennedy's rivals and critics claim privately that there are many non-Catholic voters who would happily vote for a Catholic senator or governor, but who would balk at a Catholic President. In fact, no one really knows how much times have changed since religious prejudice contributed to the defeat of Al Smith, and no one will know unless or until the matter is put to the test at the polls.

The matter will not be put to the test unless Kennedy wins the nomination on an early ballot, for, as he is well aware, as front runner he must go over early or not at all. Suppose Kennedy comes near to going over on the first or second ballot, and then falters. What happens then? The answer is that irritating, childish question: Wouldn't you like to know?

Several things might happen. Harry Truman and the pros might put over Stuart Symington. Here much would depend on Lyndon Johnson's course. Johnson supported Kennedy for the Vice Presidential nomination in 1956, and Kennedy has a lot of admirers in the South. Among the southern Democrats, and among many westerners as well, Johnson will speak with a powerful voice. In a pinch, Johnson might well have the power to put Kennedy over the top. Johnson is not tipping his hand, and will not do so until it is absolutely necessary; but those who know him well guess shrewdly that, if he had to choose, Johnson, like his friend and patron, Speaker Rayburn, would go for Symington rather than Kennedy. Johnson and Symington have had their moments of tension, especially when, in the post-Sputnik era, Johnson deftly grabbed the defense issue right out from under Symington's nose. But the two men are on friendly terms again, and Symington often goes to Johnson for advice, which Kennedy unwisely never does. In a Symington Presidency, Johnson as majority leader could more easily maintain his present unique position of almost coequal power with the President than in a Kennedy Presidency. And Johnson, who is anything but a fool, is quite aware that this is so.

Another thing that might happen is the emergence of a Kennedy-Humphrey ticket. The liberals who do not greatly love Kennedy do not greatly love Symington either, partly because, like the businessmen, they suspect that his heart is to the right of his voting record. They might find a Kennedy-Humphrey ticket an acceptable half loaf. Tentative feelers about just such a possibility have already gone out from the Kennedy camp to Humphrey, who has not been adamantly unreceptive.

Or the ticket which is already the true heart's desire of many northern liberals might emerge in the end—a Stevenson-Kennedy ticket. Although Stevenson has told his friends that he will not be an "active" candidate, those close to him have the exceedingly strong impression that Stevenson would shed no tears whatever if the nomination again came his way—especially if the Republican candidate were Richard Nixon.

As for Kennedy, he can, he will, he must, continue to protest that he is not interested in the Vice Presidential nomination. But if the moment of truth ever comes when Kennedy, having failed in his try for first place, is offered the Vice Presidential nomination, he will have to think long and hard before refusing it. For Kennedy is an ambitious man, and if in his early forties he turns down the second-highest nomination in the gift of his party, it is almost inconceivable that he will have another chance at a place on the national ticket, and he knows it.

If you put a pistol to the head of any old pro among the Democrats and asked him, on pain of death for a wrong guess, to name the 1960 ticket, the chances are better than even that you would get the answer: "Stevenson-Kennedy." Stevenson is the best known of all the potential candidates, and he has many passionate admirers. But there are going to be plenty of powerful men at the convention who will use every ounce of their power to prevent Stevenson from leading the Democratic hosts into dubious battle for a third time—Harry S. Truman and Lyndon Johnson, to name two. And this suggests why the best guesses of even the most professional of the pros are not worth a great deal so early in the game.

Indeed, only one prediction can be made with absolute assurance. For those—alas, only a minority of our population—who have discovered the fascinations of the great game of politics, the color and drama and spine-tingling excitement of it, the clash of powerful personalities, the triumph and the heartbreak, the devious small-mindedness and the rare nobility, there is a wonderful time ahead.

It is hard to recall another time in our history—with the conventions only a bit more than a year away—when no one could forecast with any assurance at all the identity of the candidate of either major party. As the time of decision nears and the tension mounts, and as the dual drama of the unique American nominating process is played out to its hot and sweaty climax, it may be hard to bear in mind that the process is something more than a sort of glorified and wonderfully exciting horse race. For when the process has run its course, there will be only two little Indians left ahangin' on the wall. And then, a few months later, there will be only one, and he will be indeed The Next President of the United States—and he will hold history in the hollow of his hand. THE END

"Did you want a period after the word semicolon?"

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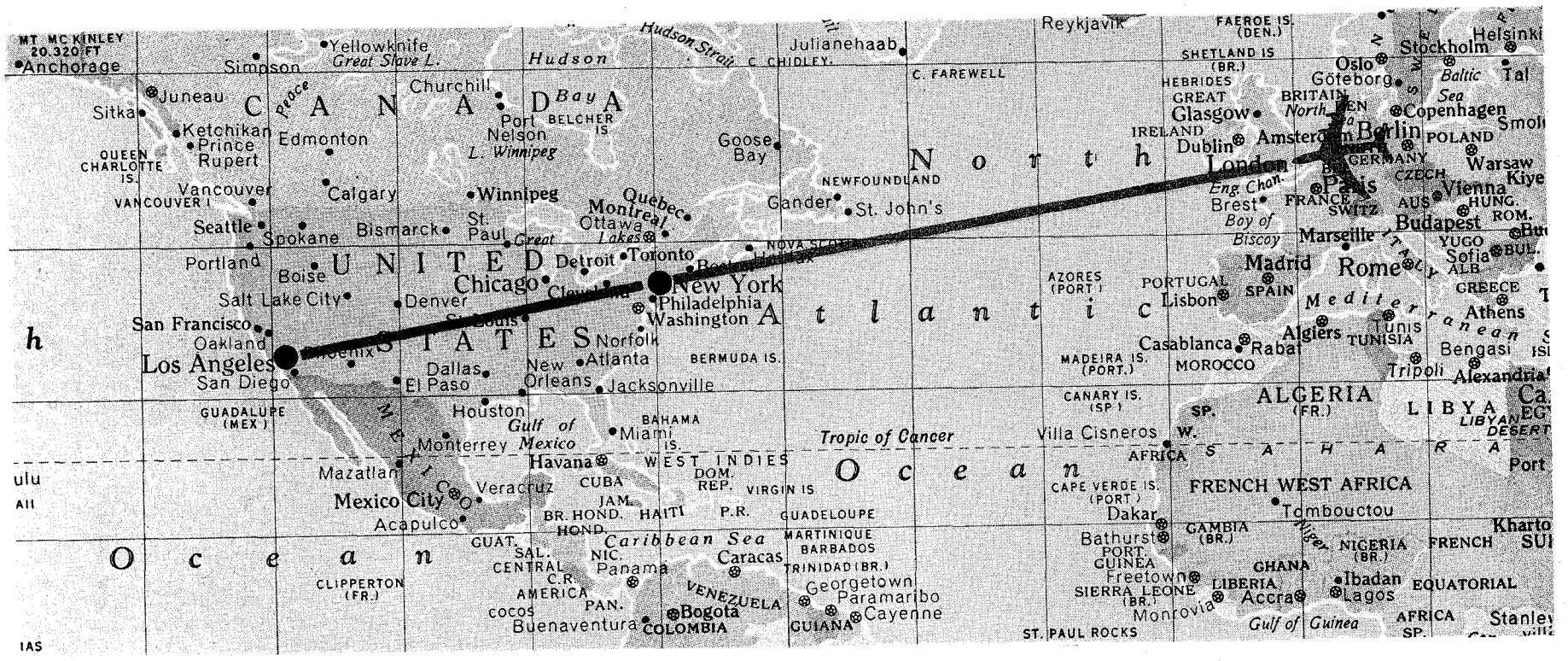

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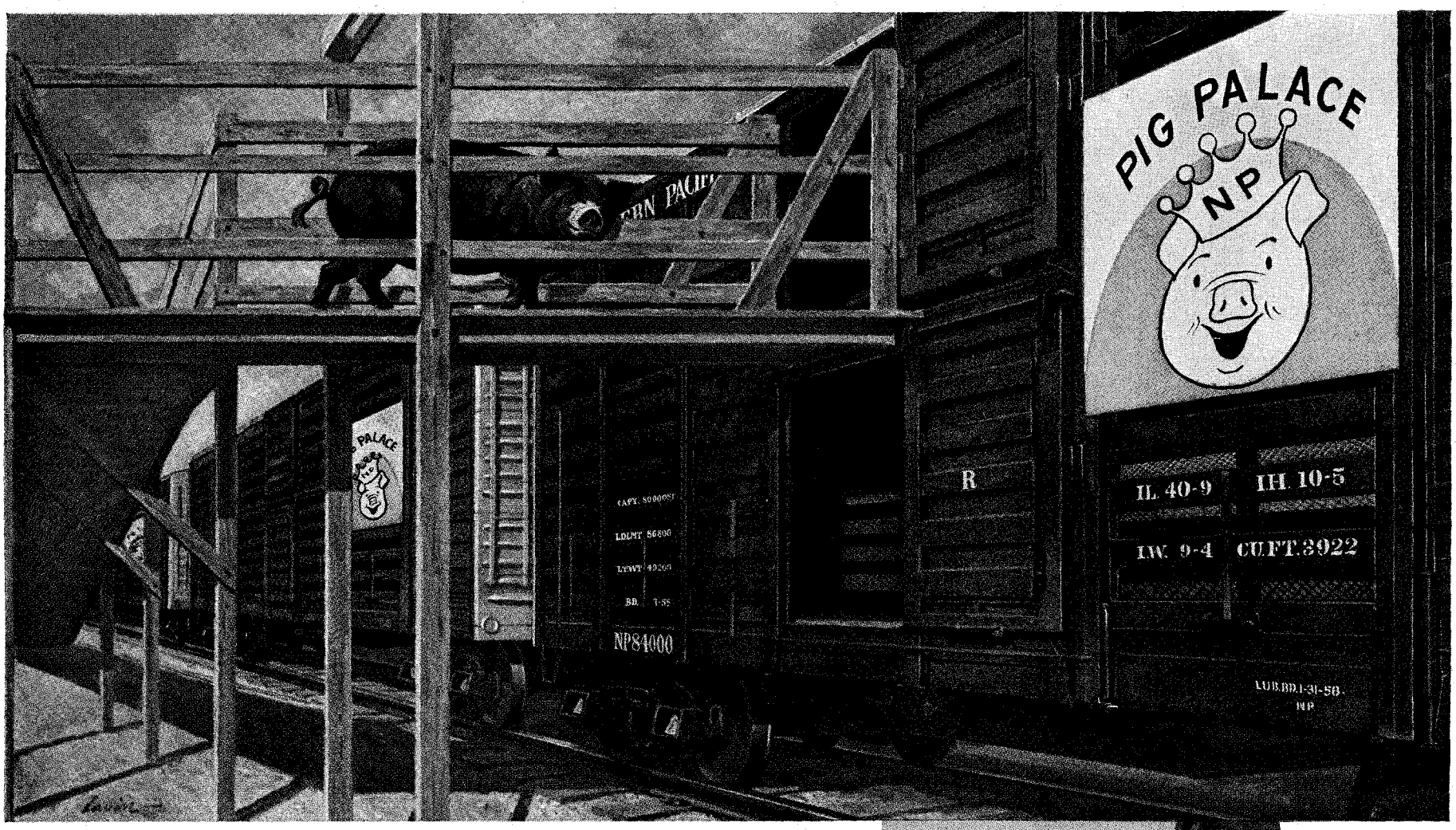

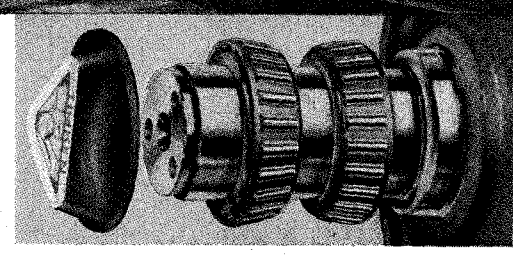

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The Man Who Blew the Whistle

(Continued from Page 37)

rather still be in St. Louis than out here taking Josh's job. Believe me. But I don't want you to set yourself up as a monitor of my morality. Don't consider it your job. Is that clear?"

Tom was numb. His anger was becoming congested, filling him statically. And a slow futility seemed to be draining him of will and of easy understanding of others. He knew now why people rarely cheered policemen; and he realized the awful loneliness that could come to a person who without danger to himself could place himself as a judge against the honesty of another. Worst of all, he almost welcomed his suffering; Joshua Garvey had been a big man, perhaps the biggest of all, in Tom's life, and now he was experiencing the superstitious awe of one who has smashed his own idol.

"I think you have the wrong idea, Mr. Maitland."

Maitland sat down again, rubbing his graying head. "It's been a blow to all of us," he said, "a blow to all of us." They stayed in silence awhile. The city played like surf against the building. Waves of night came up engulfing them. The desk light made a tinkling sound when Maitland put it on. He opened the figured box and lighted a cigarette.

Finally, Maitland spoke. "I didn't make you wait because I wanted to torment you, Tom. Please believe that. I was the one in torment. Frankly, I have a problem on my hands." He looked up, and his gray eyes were hurt and lusterless with fatigue. "You were Josh Garvey's protégé."

Tom Hawkins winced the length of his lanky six-foot-three frame. The unruly hair that stuck out on the sides of his angular head seemed to become like quills. The chill again.

Maitland shrugged. "Most of us in purchasing, in the divisions, knew Josh meant for you to take command, take over central someday. Some of us didn't like it, some of us took it fatalistically, and a few, myself for example, didn't care. I'm not an ambitious man, Tom. I liked my safe, routine bailiwick out in St. Louis. Fine house, good friends." He was dreaming. "One of the top men in the senior golf tournaments. A good life." He meditated, then lifted himself out of it. His eyes were brighter, shrewder. "But that doesn't make me a slider. I'm a company man, when you come right down to it. And I'll always do my job."

The chill was deep in Tom's bones. "I think you should tell me what you mean."

Maitland nodded. "I will, Tom; I will." Now the hurt, fatigue and shrewdness were fused in his eyes, and Tom could see all of it. Maitland leaned forward. "I've had a question of morality to settle also, just as you did. But this time it concerns you. You see, Tom, you were lucky. Garvey saw in you things that most of the rest of us didn't. He liked to work autonomously. He was the kingpin. You seemed to be a good aide for a man like that. You took care of all the detail that he didn't want to be concerned with. He was a general and you were his lieutenant. Well, the over-all formation of the company isn't like that, Tom."

Tom Hawkins sensed that his career was being destroyed. "If you'll be specific, Mr. Maitland."

Maitland hardened under the uncompromising aspect of Tom's enforced, outward calm. His lips drew. "I searched my soul, Tom. God help me, I was disturbed because, if I demoted you, people might think I was avenging Josh Garvey!"

"I see."

Maitland jumped to his feet in a sudden restless surge of energy. "But I'm going to do it anyway." He faced Tom, hands clasped behind him and chest tight. "I'm on the desk now, and I don't want Tom Hawkins as my deputy."

Tom got up slowly. The chill in him now was irony. He had destroyed the man who could have given him wings to the top places of the company. And, ironically also, he felt like a culprit, not like a hero, or not even like someone decent.

"Am I fired, Mr. Maitland?"

Maitland looked shocked. "Fired? What ever gave you that idea? Everyone knows how close you were to Garvey, what your feelings for him were. But you didn't let that interfere. Fired? Why, son, the company needs men like you. There'll always be a place for you with us. You can depend on that."

"Thank you," said Tom; "thank you very much." The irony was in his heart, but he did not hear it echo in his quiet, tired words.

Tom telephoned Sarah, and then waited forty minutes before he got a grimy, restless train that seemed reluctant to take him to his station.

Sarah had seemed peculiar over the phone, and when he got home he found out why. The children were in bed and she was in the kitchen. On the table a martini stood diluted in a glass pitcher, and beside it was a silver piggy bank with two ends of a fifty-dollar bill making a green kind of dorsal fin from the slit on top.

Sarah began to swallow air, and then gag. Tom hurried to pat her on the back and then offer her water, but she shook her head furiously. In a few minutes the convulsion stopped, and they faced each other across the gray of the table that still showed some of the soupy signs of the children's meal.

"I had a roast," said Sarah, "but I couldn't cook it. I couldn't."

Tom held the silver bank. "When did this come?" There was only one person who would have sent so rich a gift. Josh Garvey.

"About three o'clock. It was terrible. Jerry—Jerry was napping. Tina and Little Tommy were playing outside. Then it came."

Tom nodded, holding the gift gingerly in his long hands on which the light shone with some reddish tints on the hairs. Josh Garvey was Jerry's godfather. And this, yes, this must be the anniversary of the christening.

His hand moved as if to crush the pig, and Sarah reached out frantically. "No—don't be cruel to it!"

He looked at her. She was a tall girl, very tall; in her heels she seemed almost as tall as he was. Her cheekbones were gaunt, but her eyes were soft. She had a walk that he called Sarah's lope, because of her long-legged stride. She had some of the severe poignant appearance of people of the plains or the prairies.

"It came from Josh?"

"Of course."

Tom sighed. All roads led to Josh Garvey.

"Do you want a drink?" asked Sarah.

"I'll make one," said Tom. "This is pretty watery." He got out the ice and the ingredients. "It seems to me the baptism was on a Sunday."

"It isn't the same day every year."

"Is this the right date?"

"Yes," said Sarah. "Why?"

"It seems like too much of something. Are you going to have a drink? Or have you?"

"I haven't. I made that one for you. Yes, I'll have one."

"Have you been crying?" he asked, turning toward her.

"No," she said, strangely.

He stirred the martinis in the glass shaker. "Why did you nearly upchuck when I came in?"

The insensate anger was rising in him again. The whole thing had looked like a setup. She had contained herself until he came in, and then she had been posed in the kitchen at the table with her long face and the silver bank and the thin gleam of the money.

"If you think you make me sick," she said, with quick fire, "then think again. I've been worrying about you—about how you would feel."

He slammed the shaker down on the table so hard that drink sloshed over the top and on his hand. "What do you mean by that?"

Sarah was fast on her feet, with her long legs, and she was beside him before he could wipe his hand on the handkerchief he whipped out. She held herself against him.

"You haven't forgiven me," she said now; "you haven't forgiven me for the way I acted when you first told me about Josh. Have you?"

He did not want to kiss her, so he held her against his shoulder, trying to stop

... ...

Moan From the Doghouse

Anniversaries and
birthdays—
How they complicate the life
Of the absent-minded
husband
Of a present-minded wife!

Margaret McKeever Ellert

... ...

her words. He had almost hated her that night, less than two months ago, when she said, "But you've told me! He hasn't hurt anyone! He hasn't hurt anyone! Then why—why do you want to ruin him?"

She had been inconsolable. She had been in the condition of an emotional woman who will not easily reject an illusion; who will not suffer simply the breaking of a pleasant, secure dream. Tom had talked to her in the night's silence. Midsummer had embraced the trees outside. "Sarah, listen. Please listen to me. Josh, Mr. Garvey isn't what he seems to be. He takes kickbacks from manufacturers. Maybe he's been so nice to us because he hoped that if we ever found out, we'd act just like we're acting now. Worrying about him, not about the company, not about the decency of it."

But Sarah was stubborn. "You've said that, and said it. But you told me that as far as you know he hasn't hurt the company. If he hasn't hurt anyone ——"

He pulled her toward him in the bed, with such ferocity that it seemed as if he might want to hurt her. "As far as I know, he hasn't done harm, financially. But maybe I don't know much. He runs purchasing. I take care of personnel problems and things like that. Administration. How do I know how deep it is? He's kept me out of it! Anyway, listen. My information only tells me that he has kickbacks, and those are from companies that underbid others." He was beginning to get mad, holding her in the hard circle of his arm. "So we get bids and he releases the information to his favorites, and if it still looks good, they underbid and pay him under the table. Yes, it still costs the company less—so he hasn't hurt anyone. Or has he?" He was so furious that he was panting; and it was not with the persistence in her unyielding body. He was fighting himself as well.

"If we do over-all business with a company, a legit company, we get lower prices on the things that aren't just high margin and high volume —— Oh, hell!" He twisted around on the bed, staring closely into her face in the moonlight. "What kind of talk is this? A business conference at midnight when we're coming apart? The thing is—our friend, our mentor, our man, our kid's godfather, my boss—is a crook!"

He had shouted. A child cried out. They never knew which one. They walked into the bedrooms and found the children sleeping.

Then they stood in the hallway and heard the soughing of wind in the tree at the end window.

"We love him," said Sarah at length. "We really do."

Tom did not take the step that would bring them close. His voice was like the scraping of the branch on the eaves when the wind was importunate.

"No," he said. "Not any more."

Sarah knew he was thinking of all that had happened between them that night. Even his flesh was sensitive with rejection, and she could not bear it. She clung to him, to hold him despite what he might do, or to make him release himself finally to the call and the cajolery of her womanhood. Then he submitted with a soft release, as if he knew that only Sarah could give him help. He sat down at the table, drawing her down with him.

"I couldn't help it," she said. "I couldn't help fighting for him. He—he seemed so important to us."

Tom shuddered, remembering going to the executive vice-president with his information. He had had to. Josh had been unwilling to do it himself. "You won't let me down, boy," he had said. "It would be like cutting your own veins."

"Josh, if you won't do something about this, quit, retire—on your own—I'll have to force it."

He could still remember Josh's baffling sureness. Shaking his big head, looking wise and confident and gentle. "Not my Tommy. Not my Tommy." Running his hand over his chest in the characteristic way. "You'll think it over, and then you'll know I haven't hurt anybody, Tom. They like me in this company, and my purchasing record is good." He expanded his arms. "Look at the books. Check it with what you know on purchasing elsewhere. Tom, I've been good with some friends, and they've done a little kindness back. That's the sum of it, boy. And when you sleep on it, you'll know it."

Tom shook his head. And bafflingly, infuriatingly, Josh still smiled at him and came to the office door with him and put a thick but light hand on his shoulder. "Tom, we're going the route together. You're my assigned successor. And don't think I can't do it. But forget the smaller things. I'm a company man. Always have been. I wouldn't take inferior quality and I wouldn't make a deal for a bad price. What do you think of that?"

"Naturally, I think it's necessary to make good deals."

Josh grinned. "Sure. Now, before you go out that door. What about our drivers? We lose about ten thousand a year in gas and oil, Tom. Do you want to walk into their homes and call them a bunch of thieves because their wives drive to the school and the supermarket on our gas? You ran a bowling tournament, and a nice one. Didn't everybody have fun? We're going to write that off, Tom. It isn't going to cost anybody a cent. Is that bad?"

(*Continued on Page 112*)

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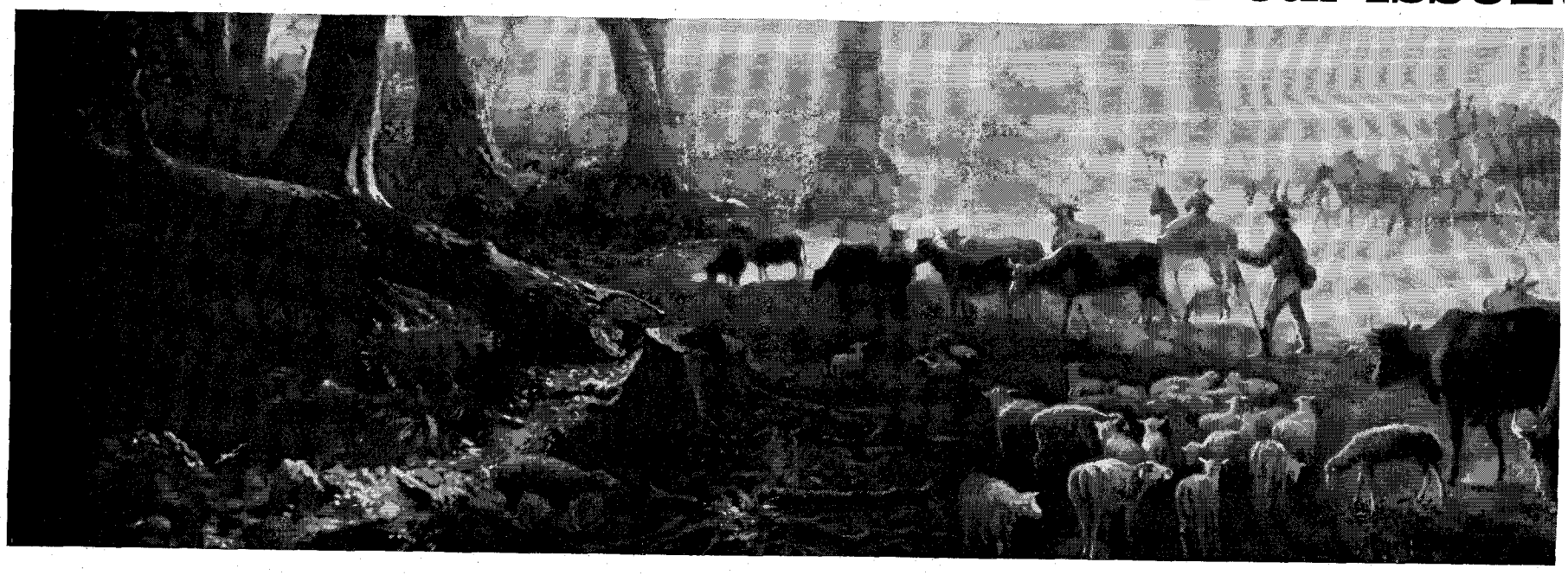
STARTS IN THE APRIL 6th ISSUE



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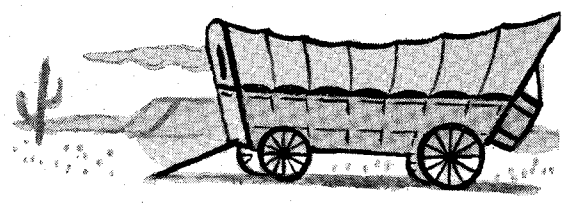

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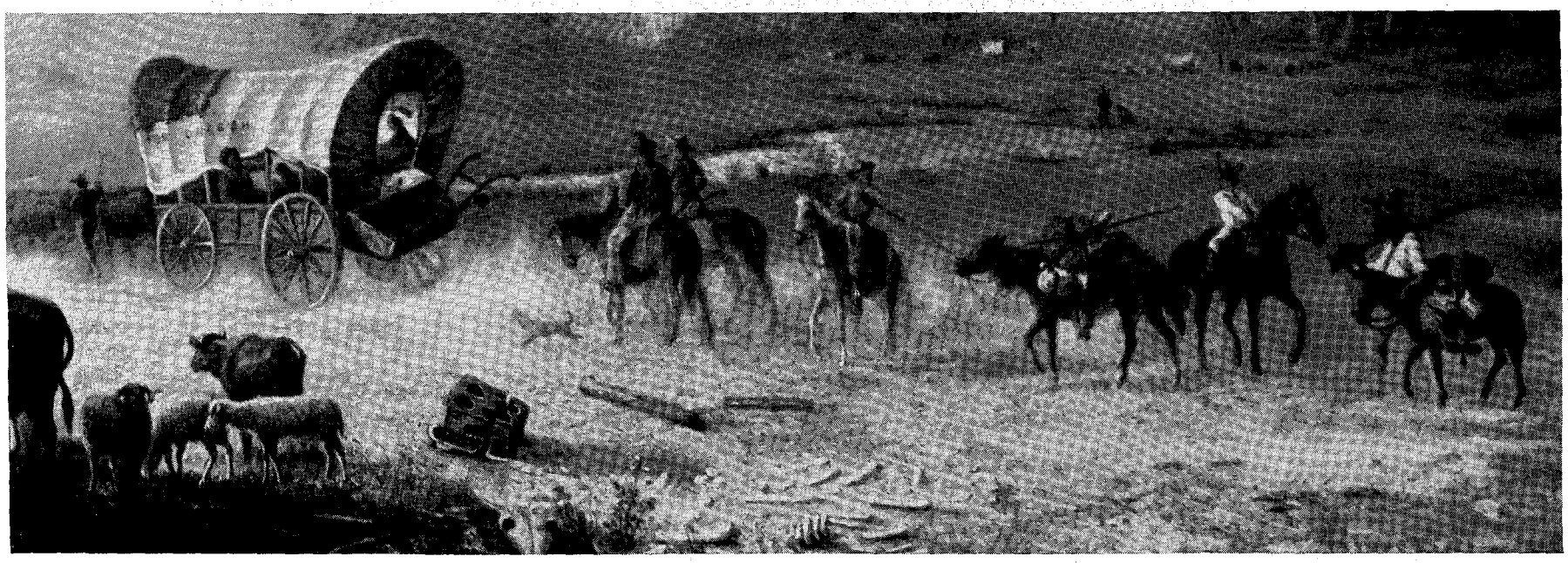

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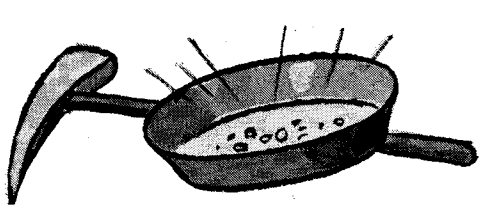

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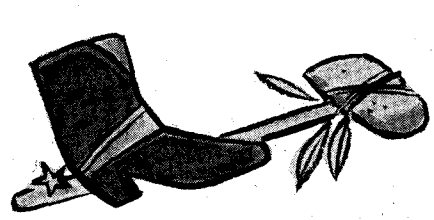

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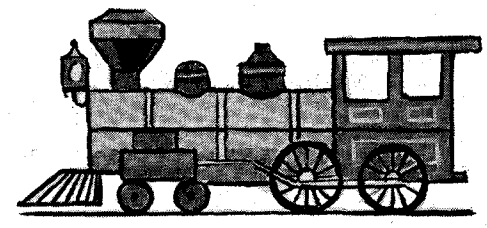

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(*Continued from Page 109*) Tom felt stiff and formal. It did not agree with him. He was a lanky man, and he liked to feel loose in his joints and in his face.

Josh Garvey said, "What's made you a crusader, Tom? You surprise me. I thought you had more balance and realism."

Tom Hawkins looked at him, turning straight and lanky and tall. "I don't think I'm a crusader, Josh. I never thought much about it. But you might remember I worked in the warehouse for this company when I was going through college. One night a man brought in some late orders and I was the only one there. I started to test-weigh them and he said I shouldn't bother, they were underweight. I had a date that night and there were some books I needed, and I had no money. And this man told me that if I received the stuff as on weight he'd give me a nice bonus." Tom looked at Josh Garvey, the short hairs stiff over his ears and the long face looking formal and sad. "I knocked that man down, Josh, and I've never regretted it."

Josh Garvey's full face turned inward, as if pulled by a certain kind of explosion. But he would not give up. "I won't resign, Tom. You'll have to force it." And the foolish optimism entered his face again, and glowed there and he tried to take Tom's hand, and Tom turned away.

"Tom?" said Josh.

"What?"

"You might not have it so good again."

Tom came around. His voice was soft. "I know that already, Josh. When I blow the whistle, I won't be able to stop hearing it."

Now, with the piggy bank of silver and its fifty dollars on the table, Tom held lanky Sarah to him, and she sat on his lap as well as she could distribute all of her.

He had to laugh, and she grimaced, but it was an old and true joke, and made them know once again how close they were. "You have more for your marriage-license money," she said, "that's all."

"I have no intention of using the shears."

But then jokes were over, and he told her about Mr. Maitland and that his career had come up against a hard wall, and that it might stand there against it for a long time to come.

"I don't think anyone likes me," he said. "It can't be helped. Josh—Josh was sweet. Put it that way. And I ruined everyone's feelings about him."

"Don't—you mustn't feel so badly."

He hesitated; what he had to ask was of utmost importance. "Sarah. You—can you really forgive me?"

She was jolted and oddly confused; to solace him was simple and without subtle shadings. But he was actually asking her a question of remarkable complexity. "You did nothing wrong," she said defensively—but it was not good enough.

"That isn't what I meant."

She got up from his lap and walked around the room disconsolately. "There's nothing to forgive. Tom, why do you keep wondering if there is, and—and questioning?"

When he did not reply, she stared into space. Then, wistfully, she said, "But I do wish it hadn't happened." Nervously she walked around the room, her eyes turning at intervals toward the silver bank. Tom watched her, mute and dissatisfied.

Sarah moved closer to the table and with a sudden motion she lifted the bank, as if it was dear and repulsive at the same time. A thought worked in her and became visible in her face. She turned to Tom for confirmation of her thought, that would release her instantly and angrily from further poignant consideration of Garvey.

"This bank, the money, the remembrance! Tom—is it Josh's revenge? His way of rubbing it in? Of hurting us?"

Tom could tell that she wished to believe the worst, have its freedom. But he had asked himself the same question, and he had to give the answer that he had honestly found. "No," he said slowly; "no, I don't think so. You see, I think that Josh is a good man. But all of him isn't good enough."

In the office he was treated like someone who had been maimed; and some acted as if he had willfully hurt himself. He found no overt bitterness against himself; but there was a bittersweet aura around him whenever he was in contact with the people who had been favored by Josh Garvey, and those people constituted the majority in purchasing and an ardent minority in several other departments. Tom felt like the man who had had to execute a wonderful pet that had unaccountably gone on the rampage; and sometimes he felt that some people wondered if the execution had been proper and true or merely a result of panic or faulty judgment.

A rumor started that Josh had had a heart attack. This gained credence throughout a whole day, and one switchboard operator burst into tears and had to be carried to the dispensary. It was Maitland who scotched the rumor with a direct call to the Garvey household and then a statement to the employees through supervisors.

Then there were whisperings that Josh Garvey had been grossly underpaid, and some employees nodded gravely and said that the company certainly was not noted for giving a man what he was worth. At lunch, people spoke about the graft sometimes taken by police officers who were paid starvation wages for hazardous duty; and it was conceded that in that instance and in that of educators who turned leftist, the individual was not entirely at fault.

A few murmured darkly about a "frame," and there was no one who couldn't mutter, "No matter what they say, he was nice to me."

All these things attacked Tom Hawkins; they flew around him like soft birds of prey, taking a little of his substance and going away. And after the small portions were taken time after time, he felt an ache in his bones and muscles. The doctor told him he had a touch of the flu and should rest in bed; but he could not remain away from the office. He felt compelled to go there no matter how he felt.

It was a bland Thursday near noon when Tom was talking to the representative of a principal manufacturer. The man, Noland Burke, asked him to lunch. When Tom hesitated, he said, "I have something to sell you that you might want. A darn good job."

The words opened an escape hatch in Tom, and clean free air blew in. He accepted the lunch invitation and they went to a bar and grill on a side street, that catered to business executives at noon and to bums for the rest of the day.

Over a martini, Burke said, "Tom, our outfit has a warm feeling for you, not just because you cleared up a lousy situation, one we didn't want to be involved in—but because you had the guts to do it."

Tom flushed. It was strange and unsettling to be complimented for what he had done. "I don't pride myself on it," he said.

Burke looked at him narrowly. "Don't get any funny notions and start martyring yourself because you turned in a sanctimonious old goat who oiled up everybody. Stay tough, or you'll wind up the victim."

"Raking muck isn't my cup of tea." It was galling and then soothing to work on himself for a change instead of having others do it.

Burke snapped, "If someone dumps it in your yard, you're not going to congratulate him, are you? Garvey would have made an accomplice or a sucker out of you, boy. Now send him flowers."

Tom was startled at the vehemence of Burke's tone and at the scornful coloring in his face. Sales representatives usually accorded their contacts a more soothing interview. "You're mixing it up kind of rough, Burke."

Burke grinned and finished his martini, relishing the saturated olive. "It's a big relief to be able to talk out. And listen, lad, I'm here to make an offer, not ask for one. I'm delegated recruitment man, to enlist one Tom Hawkins for our own purchasing setup." He became deeply serious. "We believe in you, Tom. We'll equal what you've got now, and more. And, Tom, we'll give you a medal for what you did, not resent the broken monument."

Tom Hawkins experienced an eager rushing of emotion. It would be crazy not to take the job; mad not to put the ugly complexity of informer behind him. But as a purchasing man born, he was deliberate even under duress. He told Burke that he would seriously consider the offer and let him know within two weeks if he wished to make further negotiations.

The bland Thursday had taken on a ruddy glow when he started back to the office. His stride had lengthened, and he spoke to everyone with the authority of the man who stands behind whatever he has done and who accepts the consequences. The approbation of Burke and his company wiped away stigma, and gave him outside perspective on his duty—and he knew in his heart that it had been correct and that he had taken the proper course in action. Sentiment bore false witness, and the only banner Josh Garvey had really flung out was one of hypocrisy and expediency. And those who followed it were deluded and to be pitied.

This was grand in him and enabled him to work with the celerity and accuracy of old. Rumor and discontent that curled around him were banished with smile or sternness, whichever was appropriate, and he no longer whisked through the halls and offices like a man who has spat in the temple.

When he told Sarah about the job, she almost overwhelmed him, holding him and crying, "Darling, it's wonderful, it's what we need. We'll be free, we'll be able to start clean again!"

The gayness in him dropped like a long, dark elevator. He held her at arms' length. "Clean again? Sarah, I don't feel dirty."

She moaned, shaking her head. "I don't mean that, I don't."

"What do you mean, Sarah?"

Lost, but contrite, she moved away, clasping her arms across her again. She stopped, facing the wall. "I'm not good at saying such things, Tom. But you should know what I mean. It's not you—it's the situation. Somehow, somehow it's—tainted. Like being in a dirty adultery case. Just as a witness. Or—or having to prove that a hero wasn't one really, after all ——" She shivered, huddled herself and tried to turn inward away from it—and he was awed, chastened, and he made his decision.

"I'm not taking the job, Sarah."

She came around. "You're not taking it?"

He stood tall and somewhat awkward, and suddenly somewhat shy, moving on one long foot and then the other. His voice felt coarse and stammering, as he worked to say unfamiliar things.

"I told Josh once, I'm no crusader. I'm no intellect. I'm just a working purchasing agent. If people have to look at this homely face to know that somebody else was a liar and a cheat, then I want them to look at it. I won't hide it!" He clenched his fists. "I won't take it away, damn it all. I won't bury anything. I'll disillusion them every hour of the day, every day—until they get some sense and see the light!"

As Sarah stared at him, his voice rose in passion, and the passion broke over his gaunt young frame, making it quiver, and he held his hands curled as if ready to fight a challenging array standing surly and aggressive before him.

A long moment held in the room, and then Sarah burst into tears. "Tom," she said, "you're beautiful, beautiful!"

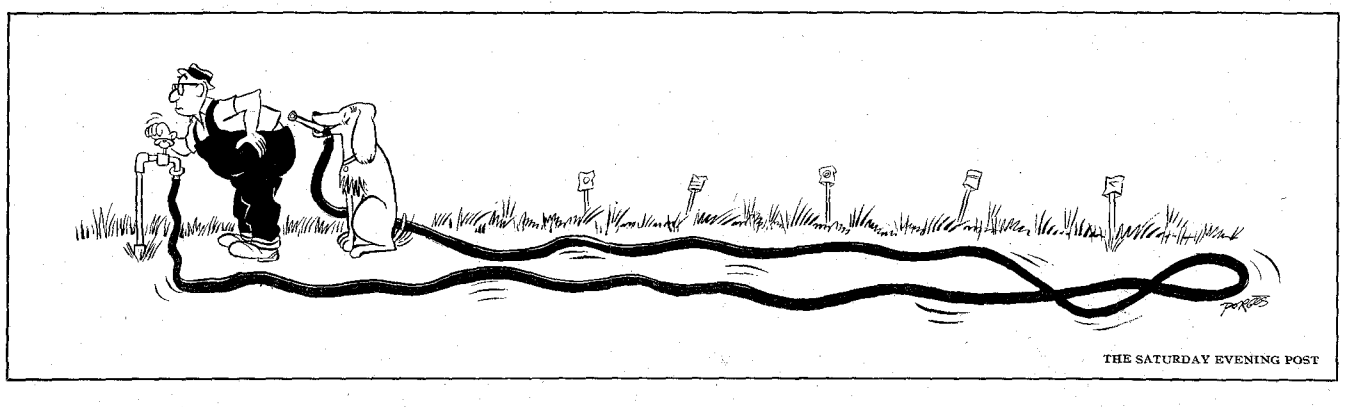
Her words came through to him, and he half turned away. "Don't say that. It's—silly."

She ran to him. "You're beautiful, beautiful. Tom, you're right. Yes, you are, Tom; you're right. Oh, I love you so!"

He was embarrassed, but he felt elated, and assured in his strength. The beauty she found was in that and certainly not in his appearance, he thought. And in the emotional fire of her approval, he found a glistening extension of sureness, the supplement and final decree of judgment that he would need to sustain him.

As all this embraced him and made the feeling of his love, house, and life reach a powerful summit, ever aspiring, the sound of the wind cast a pervasive, haunting note. And, in humility, he thought, "Josh, I too wish it had been different."

THE END



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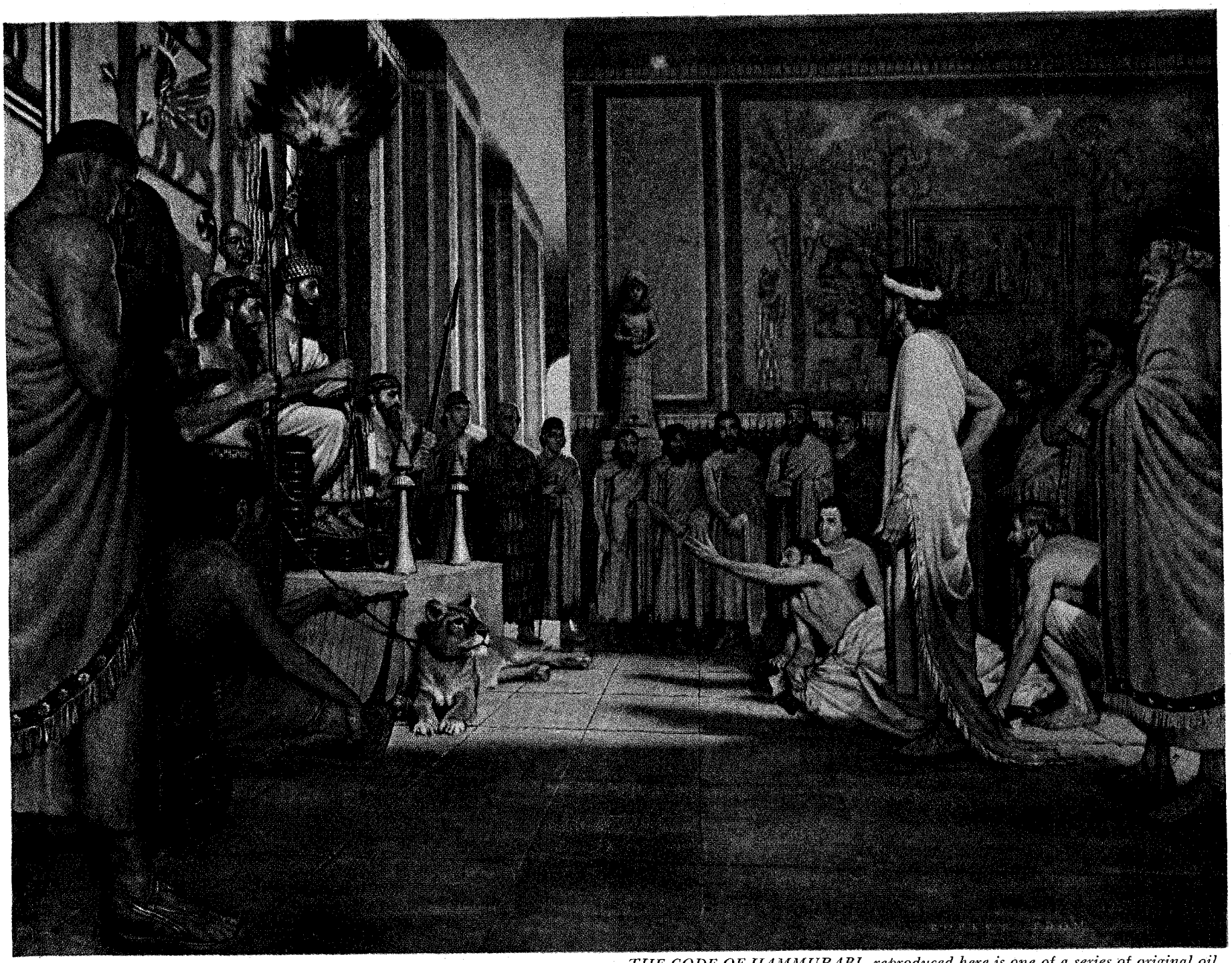

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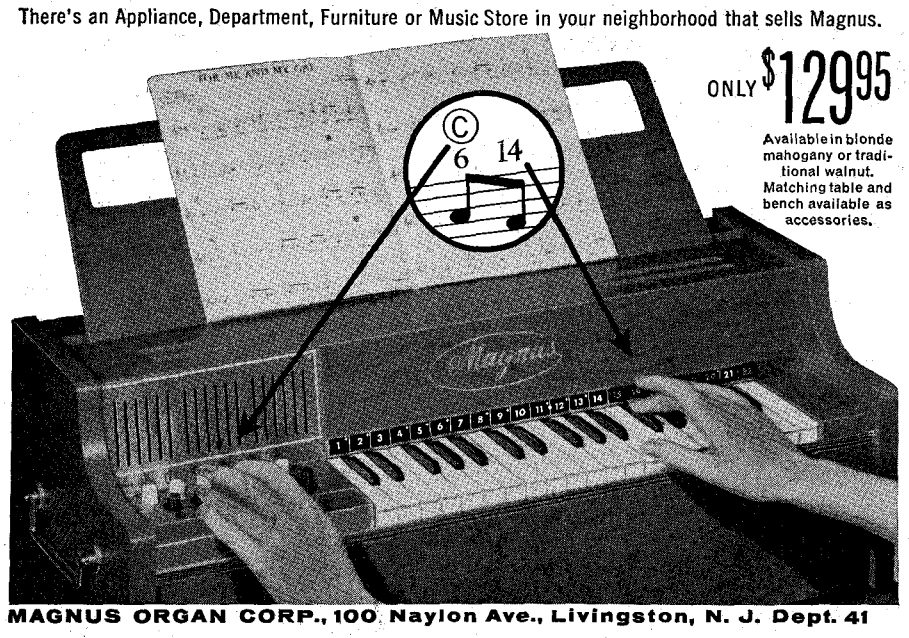

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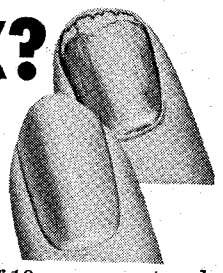

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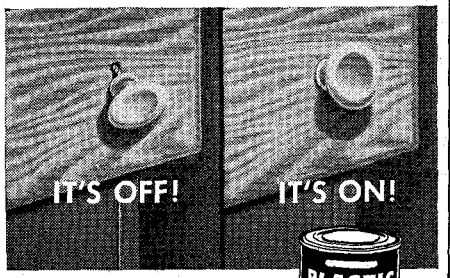

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I Call on Mary Martin

(Continued from Page 33)

"Oh, yes," she said. "She just left everything and flew out. She taught me a great deal, but almost everything else I know I've learned from Richard. The only thing I knew how to do when I got married was to buy a piano." Laughter bubbled up in her. "We had a piano before we had a bed." She pointed through huge glass doors at an emperor-size double bed in the next room. "That's the bed we bought. It has been more trouble to us than anything in the world because every time we've moved it's been a problem. This last time we had to hoist it up sixteen floors, using a block and tackle on the outside of the building."

"That must have been something to see," I said.

"It was quite a trick," she admitted, "because it only has one mattress and one frame. We moved it in and out of several homes in California; then we moved it east when we bought a one-hundred-seventy-five-year-old house in Norwalk, Connecticut. We kept our Norwalk home for fifteen years, and during that time we remodeled the place, so when we moved to this apartment, we had to remove one whole side of the house to get that bed out. When we got to the new apartment, the telephone rang and the superintendent downstairs said, 'Mrs. Halliday, a man has just left your bed in the middle of the street.' I was rehearsing, Richard was talking in the office with about six people, and I didn't like to tell him anyhow, because this is a very nice apartment house. People like Clare Boothe Luce and Henry Luce, and Garbo, live here, and I didn't care to think about how they would feel about a brand-new-neighbor's bed dumped out in the middle of the street. But finally I broke down and told Richard, and we got another moving company to take our bed away and cut the frame in two—not the mattress; they could fold that over. Once they'd hoisted it, they joined the frame back together again." She sighed and looked at the bed affectionately. "Maybe this will be its last resting place," she went on. "Anyhow, I hope so."

"Why did you sell your Norwalk home?" I asked her.

"We'd bought it in the first place because when our daughter Heller was four we wanted her to have a few years of country life. At least I think she was four. I'm very vague about facts. I try to stick to them, but I notice that if I say we did a thing ten years ago, it turns out to be twelve, and if I say it's four, it turns out to be eight. I'm never right."

"I've discovered that too," I said. "It's always more years than you think."

"Always," she agreed. "Heller has been with us in the theater since she was five. She played my little sister in Annie Get Your Gun. She went from that into Peter Pan."

A cog clicked in my head and I said, "She studied ballet, too, didn't she?"

"She was with the Sadler's Wells Company for two years when Richard and I were in England. She wanted to be the greatest ballerina in the world."

"Has she changed her mind?" I asked.

"This is what is so crazy," Mary Martin told me. "She doesn't want anything to do with the theater now. She wants to be a nurse. How can you figure children?"

I said I didn't know. I said that there had been a time when my own daughter had been in love with horses, but she'd finally grown up to discover men more interesting.

"I wouldn't blame children if they couldn't figure us either," Mary Martin said. "We're kind of nutsy too. Take Richard and me. Here we have this lovely, livable place, and tomorrow we're leaving it to stay in hotels or motels for twenty-four days and twenty-four nights to polish our Easter two-part TV show."

"Where?" I asked.

"All over," she said. "We've already played forty one-night stands and we have twenty-four more to go. We don't get back here to New York until late March."

"Tell me about your tour," I said. "I read that some of your friends came to Newark to catch your show when you played there."

"I don't know much about geography," she said, "although this tour is teaching me that like mad, so I didn't really know where Newark was, although I thought it's probably not far from New York."

I didn't tell her I have a wife who speaks of going "up to Florida" from Philadelphia. "No," I said, "it's not very far from New York."

"We left Providence, Rhode Island, early one morning," she went on. "We drove to Newark, and by the time we got there all I knew was that it was a long way from Providence. I wasn't thinking of New York or our friends who live there. So when a lot of them showed up, dear friends like Vinton Freedley, who produced the first show I was in, Leave it to Me—I sang My Heart Belongs to Daddy in it; and Radie Harris, a columnist for the Hollywood Reporter; and darling Mr. Vincent, who at ninety-two is the head of the Actors' Fund, or maybe he's only ninety; and Josh Logan and Leland Hayward—why I had a hard time choking back my tears."

"Speaking of columnists," I said, "Hedda Hopper wrote the best story about you I've read. It appeared several years ago in a women's magazine."

"I thought it was wonderful too," Mary Martin said. "But she had a running start. She's known me from the very beginning."

"I'm glad she likes you," I said. "There are people she doesn't like."

"I'm delighted she likes me," Mary Martin said, "because I love her dearly."

"Why all these one-night stands?" I asked.

"I have wanted to play them for years," she told me. "I missed all of that because my first New York show was successful, and as a result I never played summer stock or one-nighters."

I said that I was surprised there were enough theaters still open around the country to enable her to play sixty-four cities and towns.

"They've reopened some for me which haven't been open for twenty years," she told me. "A few of them are real mouse's nests, but I love them. When you make it in the theater in New York, you can say, 'I want this' and 'I must have a shower in my dressing room,' but in the last few months I've dressed in some odd places. Take Constitution Hall in Washington, D.C. The regular dressing room is so far from the stage, and I had so many costume changes to make, with only a few seconds to make them in, that I had to dress in the men's room. At least it said 'Men' on the door. You should have seen me hanging my Mainbocher clothes over whatever I could find in there."

"You haven't told me about your show yet," I said.

"It's a musical résumé of my life," she said. "I open with a song called The Song is You, and my theme is I Hear Music When I Look at You. When I finish that song, I tell the audience, 'Truer words were never said, because my song *is* you—and

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it's a love song. Some people fall in love at first sight, some people never fall in love at all, but I fell in love at five when I sang The Lilac Tree at the Fireman's Ball in my home town, Weatherford, Texas. I didn't fall in love with one face in that audience—I fell in love with all of them. It's been that way ever since. So now I'd like to sing for you the first song I ever sang.'

"Then I sing the song I sang at that Fireman's Ball. It's about a little boy, and a little girl who is greatly surprised when he asks her for a kiss. She was pretty stuffy about it if you ask me, for she said, 'I will give you just one kiss when the apples grow on the lilac tree.' But the next line is the pay-off. In the morning the little boy looks out of the window and sees his sweetheart tying apples on the lilac tree. Then I say, 'My mother taught me that song. She also told me if I wanted to sing, I had to study. So I did. The voice teacher I had then is the same one I have now. Her name is Miss Helen Footes Cahoon.'"

"Sounds real southern to me," I said.

"She is," she said. "I still call her Miss Helen and she still teaches here in New York. I still study with her every time I have a day off."

"Out of affection?" I asked. "Or does she really teach you?"

"Both," Mary Martin said. "She's in her seventies, and she knew my father and mother before they were married." She paused a moment, then went on, "So the next song I sing in my show is *Il Bacio*. It's slightly operatic, and I don't do it very well that way, but I sing it because it's one of the first songs Miss Helen taught me. Father—Judge Martin of the circuit court—thought it too highfalutin, so for him I'd start singing it the way it was written; then, halfway through I'd swing it. Father liked that and he said to me, 'Poog'—that's what he called me—'it's all right to sing seriously, just don't ever take up serious singing.' He liked some of my songs, like, By the Light of the Silvery Moon and Wait Til the Sun Shines, Nellie, so the next number I sing in my show is one of those."

"You and Bing did a job on Wait Til the Sun Shines, Nellie," I told her. "It's one of my favorite recordings."

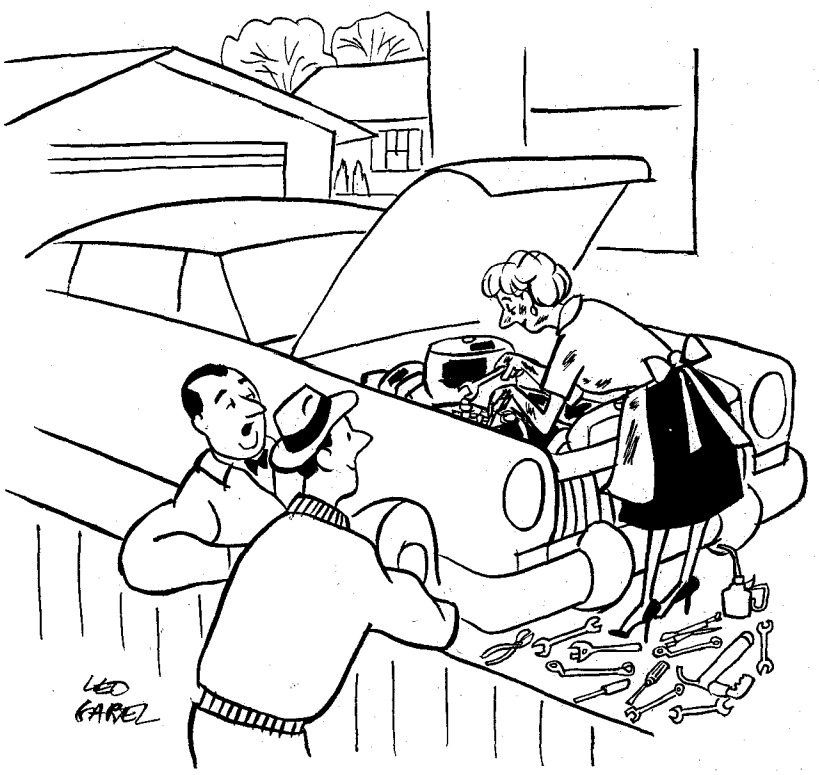
"I love that one too," she said. "But daddy adored it long before I sang it with Bing." She hesitated, looked at me, then asked, "Do you want me to tell you about my whole show?"

"I do," I told her, "so let's go on with the musicography of your life."

"All right, let's," she agreed. "Then I tell my audience, 'Next, there was my sister, Jerry Martin. Her advice to me was simple, "Don't take up singing at all, just take up dancing," so I started a dancing school in Weatherford. I taught my pupils the only step I knew, a waltz clog. The trouble was they learned that in no time, and I didn't know another step, so I took the bus to Fort Worth to study at a dancing school there at night to keep up with them. But they always learned my new step the very next day.'"

I settled back in that clear butter-colored sunshine and devoted myself to listening. She went on, "To begin with, I had five pupils. At the end of the first month I had thirty. In three years I had three hundred in three schools in three different towns. I also had a dance assistant, a woman who kept books for me, and an accompanist. By that time I was married, but my marriage didn't last. I'm still very fond of him, but we married much too soon. Neither of us was ready. I met him when he was studying law to go into partnership with my father. He's done well since then. He's a fine man and he's married again, but aside from the fact that our marriage was miles too soon, we were miles apart in other ways.

"Anyhow, I danced in such places as the Crazy Water Crystal Hotel in Mineral Wells, Texas. I taught dancing lessons in the ballroom there, but in payment for its use, I had to sing hillbilly songs each noon in the lobby for the Crazy Water Crystal radio hour, and I was dubbed 'The Crazy Girl,' which was a dubious distinction. But in spite of all these things I didn't know enough to enable me to keep on teaching, so at the tender age of nineteen I went to Hollywood to take a teachers' course at the Fanchon and Marco School there. While I was gone my father, who was proud of what I had



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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accomplished and who was also comfortably fixed, built a dancing school for me across the street from our home. It was a beautiful school, but some crank who thought dancing was sinful set fire to it. When I first started teaching, a lot of my friends weren't sure dancing was proper. They stopped me on the street and told me, grim-lipped, 'I'll let my child study tap, but no ballroom.'"

Sixteen floors below us a tug bellowed as it nursed a scow along the river. One part of my mind listened to her; another part made mental notes of her costume. She was wearing a slack suit modeled after a ski suit. Its mustard-yellow cotton top had dolman sleeves. The high neckline and the sleeves at the wrists were finished with black knitted bands. The pants were dull black cotton, narrowing at the ankles. Black elastic, worn under the foot, held the pants tight. She wore the mustard-yellow top tucked inside the pants, and she had a mustard-yellow cummerbund closed with black leather straps around her waist.

Her voice rippled, soft and Texan, exactly the same voice Nellie Forbush had spoken with in South Pacific. "Usually they put me in the front row at Fanchon and Marco's because I was younger than most of the other students—and although perhaps I shouldn't say it, I was cuter. After all, some of them had been teaching for years. But I kept working my way to the back row, so I could copy the experienced students in front of me. Then one day I wandered into the wrong class. There were hundreds of students in that room singing a song, 'How red the rose, how blue the sky, how sweet the morning dew . . .' I thought, *My goodness, this is interesting. I'll just sit here and listen and watch.* Then suddenly somebody said to me, 'You're next,' and by this time I'd learned the song. So I thought, *I'll just get up and sing it*, which I did. Then I went back to my class. At the end of it I was told, 'Miss Fanchon wants to see you in her office.' I'd never met Miss Fanchon and I was terrified. I was sure I'd done something wrong, but I went anyhow. There, behind a desk, was a lady I'd seen listening to the auditions of How Red the Rose. 'What's your name?'

"'Mary Martin,' I told her. 'I come from Weatherford, Texas. I'm taking a dancing teachers' course.' She asked, 'Then why were you singing?'

"'Well, I got into the wrong class, and since I was there I thought it would be fun to stay,' I explained, 'but I didn't mean to do anything bad. Won't you please forget I was there?'

"'I'm sorry, but you won the audition,' she said firmly, 'and you leave at seven-thirty in the morning for San Francisco with a Fanchonette stage unit. You will sing that song while they dance.' There were twenty-four Fanchonettes in the unit who did precision routines like the Rockettes. I was supposed to sing over a mike while they danced.

"For a week I sang, 'How red the rose, how blue the sky, how sweet the morning dew,' with the Fanchonettes. It was my first taste of show business and I found it delightfully habit-forming. So much so that when I went back to Weatherford, teaching dancing wasn't exciting any more. So I went to father and told him I wanted to go back to California and continue my studies. He said, 'All right, Poog, honey, if that's what you want most'; so away I went again. This time I became an auditioning fool. I must have been known as Auditioning Mary. I sang everywhere—in studios, at night clubs. The trouble was if I auditioned as a dancer, I was asked hopefully, 'Can you sing?' and if I auditioned as a singer, I was asked with an air of quiet desperation, 'Can you dance?'"

"What did you use for money?" I asked.

"Daddy kept sending it to me," she said, "but finally I got a job singing in a night club at the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel. At teatime I sang Indian Love Call in the lounge for the ladies; then I sang bar songs at night."

"Such as?" I asked.

"I'm singing some of them on my tour," she said. "Exactly Like You, The Very Thought of You and It's D'lovely. It was great training. The people at the Hollywood Roosevelt were wonderful to me. The man in charge fretted about my welfare and made sure that nobody offered me a drink. On the strength of that job I got other jobs, but no big ones. Then came a night at the Trocadero."

• •

Answer at Easter

By Kathryn Ainsworth Grover

If stone were stone and dead were dead,
Then man could weep for all to see,
Pity would thrive on heart for bread,
And lust would gorge on piety.
Self could attain the zenith mark,
Then sicken, without soul, and pass
Like children crying in the dark,
Leaving no footprints on the grass.
Thank God that there be God indeed—
Oh, this we can be grateful for!
What other answer do men need
Than stone made bread and death a door?

• •

"Fox sent a car for me, and that car let me out at the front office and another car drove me to the talent office, which was only across the street. What swank! And only two days before, I'd walked all over the Fox lot trying to locate my pay check for dubbing my voice for Gypsy Rose Lee's voice in a song called Battling Down Broadway. But I'd already signed with Mr. Schwab, and I was happy about that because the theater was really where I wanted to be.

"Anyhow, in 1936 I came to New York from Galveston on a cattle boat. It really had cows on it. You could tell. I picked out the St. Moritz Hotel because its name sounded so pretty. Laurence Schwab was out of town, but he called and said, 'We can't do the show I signed you for because I've lost too much on the show I'm with now. In fact, we're folding it out of town. But don't worry, I'll be back soon. Something will turn up.'

"After I'd been in New York two weeks, he called and said, 'Would you audition again?' and I thought, *Oh, no. After all these years of auditioning!* But of course I did. In fact, I couldn't wait. Mr. Schwab told me, 'We're going to the Ritz Tower.' The Ritz Tower meant nothing to me, but we got off an elevator into a room filled to the walls with people. As a result of previous auditions, I had learned if I sang one song, then stopped, I never got another chance, which was a shame because I sang so many different ways—blues, sweet, high, low—so when I went into that room I said, 'I will sing four songs for you. If I can't sing all four, I don't wish to sing at all.'

"There was a great silence, and I expected darling Laurence Schwab to drop dead. I couldn't do that now. Imagine me having that much nerve! But the others said, 'All right,' so I sang a naughty song, A Weekend in the Life of a Private Secretary; and *Il Bacio* once more, and Oh, Rock it for Me; then I sang a ballad.

"A little woman came up to me and said, 'Have you ever been on the stage before?' I didn't know what to say. I thought, *If I tell her the truth, that I've been on the stage only once—that time for Fanchon and Marco—she'll say, 'I'm sorry, but you don't have enough experience.' If I say, 'Yes, I have,' they'll soon find out I haven't.* So I said, 'Whatever it is, I can do it. I know I can do it.'

"The little woman said, 'My name is Bella Spewak. This is my husband, Sam Spewak. We write plays. This is Vinton Freedley, and this is Sophie Tucker, and this is Victor Moore. Over there at the piano is Cole Porter.'

"Golly! I'd sung for all those famous people and I hadn't known it. I thought, *This is the end. How stupid can one girl get!* Then I went back to my hotel. Laurence Schwab tried to cheer me up by telling me that I'd done a good audition, but I knew we'd just have to wait and see.

"Late that afternoon Bella Spewak called me and asked, 'Would you come down to the Imperial Theater and test on the stage?' I didn't know that the show they were casting had been in rehearsal for two and a half weeks. It had been all ready to open when its leading lady, June Knight, suddenly up and married a Texan and walked out. He didn't want her on the stage. For one thing, he thought her main song, My Heart Belongs to Daddy, was slightly on the suggestive side.

"I'd never seen the inside of a theater looking like that—only one big bare light bulb blazing, I mean. A man with his hat pulled down over his eyes was walking around the stage, and somebody said, 'Stand beside him.' Somebody else said, 'Here are some words. Say them.' The man with the hat said to me from the corner of his mouth, 'It doesn't matter how you say them, just say them so loud they'll reach to the balcony.' My first line was, 'I'd like to renew my subscription.' So I looked up at the balcony and said, 'I'D LIKE TO RENEW MY SUBSCRIPTION.' I said a few more lines, and Sam Spewak came down the aisle and said, 'Come back tomorrow morning, but never, never change that reading. Say it exactly the way that you have just said it.'

"On the opening night in New Haven, when I stepped out on the stage and said my first line, the audience howled. I thought my dress had fallen off, or something equally dreadful had happened. I didn't know my line was funny because I didn't know what had led up to it. They'd been very careful to show me only the lines I had to say; not the lines the other people in the cast were given. The idea was to make sure that I sounded like the dumb bunny I was supposed to portray, I guess."

"You must have found out what the others were saying later," I said. "What was it?"

"It seems that I had been Billy Gaxton's girl," she said. "Billy was the man who had been walking around with his hat pulled down over his eyes, and in the show he sold magazine subscriptions, or maybe it was newspaper subscriptions. Anyhow, we'd had a row and we'd severed our romantic relations. But I'd thought better of it—I'd gotten lonely or something—so I pranced into his office and said, 'I'D LIKE TO RENEW MY SUBSCRIPTION!' I'm afraid some of the earthier souls in that audience read a double meaning into that statement. Then I sang My Heart Belongs to Daddy; that really did it. I was surprised, and so was everybody else when it stopped the show."

"Did anyone teach you how to put it over?" I asked.

"Sophie Tucker did," she said. "One day at rehearsal Sophie came up to me and said, 'Kid, do you know what you're singing?' and I said, 'Well, as a matter of fact, I don't'; and she said, 'I had a hunch you don't know what your lyrics mean. Always remember this, kid, when you're asked to sing a dirty line—I've been singing them for years—look straight up to heaven when you sing it. Never look at the audience.' That was Sophie's theory, and she was right. The extra air of innocence it lent 'Daddy' gave the song extra wallop."

"Then what happened?" I asked.

"Then Richard came into my life," she said. "He heard me sing 'Daddy' the night the show opened in New York, but he couldn't stand me. I didn't know him, but we had mutual friends who kept telling me that they had this eligible young bachelor they wanted me to meet. I wasn't interested. I was going with another eligible bachelor I found very attractive. His name was Winthrop Rockefeller. So I wasn't exactly rushing around trying to meet young men just because they happened to be unmarried.

"Later that year Paramount decided to give me a screen test, and every Paramount executive O.K.'d my test except Mr. Halliday, who was outvoted. When I went to Hollywood, Richard went to the coast to reorganize the Paramount story department. By coincidence we arrived the same day, but we still didn't meet. That was all changed at a party given by a movie executive, John McCormick. His guest list included Jean Arthur and Frank Ross, who was her husband at that time, Richard and myself and a few others. It was the first time I'd ever seen Richard, and I thought him most attractive, but he only looked at me once. All

(*Continued on Page 118*)

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BRITAIN'S VAUXHALL

The smartly styled car from the craftsmen of England sold and serviced here by Pontiac dealers

British good taste and craftsmanship are reflected in every line of the Vauxhall. It's beautifully styled inside and out. And there's a noticeable quality of workmanship in the way it's built and trimmed. The body is tight and solid. The interiors reveal careful tailoring and painstaking hand work.

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Built in England by General Motors, the Vauxhall is far and away your best import buy.

MADE IN ENGLAND
VAUXHALL

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(*Continued from Page 116*) the rest of the evening he was being terribly nice to Jean Arthur, which seemed a waste of time to me because, after all, she was already married.

"It was growing late, and I had to be at the studio at six in the morning, so I said to John McCormick, 'I have to go.' He said, 'I'll call my car and take you.' Then, out of the blue, Richard said, 'I'm going that way. I'll take you.' So he did. We sat in front of my apartment and talked until three o'clock in the morning. I don't know why we knew that was it, but we knew it.

"After that we saw a lot of each other. Then one night we ran away to Las Vegas and were married, but because once more I had to be at the studio at the crack of dawn, we drove all the way back to Hollywood that very same night." She made a wry face and said, "A fine honeymoon! For that matter, a fine married life we had for a while! For Richard and I never got to see much of each other. Practically the only time we did see each other was when we met in different cars going in opposite directions past a traffic light, and we'd wave at each other. Finally we decided that was a stupid way to go on living and that we had to be together more.

"Anyway," she went on, "I couldn't stand the pictures I was in. I wept every time I saw one, and I did everything in the world to get out of my contract. Eventually we left California, came back to New York and I did a stage show, One Touch of Venus."

I said, "I've heard that when it was suggested to you that you play Venus, you couldn't believe anybody really wanted you for that part."

"I couldn't," she said. "My goodness, they had wanted Marlene Dietrich to play Venus, but she couldn't, and I didn't see how anyone could have thought of me and Marlene at the same time. But Richard told me, 'There are all kinds of Venuses. Have you ever been to the Metropolitan Museum of Art?' I said, 'No,' and he said, 'Let's go.' So we went to the Metropolitan and he showed me short, fat Venuses and medium ones and long, skinny ones. I picked out a medium-sized one with a *derrière* that wasn't too small. I decided that she looked like me and I said, 'You mean that's a Venus? Well, what do you know? Maybe I could be one too.'

"Richard's next move was to take me to the *couturier*, Mainbocher. He had never done a musical show, but Richard persuaded him to take me on. In Hollywood the studio had draped me with hair; I had had curls hanging down to there. But Mainbocher pulled my long blond hair back—or whatever color it was then; I guess it was blond—and said, 'Your hair should be up, up!' And Richard said, 'I've always told her that.' All of a sudden I was so changed that I felt attractive.

"Mainbocher also had some ideas about how to dress me. He revealed everything the movies had hidden. They had always covered up my neck with froth. O.K., let's face it, my neck *is* too long, my nose *is* too big, my chin *is* too pointed; my cheeks *do* go in too far. Before I went to Hollywood, I didn't think I was too painful to look at, but from the way the studio acted, anyone would have thought me one of the most unattractive girls anywhere.

"Mainbocher had a theory about my back too," Mary Martin went on. "He thought it was a good back, but nobody had ever seen it because it had been covered up. So he took everything off it. He still does that. On my present tour I have a dress with no back at all, but fortunately for me, my back is still not bad. To get back to Venus—it was a hit. It ran for two years."

"Do you still owe Paramount a picture?" I asked.

"I owe them six I'll never make," she said. "They gave me a leave of absence; it has lasted fourteen years. After Venus I did Lute Song, and once more I said to Richard, 'I can't play the lead. She's a Chinese lady,' and Richard said, 'You certainly can,' so I did. I learned Chinese movements by watching myself in a mirror. I worked hard to make those movements right. I do that in every show. To me, movements are very important."

The next thing that happened to her was a cable from Noel Coward. He asked her to come to England because he'd written a musical. "I'd never been to England," she told me, "and as for Noel Coward, I'd had a crush on him way back in Weatherford, so we went. I had a part in his musical, which wasn't too successful. It was called Pacific 1860, and everybody thought it was a telephone number. While we were there we got a cable from Dick Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein, asking us if I'd do Annie Get Your Gun for them in England. We cabled back:

WE WANT TO COME HOME. WE'VE BEEN GONE TOO LONG. BUT WE WOULD LIKE TO DO YOUR SHOW ON THE ROAD IN THE U.S.A.

So we did that for about eleven months and I adored it. I don't think anybody can be a better Annie than Ethel Merman, but at least I was different. I was completely Merman's opposite, if that meant anything."

"Speaking of Merman," I said, "one of TV's high points was the show you two did together sitting on two stools. People have been sitting on stools on TV ever since."

"Merman is fabulous," she said. "But my appearance with her on that show was a fluke. I'd never wanted to do television. It was too much like the movies, and the movies had given me too much unhappiness. When we ended the run of South Pacific—I'll get to South Pacific later—Richard and I took a trip all over Europe. Everywhere we stopped there was a transatlantic telephone call from Leland Hayward asking us, 'When will you be back? Will you do a TV show for me?' And we kept saying, 'No.'

"We were on a freighter bound for Cuba when we had a marconigram from Leland, 'Meeting you in Havana. It's lovely there this time of year.' When our freighter pulled in, there was Leland waiting on the wharf. We did have a lovely time, but Leland said nothing about TV. Finally I said, 'I can't stand it. I know you're here to talk about your television show.' And he asked, 'What show?'

"'The one you've been calling us about,' I said.

"'Now that you mention it,' he said, 'I do have a great idea for a TV show. I know how fond you are of Merman, and I've been thinking, *Wouldn't it be nice if Merman visited you on your show and sang one song with you?*'

"'It would be great,' I said, 'but you could never get her to do it.' He said, 'I think she'd love to work with you.' He added hurriedly, 'Of course, the whole show is yours.' And I said, 'I'd give anything in the world to do that with Merman.'

"Apparently that so-and-so Hayward said the same thing to Merman—'Wouldn't it be nice if Mary Martin sang one song with you on TV, although of course it would be really your show'; for it turned out later that we both had the same contract with him, but he never would have gotten either of us if he hadn't hornswoggled us both with his blarney. We didn't find this out until we began to rehearse. One afternoon Merman asked me, 'What is your understanding with Leland?' And I said, 'What is yours?' Then we both told each other and we died laughing, for by that time we were having a ball.

"I said I'd tell you about South Pacific. After touring the country with the road company of Annie, I had a call from Dick Rodgers asking me if I'd do a show with Ezio Pinza. I thought Dick was kidding because, after doing 'Annie' for so many months, I was croaking like Tallulah Bankhead, although I'd visited every throat doctor in the United States. I had had a bad cold, which had turned into laryngitis, and I had tried to sing above it, until my voice threatened to become permanently low. It was so low then that it wasn't much higher than Pinza's, so I asked Dick Rodgers, 'What do you want, two bassos?' but he insisted he wanted me anyhow. I had read South Pacific and found it delightful, but I said to my husband, 'Who wants to play a nurse going around in one white uniform all the time? I can't see that.' And Richard said, 'Don't say no. Let's think about it.'"

"You owe Richard a lot, don't you?" I asked.

"Only everything," she said with passionate conviction. "Richard thinks things through more clearly than I do, and he knows what I can do better than I know. He works at least ten hours a day handling my affairs. He gets up between five and six every morning, and sometimes he's at the theater until two A.M. He tries to protect me, but I try to protect him too. For example, I don't tell him who wants him on the phone until he's had his first meal of the day."

"Let's get back to South Pacific," I said. "You were talking to Richard about whether to be in it or not."

She went on, "We decided to drive from San Francisco to Connecticut through Canada. We thought about South Pacific all the way. When we got to New York, Josh Logan asked us, 'Will you come up to Dick Rodgers' house and listen to the only two songs he and Oscar have written, and we'll tell you what we plan to do in this show?' We sat there while Dick played Some Enchanted Evening and I'm in Love With a Wonderful Guy, and we both tried not to say anything because we'd told Josh we wanted to wait twenty-four hours before we made up our minds. When it was over we said, 'We've had a lovely afternoon,' and we went home. Two hours later we called them back and said, 'Do we have to wait twenty-four hours? Can't we say yes now?'"

Mary Martin played the leading feminine role in South Pacific for three and a half years—two and a half in New York and a year in London. Then she did Peter Pan. She and Richard had talked about Peter for thirteen years, but something had always stopped them. They couldn't get the rights or it cost too much, but finally they did it. "It had the greatest advance sale any nonmusical show ever had on Broadway," she told me. "I think it was $700,000. It made a lot of money even though it played only a limited engagement of fourteen weeks.

"But to get back to the musicography of my life, I'll be telling it on N.B.C.-TV this year on Easter Sunday afternoon and evening. My afternoon show will be called Magic With Mary Martin and my evening show will be called Music With Mary Martin. I've told my life story many other ways, but never this way. During the run of South Pacific I told it so often I grew sick of it. One day a nice reporter, Cynthia Lowry, came up to Connecticut to interview me. When she walked in she said, 'I really don't know anything about you.' I asked her, 'Are you sure?' and when she said, 'Yes,' I said, 'Come with me,' and we went down to the pool and I really told her a story. I said that I'd been born on an Indian reservation and that my mother was an Indian. I've forgotten what I told her daddy was—probably a buffalo hunter—and she said, 'What a story!' Even after we'd had lunch she was still saying, 'What a story!'

"When I said, 'I'm glad you like it because I'm sick of my own,' she did a double-take and threatened me, 'I'm going to ruin you. I'm going to print it exactly the way you told it to me.' So I told her a more accurate story, and we had a lovely time."

"But today you've told me the truth?" I asked.

"Today," she said, "I've told you the truth." THE END

"Let's not forget who laid it."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Shipping cable from Western Electric's Point Breeze Works in Baltimore, Md.

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One of these days you may see that reel of telephone cable sitting on a street corner in your home town.

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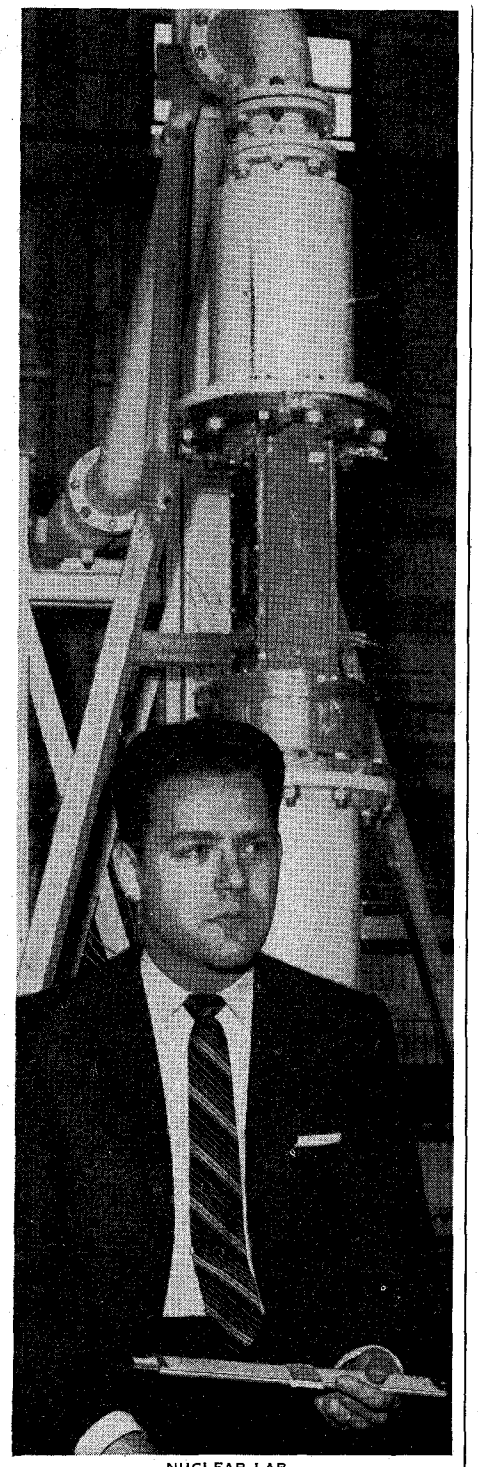

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WHEN YOU BUY INSURANCE BUY INTEGRITY

Keeping Posted

Warning to Thirsty Travelers

When senior editor **Jack Alexander** was researching his article about Elba (THE EMPEROR'S ISLAND, page 24), he and his wife had an adventure in Piombino, Italy, which should be recorded for the protection of future American tourists in those parts. They had driven to Piombino from Rome in a little rented car, and since their throats felt dusty, they thought that while waiting for the ferry to Elba it would be wise to medicate said throats with a drink. So they went into a hotel and ordered Scotch and soda. When the libations arrived, Mr. and Mrs. A. took long, grateful drafts and then felt like exploding, because never before had they experienced such frightful-tasting concoctions. A man, summoned from the kitchen, testified that he had mixed just what they asked for—he had put some Scotch in some water and stirred in two good slugs of baking soda. When the man acknowledged that he had bubble water for sale—he called it seltzer—the Alexanders ordered Scotch and seltzer, and the rest of their trip was very nice.

Tales of the Authors

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Garbo; their young man's name is Mitchell.

Pete and Virginia Martin, vacationing last winter in the Bahamas.

Norman Garbo, who is on page 30 with his second Post story, is a portrait painter. Obviously he also is a writer. He is, too, a country-wide lecturer, and the way he blends his various arts comes out very nicely for him. His book, Pull Up an Easel, written for amateur painters, is in its third printing, and his syndicated column of the same name runs in some seventy newspapers. Garbo has pulled a switch with a novel he is writing for McGraw-Hill—it has *nothing* to do with art or artists. He is a native New Yorker, but with his wife and son he has gone away from there, all of six or eight miles from Manhattan to Manhasset, Long Island.

March seems to be a favorable month for people named Martin. On page 32, **Pete Martin** "calls on" that great entertainer, Mary Martin. Meanwhile, the March issue of another Curtis publication, The American Home, "drops in on" the new-old country home of Pete and his wife Virginia, at Birchrunville, Pennsylvania, via a delightful article by *Mrs.* Martin. And the magazine announces that later Mrs. M. "will call on a number of famous personalities," paying special attention to their homes. Victor Borge is her subject in the May issue.

New author Francis Price.

When **Francis Price** was nineteen, a philanthropic friend who thought the young man had talent as a painter gave him the money to go to Paris and study. "In Paris I learned a great deal, including the facts that I loved Paris and that I was not a painter." Returning to the United States with eight dollars, he got a job with Doubleday, the publishers, and did so well that in 1949 they made him the first manager of their Paris office. "But in 1953 they brought me kicking and screaming back from my beloved Paris" to work in New York. However, in 1956 Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer opened an experimental Paris office and picked the delighted Price to be its first European story editor—but last year decided to close the office. So Price, back in the United States, thought it was time to try free-lance writing. His first story, which was accepted by the first magazine he sent it to, is on page 34.

The Face Wins a Prize

Freedoms Foundation, a patriotic institution with headquarters at Valley Forge, Pennsylvania, recently announced its annual award winners among individuals, schools and organizations who have made signal contributions to "a better understanding of the American way of life." The Post had the honor of being among the winners, with a feature that was a "natural," the weekly double-spread photograph, THE FACE OF AMERICA. On page 38 you can find the 206th Face since we started the feature in the April 23, 1955, issue.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"Grand Old Man's New Career"

He was a great comedian, then he was a failure and now he is a dramatic star. The new story of Ed Wynn.

Printed in U.S.A.

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